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THE
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THE NEW LITERATURE

If there is any virtue in the Toastmaster's performance of the duties of his office, it lies chiefly in the promptness with which he introduces to the waiting audience the men and women who have something interesting to say. This annual permission to wish the *Atlantic's* readers a Happy New Year, and to welcome them into an agreeable company, ought not to be turned by the Toastmaster into an opportunity for preliminary sermonizing of his own. And yet to that very treachery he now finds himself inclined.

It is all the fault of a stimulating book. Mr. Henry M. Alden, the veteran editor of *Harper's Magazine*, has recently printed a volume entitled *Magazine Writing and the New Literature*. Unwearied by forty years of editorial labor, in which he has won the affectionate regard of two generations of writing men and women, Mr. Alden has now expressed with beaming enthusiasm his views concerning the literature of our own period. He discovers, as his title indicates, that it is a New Literature. It began, he tells us, a little later than the middle of the nineteenth century, with the emergence, in the natural course of evolution, of a distinctively modern psychical era. In our contemporaries there is a new type of imaginative faculty and sensibility. The result is a "new realism." The break with the traditions of the Victorian era is complete, — save for two writers, Hardy and Meredith, who, although flourishing in the Victorian age, are properly to be regarded as prophets of our own time.

Human nature, in short, is swiftly changing. A revolution in thought and feeling, a new sensibility, have demanded

a radical readjustment of all the arts. Metaphysic is doomed. Those writers from whom the immediately preceding generation derived its most potent inspirations — Coleridge, Ruskin, Carlyle, Macaulay, De Quincey, Emerson — "are to us," says Mr. Alden, "for the most part unconvincing. We respond to a new kind of interpretation in Pater, Symonds, Maeterlinck, William James."

Our new imaginative literature, Mr. Alden continues, is to be studied most clearly in our fiction. Here is the true modernity of the modern. Psychical charm has displaced physical beauty; faultfulness seems more real and interesting than goodness; we have become "unprecedented fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, and friends, as well as husbands and wives." Or, in another sentence which deserves quotation, "Our present culture means above all things submission without reserve to the mastery of life — of life as it is, and not as we loosely think it ought to be, or as we would in the dry air of reason have arbitrarily devised and fashioned it." The novelist must therefore beware of study, since it contracts the spirit; of diagram and decalogue, lest they prove too logical for the demands of life. Precedent and convention throw no light, apparently, upon the conduct and the motives of these unprecedented magazine wives!

If we ask for examples of this new imaginative literature which has displaced the old, and which expresses the transcendently interesting novelties and surprises of the new humanity, Mr. Alden has his answer ready. In fact, the answer, in the shape of certain gifted authors upon

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the Harpers' list, may be said to have been standing in the wings, all this time, waiting to be called before the curtain. The Toastmaster confesses that their appearance brings a certain relief. It is startling to be assured by so competent an observer as Mr. Alden that "within the memory of men who have reached the age of fifty the human spirit has found its true centre of active development and of interpretation — its real modernity." But one is less ashamed of his Rip Van Winkle ignorance of contemporary progress when he learns the names of the new prophets. Here they are, announced without a flicker of irony upon the kindly face of their endorser: "We think that the extensive appreciation of new novelists like Mrs. Humphry Ward and Maurice Hewlett is a very satisfactory test of the intellectuality of our period."

One breathes more easily. The dreaded customs officials — the spiritual inspectors of the new epoch — are going to open only our hand luggage after all! Here are two novelists to whom we are indebted for many a pleasant hour; one of them a very conscientious observer, and the other a very clever craftsman; both of whom would have been fortunate, in the generation of Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot, to have been reckoned vaguely as "among those present." Their immense advantage is, according to Mr. Alden, that they are alive to-day; gifted with the new psychical sense of this new world. He declares specifically, and with an urbanity which is beyond praise, "Mrs. Ward is probably not a greater genius than Fielding;" the difference being that there are meanings of life which were hidden from the earlier and disclosed to the later novelist. It is these new significances with which Mr. Conrad, Mr. Hichens, Mrs. Deland in her later stories, and Mr. Henry James in his post-Victorian manner, concern themselves. It is such men and women, Mr. Alden assures us, who are now interpreting our real world and our new humanity, expressing the psychical phenomena

of the evanescent moment, communicating to us the "supreme excitement, play, humor, and enchantment."

Such, in substance, is the doctrine of Mr. Alden's book. He has spent a lifetime in watching the currents of contemporary thought and the dominant modes of expression. His frankness is charming. There is something springlike in this recurrent discovery that all things have become new and that they must be described in a new dialect. Emerson was sure of it in the forties, and Victor Hugo in the thirties, and Coleridge and Wordsworth as they walked the Quantock Hills in 1797, and Herder as he talked to the young Goethe in Strassburg in 1770, and Diderot as he planned the great French Encyclopædia in the "illuminated" seventeen-fifties. That the spring has come a great many times already does not lessen one's pleasure in the harbingers of one spring more. Readers of Mr. Alden's earlier books do not need to be reminded of his range of philosophic interest, and his flexible curiosity of mind. He is at once a Greek and a Yankee, — this pupil of Mark Hopkins who has grown gray and wise in his hospitable little corner of the great publishing house on Franklin Square.

Gray and wise and delightful, — and yet bound in this latest book, the Toastmaster fears, to give some degree of aid and comfort to the Enemy. For the New Literature has apologists enough already, partisans who are quick to discern every stream of tendency that makes for acceptability; protagonists whose pockets are touched by any dissent from the worship of the idols of the market-place. No one must identify Mr. Alden with such combatants as these. He takes pains to say distinctly, "We confess frankly that in literature the book and not the magazine is the supreme thing." But the difference lies, he thinks, in theme and scope rather than in quality; so that, as a general rule, it is periodical literature, and particularly its imaginative prose, which is truly

representative of the intellectual characteristics of our time. It is in magazine-writing that our break with the past is most complete.

Precisely, one may rejoin; and it is for this reason that the New Literature conveys such an impression of fragmentariness, of evanescence. This is one of the most startling of its defects. The stream of continuity, so rich in manifold associations of racial and national experience, has been deflected, wasted. A hybrid cosmopolitanism has entertained us with novel refinements of sensation. Mr. Henry James, an artist whose amazing talent has made him the natural choice of Mr. Alden as one of the embodiments of the new spirit, is in nothing more representative of his colleagues than in his indifference to the culture of the past. Like Balzac in an earlier generation, and Tolstoi in our own, he is without the historic sense. This lack of background has been pointed out by Mr. Brownell as the conspicuous defect of Mr. James's contribution to literature. "It is so altogether of the present time, of the moment, that it seems almost an analogue of the current instantaneous photography. Behind it one feels the writer interested, not in Molière, but in Daudet; not in Fielding, but in Trollope; not in Dante, but in Théophile Gautier. He writes about *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, not about *Don Quixote*; about the 'Comédie Humaine,' not about the world of Shakespeare. . . . A writer interested in the *Antigone* and imbued with the spirit of its succession, would naturally and instinctively be less absorbed in *What Maisie Knew*." ¹

But Mr. James is by no means the only striking example of this sacrifice of ancestral estates, this indifference to an accumulated intellectual heritage, this prodigal determination to throw one's self gayly upon the resources of the new territory. It would be difficult for the Toastmaster to express too strongly the obligation of our own world of letters to Mr. Howells, — to his sure sense

of form, his delicacy of taste, his quick interest in the contemporary literature of Italy and Spain, of France and Germany and Russia. His kindliness of spirit has made him invent and inhabit an "Altruria." His sense of social justice has often put his writing colleagues to shame. Yet, if it were Santa Claus time instead of New Year's, and one could add one more quality to that rare endowment, would it not be this: a more intimate sense of the enduring value of, not merely Sophocles and Virgil, but the great spirits of our own race, of Wordsworth, Burke, Milton, of the poets, philosophers, and historians who have wrought themselves into the very fabric of the English mind?

Many of those Victorian authors whom Mr. Alden now finds unconvincing have at least this power of making us feel our indissoluble kinship with the past. When we read Carlyle on Samuel Johnson or Voltaire or Frederick, we recognize that all this is somehow our concern: the story is about us. But the historians, in our day, are so often failing to make history vital. They write monographs, and edit documents, and collaborate like faithful spindles in a cotton mill; but, with a few notable exceptions, they not only distrust the penetrative imagination, but lack it; not only decry good writing, but are incapable of it. The result is that they are solemnly and officially putting the seventh seal upon a volume which it is their privilege to open. Few of them succeed in making the past seem real. But to the most talented fiction writers of the day the past is practically non-existent. Science has woven her web around them all; to them it is the present hour only which is fair, — the present, or, at most, the future. Like children playing with a new toy, they grow oblivious of their elders. The New Literature, in its preoccupation with the marvelous physical and psychological revelations of the twentieth century, sees the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries as pictures only, not as an integral

¹ The Atlantic, April, 1905.

portion of its own slowly developed life.

One result of this intellectual isolation is the temporary bankruptcy of literary criticism. Why refer an artistic product to standards of criticism which the new psychology pronounces obsolete? In fact, the newest philosophy very cleverly eliminates this whole question of standards. If a thing works, — it works. The publisher with a leaning to pragmatism decides that if a book sells, it sells. Why trouble one's self about what Aristotle or Boileau or Brunetière would have said of it? These fault-finding gentlemen are dead, and their rules have perished with them. An *Atlantic* essayist, not long ago, deplored the lack of Honest Literary Criticism.¹ But it is hard to see that the progress of the New Literature allows for any criticism at all. Its imaginative prose either turns a new flash-light upon our sensations, or it does not. If it does not, why abuse the faulty mechanism? And if it does, why stop to analyze a successful mechanism? Does not the American public want "results"?

In vain, for the time being, do admirers of French criticism, like Mr. Thompson, deplore the lack of intellectual candor in American criticism, its "perfunctory and insincere" laudations; the universal habit of our publishers of "sending out as 'literary' notes thinly disguised advertisements and irrelevant personalities." In a few newspaper offices, a book is tolerably sure to receive honest even if hasty and superficial criticism, but we have not yet developed a general magazine-reading public to which severe and competent literary criticism appeals. Magazine writing about current books is for the most part bland, complaisant, pulpy. And yet Mr. Alden assures us that the magazines contain "just what cultivated readers want." The terror of becoming Doctrinaires has infected our generation. The "pole-star of the ancients" has dipped below the horizon; the literary

chart is held to be out of fashion; and it is suspected that the decalogue no longer applies to all the facts. The writers of the New Literature are distrustful of the schools. "Study contracts the spirit." The pedagogue no longer gets a chance at the gifted young rascal who needs, first and foremost, a premonitory whipping; the youthful genius simply stays away from school and carries his unwhipped talents into the market-place. Yet, to be perilously frank for a moment, would not a more severe discipline have been helpful even to the maturer authors whose contemporary work delights us? Who can doubt that the facile and ductile style of Henry van Dyke — so rich in human sympathy, so eloquent, often so noble — would, had it been held remorselessly to more austere standards by a critical public, have gained in firmness of texture in dignity and reserve?

It is to be expected that the New Literature, breaking thus boldly with the past and with recognized canons of criticism, will exhibit defects of taste. But taste is not one of the cardinal virtues. The Elizabethans and the great Romanticists, and the pioneers generally, have had to sacrifice it. That so much of our magazine writing lacks restraint, that in spite of its brilliancy it is deficient in charm, in serenity of beauty, is the inevitable penalty which it pays for being contemporaneous. The mental and physical restlessness which impresses the observer of Sargent's portraits of the men and women of our time, the eager keenness, the total eclipse of contemplation, is typical of our magazine prose. We force the note. "If I don't exaggerate," — says a scientist whose laboratory is justly renowned, but whose popular magazine articles give alarm to his friends, — "if I don't exaggerate, the public will pay no attention to me." So say the child and the chorus-girl, and all lovers of the lime-light and the megaphone.

Exaggeration, however, may easily be condoned if accompanied by genuine imaginative force. No doubt artists like Mr.

¹ Charles Miner Thompson, in the *Atlantic* for August, 1908.

Sargent over-accentuate; and the men of the Mermaid Tavern were certainly extravagant; and if Mr. Kipling had really "winked at 'Omer down the road," Homer, if not too blind, would surely have winked back again. But the vice of the contemporary literary market-place is exuberance without true imaginative life, vivacity of manner coupled with spiritual barrenness. The wares displayed upon the news-stands have never been so sparkling, so varied, so clever, as they are to-day. Nevertheless, test the New Literature in the field where it is supposed to be the strongest, that of the short story. Here is a form suited to the restless activity of our generation, to its incapacity for sustained attention, to its love for concentrated emotional effects. Ask whether our gifted and highly paid story-writers have made in the last decade any such real contribution to the imaginative literature of the world as was made long ago by Poe in his poverty and Hawthorne in his obscurity. To ask such a question is to answer it. We have, no doubt, as Browning said, —

Distinguished names! — but 't is, somehow
As if they played at being names
Still more distinguished, like the games
Of children.

There is a still higher test of the imaginative life of an epoch, namely, its poetry. We are living just now in a mood of quickened national feeling. We are at once proud of the America which is before our eyes, and dissatisfied with it. We believe that we can make it better. Is this faith voiced as it should be by our writers? Let us choose the field of poetry; because, the world over, it is the poets who have usually registered most quickly and most permanently the high tides of national emotion.

The body of tolerably acceptable contemporary verse is enormous. It shows a wide range of thought, and a commendable technique. In one department, at least, it has manifested a notable progress during the past five years; namely, in the poetic drama. Hundreds of men and wo-

men are now writing plays in verse. They are giving a new vitality, new imaginative possibilities, to the American stage. Our lyric poets are beyond counting. Mr. Stedman gathered the work of six hundred of them into his anthology, many years ago. But this number does not represent a tithe of the persons who habitually or intermittently produce verse.

Yet how rarely, in the mass of lyric verse, does one catch the national note! More sonnets are written about John Keats than about the United States of America. It is no wonder that the National Institute of Arts and Letters is considering the wisdom of offering a prize for the words and music of a national anthem to take the place of the "Star-Spangled Banner." This so-called national song is a production whose sincerity of feeling demands respect, but which very inadequately expresses those ideals in which this nation was established and by virtue of which it has been maintained. It is true that the adequate expression of national character and purpose by means of any of the arts is no light task. It is not often accomplished by trying to do it. A nation's unconscious spokesmen are usually the most eloquent and sincere. The Institute may some day cut from the poet's corner of a newspaper a better anthem than it will secure by offering a prize. Our poets may surely be counted upon, from time to time, to endow with beauty some symbol of the nation's life, like the flag in Francis Key's "Star-Spangled Banner," the worn battleship in "Old Ironsides," the dead hero in Whitman's "My Captain." Seers and idealists like Emerson and Lowell have in hours of national trial asserted, and by their assertion renewed, a faith in the undying ideals of the Republic. The stock of seers and idealists will never die out. Our writers of patriotic verse may have to hesitate now and then between the moods of patriotism and humanitarianism. They may be tempted, as Mr. Kipling has occasionally been tempted, by the mere violent and resonant phrases of political

declamation; they may forget that in enduring poetry the interests of the one race must be identified with the larger interests of man. But national verse of some kind — however defective in universal values — will certainly be written here.

The poet does not create these national convictions and desires. He rests back upon them, he is borne up and onward by them, as a swimmer yields himself to the surf. So Sophocles wrote in the glorious hour of Greek freedom and faith, so wrote in flame and music the believing Florentine; so wrote the great Elizabethans, and the Frenchmen of the court of Louis the Fourteenth; in the strength of a new hope for our old humanity, so wrote the young Wordsworth and Coleridge before the Revolution, and the forever young Byron and Shelley after it; so wrote Emerson in the serene optimism of the Concord Hymn, and Lowell in the poignant sorrow, the passionate exaltation of the Commemoration Ode. Poetry like this cannot be written by wanting to write it. It is the spontaneous overflow of national vitality.

But when doubt enters, and confusion of standards, with searching analysis and painful reconstruction of the foundations of governmental theory and of social order, the poetry changes too. We may have under such conditions very true poetry, very subtle and musical and personal poetry, yet never the full national note. There are many tasks for the human spirit, no doubt, which are more essential to its welfare and advance than the composition of verse. It is better to do away with some of the causes of poverty than to compose "The Song of the Shirt;" to oversee and control or abolish the sweat-shop than to sentimentalize over it; better to secure civic decency and honesty and order than to chant a national hymn in long or short metre. And yet poetry, in age after age, has been the natural expression of those moments of wide joyous vision when a nation pauses an instant in its upward progress to breathe free and to look far.

Have we yet reached such a moment in the United States? In Europe the great optimisms of the middle of last century seem to have exhausted themselves. The hopes expressed in Tennyson's first "Locksley Hall" were confessed in the second "Locksley Hall" to be failures. Critics assure us that the general European outlook is not favorable to the development of any widespread high emotion, born of strenuous faith. But this intellectual and spiritual depression, if it be such, has not reached us here. In spite of every temporary blunder or disaster, we Americans go triumphantly, humorously ahead. Yet if we ask ourselves whether there is a fund of emotional energy directed toward a common end, and overflowing into great verse, we must answer in the negative. There is no lack of patriotism, but the specific issues of the hour seem unrelated to one another, or at least do not easily lend themselves to poetry. In the national campaign just closed, there was hardly a song that rose above the doggerel "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" of 1840. "Prosperity" is an excellent watchword, but the Muses have seldom been inspired by the full dinner-pail and the rising market. The sources of great poetry are in the greater emotions. The temper of mere commercialism is a secret foe to patriotic feeling. The admiration for material forces — for heavier battleships and deeper submarines and swifter transportation — has resulted in no noble verse. Even the moral issues of the day, though sung here and there by some local poet, have failed thus far to give us such stirring verse as was inspired by the Corn Law agitation in England.

That our citizens are awake to these moral issues is unquestionable. They have been utilized effectively in the short story and the political novel. But the hour for that unification of feeling essential to the life of national poetry has apparently not yet come. The New Literature is not yet representative of the best thinking and feeling of the country. The magazines

are more immediately representative, no doubt, than books; but they are less truly representative than the newspapers. The daily press gives a more adequate and upon the whole a more reassuring indication of the trend of contemporary affairs than do the magazines. But back of even the press are the people, unadvertised, unrepresented, or misrepresented, in prose and verse, and yet working out day by day our national destiny. The real laboring man is very different from the brawny fellow with a baker's paper cap and a blacksmith's hammer who does duty for Labor in the political cartoons. The farmer who really farms does not wear the goat's beard and the striped trousers of the caricatures. The American young man is travestied by those firm-chinned, tailor-made creatures who clutch their hair thoughtfully in the magazines; and if the real American girl were like her pictures, we should despair of the Republic.

It is this unadvertised majority, this unheralded multitude, that walks quietly to the polls and renders a common-sense verdict, which holds the key to the literary as well as to the political future. Politicians misunderstand it; they prophesy the defeat of a man like Governor Hughes because they have not the imagination to see which way the people are marching. The New Literature, likewise, has not yet proved itself sufficiently ample for its task of national interpretation. In fact, the profession of literature has never enlisted, and is not now enlisting, the Americans of foremost power. Imagination is playing all around us like heat lightning, — imagination in business, imagination in science and in social reconstruction. But, with a few rare exceptions like Mark Twain, literature has not attracted men broad-minded enough to understand the full spirit of American democracy.

Here is an immense country, made up of men and women from many stocks, many traditions, many beliefs. And yet in times of national crisis these various

sections, these divergent modes of thinking and feeling, have been swiftly subordinated to American modes of feeling, Lincoln, the product of the rude frontier civilization of Kentucky and Illinois, has become our "first American." The touching canonization of his personality is one of the most striking evidences of our latent capacity for unified feeling. The centenary of his birth, soon to be celebrated, will draw our people into still closer bonds. Everybody now sees, as some could not see in Lincoln's lifetime, that here was a man saturated in American principles, with the most intense faith in American character, penetrating with almost preternatural insight into the conditions of our American problem.

The remembrance of Lincoln gives a hint of the laws which must govern the expression of our national life through literature. We must find men broad enough to understand the American spirit, and with the gift of expressing it, as Lincoln did, in simple terms. We must wait, perhaps, for a still deeper community of feeling, for the growth of a more distinct conception of American national ideals, and of the relation of these ideals to civilization.

To this linking of our democracy with civilization any discussion of American national literature must inevitably lead. There is no better definition of civilization than that once given by the late Lord Russell of Killowen before the American Bar Association in Saratoga: "Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion; the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice."

And one may put beside those words of a brilliant Irishman the following words, addressed to a company of New Englanders united in an unpopular cause. The

speaker was William James, whom Mr. Alden selects as a type of the New Literature, but who surely employs, in these sentences, the clear accent of the Old: "The great international and cosmopolitan liberal party, the party of conscience and intelligence the world over, has absorbed us; and we are only its American section, carrying on the war against the powers of darkness here, playing our part in the long, long campaign for truth and fair dealing which must go on in all the countries of the world until the end of time. Let us cheerfully settle into our interminable task. Everywhere it is the same struggle under various names — light against darkness, right against might, love against hate. The Lord of Life is with us, and we cannot permanently fail."

Those are definitions of human progress as given by a jurist and a psychologist. Each individual, each magazine that aspires to be a true Journal of Civilization, must rewrite those definitions in the terms of its own opportunity. The proof of national greatness does not lie primarily in verse or prose; it is rather in the cheerful acceptance of every national responsibility, the undertaking of any task demanded by twentieth-century civilization. If American ideals remain noble, if American life grows increasingly rich and joyous for all, we shall not care very much whether we have national poetry; but it is out of that divine carelessness, that serene consciousness of victorious energy, that poetry is born.

B. P.

MILTON

BY GEORGE A. GORDON

I

HUMAN beings are born in obscurity. Even the children of famous men, after the bells have rung in their advent and the public note of an hour, sink back into the universal indistinguishableness in which our life begins. Shakespeare has indeed said, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em;" but we must add that to be born great means nothing more than a high capacity for distinction, and if it remain a mere capacity it falls away into the heap of unfulfilled promises, like the blossom that never becomes fruit, whose remembrance is a pang of regret. Those who have greatness thrust upon them are the children of mere fortune; they are dressed in borrowed robes; time swiftly wears away the thin external polish, exposing the base metal, and leaves them at last in their character of common

men, misunderstood, misplaced, praised and blamed alike beyond their deserts. The greatness that is achieved alone endures. Time is not a conquered enemy, but a spontaneous friend, of this type of greatness; time sides with it, reveals its worth, and with trumpet tongue fills the world with its renown, draws it apart from the throng of perishable things, and sets it on high as deathless and beyond price.

Upon this sacred function of time wise men rely. Time alone can winnow the chaff from the wheat; it alone declares who in any generation are to be mere bonfires whose light is for an hour or an evening, and who are to be like the stars that burn and shine forever. The confusion of the bonfire on the hillside with the planet shining on the same level is, for the moment, a natural mistake; as the hours wear on, it is an impossible mistake. The bonfire is soon spent and its light gone

out, while its peerless companion burns with an intenser fire, draws apart, and climbs to the heights in solitary and settled glory.

Such a human being was John Milton. To his countrymen at first indistinguishable among the educated youth of his generation, never at any time while he lived recognized in his true character, during the closing decade of his existence in this world despised, rejected, and crushed into a man of sorrows, contemptuously disregarded for a century after his death, confounded with ephemeral lights, time has come to his rescue. John Milton has at length come to his kingdom, and of that kingdom there shall be no end. Again it is now seen that one anointed of the Most High has lived and spoken and sung among his people.

Great men are roughly divisible into two classes — those who prevail at once, who do their work amid the general acclaim of their contemporaries or with their substantial assent, or with such a measure of sympathy from the more enlightened of them as enables them to crush opposition; and those of whom their time is unworthy, who do their work under limitation and distress, who support their cause with their back against the wall, and who die in temporary defeat but in the sure faith of ultimate victory. In both divisions there are very great men.

In the first division, as rulers and soldiers, we find Moses, David, Pericles, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Cromwell, Frederick the Great, and Washington, — men who carried their respective peoples with them in the service of their causes. Here too we must rank theologians like Athanasius, Augustine, and Calvin; reformers like Wickliffe, Luther, and Knox; artists such as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian; an army of comic writers and humorists represented by Aristophanes, Lucian, Swift, and Voltaire; another host of poets recalled in the greater names of their number — Sophocles, Virgil, Petrarch, Goethe, Tennyson,

and our American choir of singers. The world went with these men. Their work met at once reasonable and permanent recognition. They met the tide in the affairs of men; they took it at the flood and it led them to power and fame. Such careers are in many instances occasion for thanksgiving; they reveal the power of timeliness in the appearance and work of genius; they are a noble tribute to the essential soundness of our humanity. Again and again the prophet meets with honor among his own people, and the pioneer thinker and doer finds awaiting him a sympathetic world.

We must not forget, however, that there is another and a greater order of men whose message and spirit their age is unable to understand, who work against protest and infamy, and who die in apparent defeat. Socrates seemed a huge and a finally intolerable joke to the majority of the Athenians; Plato's idealism appeared high fiction, a transfigured mist, to his time; Marcus Aurelius found no response in his great empire to the vaster and better part of his life; seven cities claimed the birth of Homer dead, through which the living Homer begged his bread; Lucretius lived in protest against both the miserable religion and the life of his people, and died unregarded; Dante is a monumental example of the same thing: outwardly his career was defeat and sorrow, inwardly it was victory, peace, and the sure promise of an everlasting kingdom. Among these shining ones, we read the names of Shakespeare, Robert Burns, Savonarola, Huss, the noble army of martyrs, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the glorious company of the apostles, and, above all, the name that for Christians is above every name.

In the presence of the disregard meted out to these high souls and their enduring victory, what is called success, the applause of the unthinking, the approval of the incompetent, is poor indeed. We must not forget that there are three tribunals before which every man appears,

— his own time, his own soul, the world and the ages. Cleverness, tact, a diplomatic instinct, will often win renown from the majority of one's contemporaries. Something of truth there must be in one's vision of society, and something of worth in one's spirit and achievement, before one can win the favorable judgment and the strong support of an enlightened conscience. When one's career is carried to the supreme tribunal, that of the world and the ages, — carried there to be dismissed if wholly insignificant, to be justly rated if of sufficient magnitude, — the merit required to stand this test well must be transcendent. To win or lose one's case in the first court is largely a matter of fortune; to win or lose in the second — the personal conscience — is indeed serious; the ultimate test, however, is the Grand Assize. What an apostle calls the judgment-seat of Christ is but the purified judgment of the world and the ages; and the great question is, how will it go with a man and his work there?

There is nothing quite so great in human history as the spectacle of transcendent genius and goodness spending themselves in the purest and most essential service, not only unrecognized, but conceived to be an evil power and influence, and in consequence covered with contempt. It is this principle that endues the Antigone of Sophocles and the Cordelia of Shakespeare with surpassing loveliness, that makes the spirit and bearing of the hero in the book of Job so great, that in the historic example of the reformer and martyr becomes so sublime. If men ever come to see the essential and solitary greatness of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures at their best, it will be on this principle. Here were writers who wrote of enduring ideals, whose speech preserved fittingly the image of divine lives, conceived to be evil and treated as such, in this mad world; whose books were the worthy record of the vision and the character that were despised and rejected, who fashioned memorials of eternal

worth in which there was no beauty for a sensual generation. Here were men from whom the gay and prosperous hid their faces as in shame, who put into great words their conviction that suffering worth is the vicarious and redemptive soul of the world.

The high portions of these Scriptures stand by themselves in a sanctity which nothing in the memorials of mankind can approach, because they worthily record the life that lived for God when its own generation conceived it to be of the devil, gave it the decoration of a crown of thorns, and the distinction of a cross. The moral grandeur of the wisest and best of men, whose wisdom and goodness were rewarded with contempt and death, preserved in great words, is the secret of the unapproachable character of these Scriptures. They were lived before they were written; they were lived and written, not in diplomatic accommodation to the spirit of the time, nor for the precious but fluctuating moral sense of the writer himself, but for the judgment of the world and the ages, for the eye and conscience of God. If you would find John Milton you must look for him here. Here he lived his epic existence; here he set at naught the falsehood of his generation; here he accepted neglect, sorrow, infamy; here he did his work "as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

II

When Milton first saw the light on December 9, 1608, in Bread Street, Cheapside, London had less than half the population of Boston, and where the mighty metropolis now spreads, the unbroken beauty of nature held sway. Milton belongs to his nation and to his race, yet is he one of the special glories of London. Excepting his university days at Cambridge, the five happy years at Horton, about fifteen miles from the city, and the year and three months spent in continental travel, Milton lived his life in London. As his father's son, as educator, as Latin secretary to Cromwell, and as epic poet,

London was his home. Bread Street, Cheapside, where he was born; St. Paul's, where he attended school; St. Bride's Churchyard, and later Aldersgate and Barbican, where he taught boys; Whitehall and Petty France, where he served the Commonwealth; Bunhill Fields, where he wrote his immortal epics and *Samson Agonistes*; St. Giles, Cripplegate, where he lies buried; Westminster Abbey, where his bust bears witness to his conquest of prejudice, — all speak of Milton. The idealism of his great spirit still halows the ceaseless tides of trade, still excites the hope that in some unnoticed child of to-day there may lie, too deep for human eyes to see it, the promise of another Milton.

When Milton was born, Chaucer, the father of English poetry, had been in his grave 208 years; and about 270 years measure the distance from the birth of Chaucer to that of Milton. Milton thus stands about midway in the astonishing poetic development of the English race. Spenser had closed his life of suffering and splendor nine years before Milton's began; Queen Elizabeth had been dead five years, and for an equal period James I, the learned fool, had reigned in her stead; Oliver Cromwell was a boy of nine; Shakespeare had eight years more of life before him, Sir Walter Raleigh ten, and Bacon eighteen. The greatness of that generation is brought home to us by the number of names that have survived to our own time, many of them names of wide moment. Strafford was born in 1593, and was executed for his iniquities in 1641; Laud was born in 1573, and paid with his life the penalty of his tyranny and fanaticism in 1645; Dr. Thomas Browne, author of the *Religio Medici*, was born in 1605; Samuel Butler, who left the sorrow of a lifetime transfigured in the wit and humor of the immortal *Hudibras*, in 1612; Richard Baxter, among the noblest of Puritans, in 1615; John Bunyan in 1628; John Dryden in 1631; John Locke in 1632, and Sir Isaac Newton in 1642. On the Continent there

were at least three older contemporaries of Milton, of enduring fame: Grotius the jurist, Galileo the scientist, both of whom Milton had met, and Descartes, the illustrious philosopher.

Milton was born in an age opening into new vistas of freedom, discovery, and progress. As the year 1608 was closing when he arrived, so the old epoch of absolutism in the monarch, of tyranny in the church, and of unsifted tradition in the intellectual world, was passing away; as Milton was the forerunner of a new year, so was he prophetic of a new era. Bacon had appeared as the imposing literary expression of the awakening visions and hopes of natural science; Shakespeare had placed upon the stage, with unrivaled dramatic genius, our modern humanity; Charles I and Strafford and Laud were fighting to maintain the absolutism of the throne and the sovereignty of the national church; John Locke was calling the higher interests of man into the court of reason; and in far-away Plymouth, on the wild New England shore, a new world was rolling out of the night in the fires of a great prophetic morning.

Such were a few of the great contemporaries, older and younger, of John Milton; such were some of the tasks and hopes of his age. In this environment of men and movements the drama of his life falls into three acts: first, he is the student, scholar, educator, and contemplative singer; second, he becomes the sharer in the vast civil and religious struggles of his time; third, he stands forth the epic poet, in loneliness and grandeur.

It is sometimes said that Milton is the scholars' poet, that there is little in him to interest the average intelligent person. There is a grain of truth in this remark; but the remark, in so far as it is true, holds against all the higher possessions of man. They are not for the light-minded, the superficial, the reader without seriousness. They offer themselves slowly to the devout student; they uncover their mysteries only to the persistently faithful; they give themselves at last, in all

their wealth and glory, to the mind and existence which they have helped to enlarge and exalt. The love of the best will at length fit any mind to enter, in some measure, into the joyous possession of the greatest things that man has done. Witness the Romans of to-day as they visit the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican; the Florentines as they crowd the Pitti Palace; the people on the Continent of Europe generally, as they rise to the appreciation of great buildings, great paintings, and great music. The power of the best to arrest the mind is incomparable; and while the mind thus arrested is often puzzled, still the fascination endures, and in a miraculous manner the best, where it has a fair chance, wins its way to sovereign appreciation and praise. Emerson tells us that when the half-gods go, the gods arrive. The going of the half-gods is greatly accelerated by the arrival of the gods. The permanent exhibition of the best, the presentation, under favoring circumstances, of the truly great, would bless society with a long farewell to the mean achievements by which its heart has been harried and its reason degraded.

Fact is here, as everywhere else, more potent than general ideas. My introduction to Milton was of a kind that is open to all. When a boy at school, I heard from the lips of a revered teacher his name mentioned with a sort of awe. That way of alluding to Milton fixed in me reverence for him, and an inward resolve some day to dare to look into his epic. Over Burns's "Address to the Deil" there stood two lines from *Paradise Lost*, as evidence of the contrasted manner of the two poets in dealing with his Satanic majesty:—

O Prince, O Chief of many thrond Powers,
That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to war;

and again curiosity and courage were stirred to open the great book. In the city of Boston, on Boston Common, at the age of nineteen, during the long summer days, when recovering from a severe illness, I made my first acquaintance with Milton, with a copy of his poems taken

from the Public Library. There were in *Paradise Lost* a hundred things that I did not understand; but familiarity with the Old Testament and the shorter catechism—a document for which I note that once in my life I gave thanks—helped me to understand a few things, and these were fundamental. Then came the appeal of the great monumental work. I looked upon its greatness with awe and love, as one might upon the Great Pyramid—its magnitude, its symmetry, its enduring structure, its silence and loneliness, its atmosphere of seriousness and tenderness, its antiquity as holding within itself vanished ages, its solemn humanity and universal moment. Here on Boston Common, as yonder on the sands of Egypt, stood a superlative wonder, and here the beholder and lover began to learn, understand, and enjoy, under the patient guidance of one of the master spirits of the race, the poet himself. All that Milton asks of any reader is a learner's mind, a lover's heart, and the patience of a will that would follow the highest.

III

Milton is a supreme artist; at the same time his art is always in the service of ideas. More than any other poet in our language, substance counts with Milton. His poetry, like all genuine poetry, comes from the heart, but it comes through the vision of a vast intellect. Alike when he expresses himself in prose and in poetry, Milton is the prophet, and the burden of the Lord rests upon him. It is worth while, therefore, to consider for a moment the substance of Milton's prophetic message.

More than any other Englishman who has recorded his ideas, Milton stood for freedom. When Wordsworth sang of him,

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,
he touched only the incomparable loftiness and splendor of his mind; he left untouched Milton's continuous immersion in the great struggles of his age. Milton's

cry for freedom was the cry of a practical man; it was a demand for his nation and in behalf of all its greater interests. He was sent to the University of Cambridge that he might fit himself for service as a minister of the Anglican church. He saw that, as a freeman, he could become a preacher neither in that communion nor in any other then in existence. He has impaled, in his *Lycidas*, the abject and hireling preachers of his day. In that noble poem, St. Peter appears lamenting the untimely death of Lycidas whose heart was set on the prophetic office: --

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks and stern bespake:
How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

Milton remained outside organized Christianity, and there he exercised his prophetic gift, lamenting the fact that in the church

The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
waiting for the Christian world to grow till it could count him among its prophets. He has not waited in vain; for of the ministers of religion of his own generation, and the generation preceding his own, although Richard Hooker and Jeremy Taylor and Richard Baxter are among the number, there is in the general estimate of competent men none like him, none near him, as a witness for the Eternal.

Because of his sense of the value of freedom, Milton called in question the educational custom of his time. A better definition of education than Milton's has never been given: "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." That definition was prophetic of the revolution in education that, within a generation, has changed the face of the academic world.

It is easy to say that Milton's scheme of education is fanciful and that it has been without influence. The tractate on education is full of illuminating thoughts; Milton's judgments are given freely on a subject in which he was a master. That Milton could consider for years any human interest, and state his conclusions upon it without benefit to that interest, is hard to believe. He puts a new spirit into education, and if his views have been without influence it is surely not his fault. But have they been without influence? Milton has been the inspirer and constant friend of more than one great educator in our own land and time.

Milton's battle for religious freedom against the bishops springs from the spirit of an awakened nation. The Reformation in England had been superficial, — not much more than the substitution of the supremacy of the sovereign for that of the pope. The passion for religious freedom awakened by the Reformation was deep and imperious. This is the force that finds vent in Milton. In England the institution of religion did not answer in any adequate measure to the passionate desire for freedom in religion. Unless we bear this in mind we cannot understand Milton's five great pamphlets, *Of Reformation*, *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, *The Reason of Church Government*, *Animadversions*, and *The Apology*. Milton is looking with sorrow upon the national church arrested in the process of reformation; and behind his vision there beats the heart of a religious freeman. In his fight for religious liberty Milton met the most learned bishops of his time, Hall and Usher. They doubtless knew more about the Fathers than Milton; he knew the free manhood of England better than they, and the rights of freemen in the Christian faith. Milton could not succeed without converting Episcopacy into Congregationalism. That was impossible then, it is impossible now; but his great contention, that all power in the church is derived from the assembly of believers, has won the day in all the churches. Ulti-

mately the people rule; and at heart this is the principle for which Milton stood. His contest with the prelates of the national church is grim and wild; yet the cause of the people as religious beings, as against the pretensions of the servants of the people in this great interest, burns in every sentence that Milton wrote, and his terrible polemics are the sword of the God of freedom.

In his attack upon canon law in relation to marriage and divorce, Milton called custom into the court of moral reason. Custom is sacred so far as it is the just expression of inalienable rights, so far as it is the best attainable servant of domestic well-being. Milton's claim that there should be provision for divorce on the ground of moral incompatibility is at least worthy of serious attention. Only good can come to human homes when one of the purest and loftiest of men calls to account the marriage custom of Christendom. If that custom is just, its justice will thus be more clearly seen. It is part of the greater significance of Milton's career that custom nowhere overawed him, that he recognized as the living force behind all institutions the moral reason of enlightened men. For him the institutional life of his race was nowhere what it should be. There was, for him, in the higher spirits of his people, a reserve of justice and nobility capable of expression in vastly higher institutional forms; and here again Milton is among the leaders of the advancing world.

In his fight for freedom, Milton was no respecter of persons. When the Presbyterians became enemies to freedom they became enemies to him. He could have adapted to his own use the words of the Hebrew psalm, —

Do I not hate them, O Lord, that hate thee ?
And am I not grieved with those that rise up
against thee ?
I hate them with perfect hatred :
They are become mine enemies.

Milton was born an Anglican, but an Anglican he could not remain. He became a Presbyterian, but again he was

compelled to move. He is thinking of the animus of ascendant Presbyterians when he writes his famous line, —

New Presbyterian is but Old Priest writ large.
The closing lines in his sonnet to Cromwell are directed against the same foes : —

New foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular
chains.

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

Parliament, too, when it turns careless of freedom, is met by the noblest of all Milton's apostolic appeals. The *Areopagitica* should be taken from the class of electives; it should be among the prescribed studies of every youth and every citizen in this free community. Freedom has been gained here, as in every other state where it has been gained, at great cost. Freemen are apt to forget the rock whence they were hewn and the pit whence they were digged. The veneration of the supreme captains in this costly struggle, and the periodic recurrence to their wise and brave words, will do much to keep alive in a free community the sense of the treasure inherited from the past, the obligation of the present to increase and transmit that treasure to a still happier future.

Milton's last and greatest stand for freedom was against the King. No man to-day can easily measure Milton's importance and courage here. His grand contention "that Kings of England should be judged by the laws of England" seems to us a commonplace. In the seventeenth century it was audacious thus to speak. The repeated and accumulated mendacities of Charles I were met by the monstrous apology, "the King can do no wrong." Cromwell and his army set that falsehood at nought; it remained for Milton to impale it with piercing political wisdom and with every kind of scorn. His work has done great things. It went all over Europe, sustaining the people of the various nations in their passion for freedom. It was loathed in England and at the same time honored; it fed the re-

pressed manhood of the nation and nourished it into strength for the struggle of 1688. The twenty years that Milton took from poetry and gave to patriotism had their just issue and reward in the expulsion of James II. Nor did the influence of these twenty years end there. The Puritan in America was proud of the great Puritan in England. His example was of force here both in church and in state; it had the immeasurable force which always comes from an exemplar held in highest honor and admiration.

Milton's prose is the imperial witness to his free soul. Much has been said in criticism of the scorn and abuse in it, and judged by severe taste, it must be admitted that much in these wonderful productions is beneath the dignity of Milton. After all, these faults are but the spots on the sun. The times were times of storm and stress; Milton was engaged in no mere academic contest; he was fighting for the life of the English people. In an age of tyrants in the church, of despots and liars in the state, and multitudes base enough to accept slavery without protest, and almost with thanks, it is regrettable, but not strange, that, when assailed by abject apologists for regal and ecclesiastical oppression, Milton's free soul should have gone forth, now and then, in a hurricane of rage and scorn.

It has been said that Milton might have written in behalf of freedom in a weightier and more conclusive manner. Doubtless. He might have written after years of exact reflection, and embodied his thoughts in a treatise of scientific order. In that case he could not have written for the vast struggle in which he lived. It may be said that he might have made a better use of the literary method of expression which he adopted, and imposed upon himself that classic restraint which is one of the shining distinctions of his epics. Again this is doubtless true. But on the other side, it should be said, that perhaps Milton did as well as could be expected, considering the hot haste in which he was compelled to write, and the

crying needs of his time. He might have done better where no man did so well; he might have done better where all others did nothing; he might have done better, wearing as he does to-day immortal honors as the champion of freedom, when his adversaries are chiefly remembered because they fought against him.

Milton's prose has two merits of the highest order: it is the witness to his comprehensive and burning love of freedom; it is also a record of precious thoughts in a style which, for strength and majesty, remains unsurpassed in our literature. And here it must be said that it is not to the credit of English scholars and men of letters that they have done so little to present Milton's prose worthily to the world. The churchman still remains too small for this service; the royalist whose monarchy has been transformed from a hateful to a beneficent thing, chiefly through the labors of Cromwell and Milton and the forces which they set free, still lacks the magnanimity for the task.

Milton has suffered for his opinions more than any writer in our tongue. Addison did much to call attention to his poetry. Macaulay spoke noble words for the grandeur of Milton's career; and many men of less note have raised their voice against the public neglect of Milton as an apostle of freedom. On the other hand, Dr. Johnson, the literary authority of the eighteenth century, under cover of veneration for Milton, canonized the national antipathy to Milton the freeman. Dr. Johnson could not help saying some good things in his study of this great Englishman, and after pages of captious remark, elaborate trifling, and veiled enmity, there are here and there sun-bursts of insight and appreciation. The fundamental defect of Dr. Johnson is his unwillingness or inability to measure the full magnitude of Milton, both as writer and as human being. His criticism is from the outside; it is generally petty, wanting in sympathy, destitute of the ideal critic's passion to discover and declare the secret of his author. Dr. Johnson seems to be

entertain with his own cleverness in finding flaws in Milton and his work, and here he has been the fountain of an evil tradition.

When the critical consciousness becomes superior to high creative values, it has ceased to be important, because it has ceased to be the single-minded servant of truth and beauty. Dr. Johnson's critical incompetence is conspicuous in his sneer at Milton's diction, a sneer which he expresses through Samuel Butler's famous phrase, "Babylonish dialect." How far we have come from such a travesty of literary justice, may be seen by putting Matthew Arnold's estimate of Milton's diction against that of Johnson: "That Milton, of all our English race, is by his diction and rhythm the one artist of the highest rank in the great style whom we have; this I take as requiring no discussion, this I take as certain." Dr. Johnson's criticism is of course chiefly of historical interest; it should be added that it is of autobiographical interest, as the frank expression of a powerful and often perverse personality. We find so much to love in this critic, so much to honor in his grim battle with time, that we are ready to grant him absolution for his errors. They are many; they are grievous; but they are the brood of irritability and inveterate prejudices. In the presence of Milton, Dr. Johnson looks like a lumbering stage-coach beside a chariot of state. His adverse judgments about Milton, and some things more discreditable to him than adverse judgments, have fallen to dust; but for more than two generations they delayed full national recognition of Milton. Even the life of Milton by Mark Pattison, notwithstanding its learning and literary appreciation, is on the whole a poor performance. A writer who could think of the twenty years in which Milton served the state, as the prostitution of his genius, is not the man to open the mind of his countrymen to the world-wide meaning of Milton's career.

It is pathetic to reflect that Cromwell,

the greatest man that ever ruled the English people, and one of the greatest men in history, had to wait for the Scotsman Carlyle to present him worthily to mankind; that in our modern times Milton, the greatest apostle of freedom, itself the greatest achievement of the English race, had to wait for the Scotsman Masson to set him before the world in his true character. Because Milton called to just account the tyranny of king, bishop, presbyter, Parliament, and canon law, his prose in which he did this vast service has been subjected to slight and neglect; still, this attitude has never been universal, and his countrymen, in whom the love of liberty and courage is so great, will do him justice in the end. Meanwhile Americans will continue to honor John Milton as an illustrious forerunner of the men who won and established constitutional freedom on this continent. They will read with a thrill of delight the title of his great Latin essay: *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*. They will find the germ of their own theory of government in these words: "Our king made us not, but we him. The people is not for the king, but the king for the people." They will see little irreverence in the superb profanity with which Milton scorns foreign interference in the affairs of Englishmen: "What the devil is it to you, what the English do among themselves?"

Freedom was not, with Milton, an end, but a means, an atmosphere indispensable for vision and for life, a condition essential to the discovery and the service of truth. The crest of the Milton family was the sign of the eagle, and one of the most famous passages in Milton's prose is inspired by this sign, "the noble and puissant nation," like "an eagle mewing her mighty youth," and "kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday heaven." In this metaphor we find, according to Milton, the value of freedom. It lies in this, that freedom is the only path to the heights where undazzled eyes may kindle themselves at the ever-blazing torch of truth. Milton believed that

God's will is immanent in man and in human society. He saw that, to compass a larger vision of that will, men must be free to think and speak and act. Contentment with mere subjectivity, rest in the fleeting moods of a variable, inconstant mind, devotion to the psychic storm and stress that mean nothing universal and abiding, would have met from Milton unmeasured scorn. He knew himself as a substantial, accountable soul; his life was a moral life, among moral persons in a moral world. He was conscious that his being was set in an eternal moral order; and the deep passion of his heart was to know more and more of this order. He beheld this order working within his mind, he saw it working in the minds of his contemporaries; he found its operation reflected in the classic literature of Greece and Rome; he discerned in the Bible the divine image of its incessant action. To this order, the veritable presence of God in the world, Milton dedicated himself. This truth in the life of men he would know, and that he might know, he must be free.

For Milton, the tyranny of custom meant eyes averted from substance and fixed upon empty symbols. For Milton, custom must be servant and not master; convention must never be unalterably fixed, but fluent, ever subject to new forms. Idolatry, the confusion of image and reality, sign and substance, social arrangements and social laws, he abhorred. He saw that in the homage to king, bishop, and presbyter, convention had given to his countrymen a counterfeit intellect; that insensibility to the Eternal in their own being made vision, progress, strength and victory impossible. Milton defines the purpose of his life when he replies to those who said he exulted over fallen majesty, "I only preferred Queen Truth to King Charles." And in writing against the execrable invention known as *Eikon Basilike*, a defense of Charles I, unworthy of an Englishman with a spark of manhood in him, yet of which forty-seven editions were quickly sold, Milton writes in VOL. 103—NO. 1

words that express his constant attitude, "And tho' it be an irksome ¹ to write with industry and judicious pains that which neither weighed nor well read shall be judged without industry or the pains of well-judging, by fiction and the easy literature of custom and opinion, it shall be ventured yet, and the truth not smothered but sent abroad in the native confidence of her simple self to earn how she can her entertainment in the world, and to find out her own readers: few perhaps, but those few of such value and substantial worth, as truth and wisdom, not respecting numbers and big names, have ever been wont in all ages to be contented with."

And again, in these great sentences from the *Areopagitica*, we hear the same strain: "Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on: but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then arose a wicked race of deceivers, who as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till the Master's second coming: he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitors to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint."

Truth, however, is not the final end. For Milton truth becomes duty; the vision of his free intellect lays upon his will a moral obligation that binds him to

his kind and to the conscience of God. And here we come upon an elevation loftier still in this heroic man. I know of no sublimer passage in any autobiography than these words from his *Second Defence of the People of England*. In reply to the contemptible charge that his blindness was a visitation from God for his sins, he writes, —

“And with respect to myself, though I have accurately examined my conduct, and scrutinized my soul, I call thee O God, the searcher of hearts, to witness, that I am not conscious either in the more early, or in the later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity, which might have deservedly marked me out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation. But since my enemies boast that this affliction is only a retribution for the transgressions of my pen, I again invoke the Almighty to witness, that I never, at any time, wrote anything which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. . . . Thus when I was publicly solicited to write a reply to the *Defence of the Royal Cause*, when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness, and with the apprehension of soon losing the sight of my remaining eye, and when my medical attendants clearly announced, that if I did engage in the work it would be irreparably lost, their premonitions caused no hesitation and inspired no dismay. I would not have listened to the voice even of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the heavenly monitor within my breast; my resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight or the desertion of my duty. . . . I am not depressed by any sense of the divine displeasure; on the contrary, I have had full experience of the divine favor and protection; and in the solace and strength which have been infused into me from above, I have been enabled to do the will of God. . . . O that I may be perfected by feebleness and irradiated by obscurity! And, indeed, in my blindness, I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the

favor of the Deity, who regards me with more tenderness and compassion as I am unable to behold anything but himself.”

IV

The analysis of Milton's distinctive gifts is not a difficult task. His powers are obvious, their manifestation is uniform; the bounds of his faculties are also clear, — they are as definite and magnificent as the bounds of the sea. In Milton there are no concealments, no pretensions, no sudden surprises, but one continuous amazement over sustained power. As he writes with pathetic fidelity to his own character, in his blind eyes alone, which appeared as if their vision was perfect, was he a dissembler, and that against his will. What we find in Milton are vast knowledge vitalized by an imagination unsurpassed for compass and originality in human history, pathos deep as life, an ear for harmony faultless and sure, strength in every energy of mind, and grandeur in every instinct of his being. There is in Milton no humor, no pervasive sympathy with light-heartedness and laughter, no happy setting of our human pilgrimage in the sweet heart of nature as in Chaucer, no union of legend and dreamy, mystic spirituality as in Spenser, no divine variety such as we find in Shakespeare, no palpitating, irrepressible lyric humanity as in Burns. In Milton we meet, as in no other poet in our tongue, the stately march of vast powers, the noble vision of the ideal side of existence, rapt regard for moral and eternal issues, prophetic insight and prophetic fire, oracles of splendor in music like that of the spheres, an organ voice, as Tennyson says, with an anthem sublime, moving in its mighty monotone, a monotone admitting every variety of color and shade, weaving into its majestic fabric the weariness, the sorrow, the despair, and the victory of great spirits, its warp and woof the light and darkness of the world.

Like all the productions of genius, there is in Milton's best work a fading element.

Nothing produced by man remains precious for all time as a whole. The man of supreme genius has his limitation in knowledge and in belief, and the all-revealing light of time sets this limitation in unmistakable relief. Like every great epic, like the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the book of Job and the *Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost* has two sides, — the temporal and the eternal. There is the side that for us is no longer true, that in the progress of the human mind has become incredible. There is the imaginative use of what is believed to be historic truth; when this historic truth so-called ceases to be credible, it becomes mythology, still amenable to poetic genius as symbol.

In the book of Job the modern reader makes this distinction between history and mythology; he makes the further distinction between fact and probability. The Satan of the book of Job, his swift transit from the earthly to the heavenly world, the visible appearance of the Infinite and his speeches, the modern reader thinks should be taken, not as literally, but as spiritually true. If once upon a time all this was believed to be history, it is regarded as historic fact no longer. It is seen to be the imaginative setting of the great spiritual epic. The feasting of the sons and daughters, close as this is to life, the hurricane from the wilderness, the fatal issues of storm and wreck, the speeches of the several messengers, the despair of Job's wife, the sublime resignation of Job himself, the sad faces and the sadder comfort of his friends, illustrate the distinction between fact and probability.

All this might be history; but it is far likelier to belong simply to the imaginative structure of the poem. This structure contains, as I have hinted, two elements: things that might very well happen, and things that are presented as if they did take place, but which modern men consider impossible. Any combination of purely natural events is probable; as such it is the acceptable servant of art. The supernatural becomes the servant of

art in two ways: it is intrinsically the servant of art to those who believe in the supernatural; it continues to serve poetic truth in the way of symbol when men no longer believe in it as fact. When the impossible is pressed into the service of poetry we usually call it mythology.

To this mythological element in Homer, Virgil, and Dante, we have long since adjusted ourselves. Homer's theology is mythology; his anthropology is set in the heart of a mythological world. History and science are not in his universe, and we do not look for them in his work; we look for the special features of the Greek race, which he saw as no other writer ever saw them, and for some of the universal characteristics of mankind, for vision and love and sorrow, for life and beauty and death, for valor and victorious strength and wisdom, for the epic of a great people in the early morning of historic time. The universe of Homer's epics remains the fascinating symbol of an enduring order.

In Dante, all this is seen with still greater ease. The *Divine Comedy* is read by all sorts of educated persons — Catholic, Protestant, believer, unbeliever, humanist, agnostic. The structure of the poem, whatever may have been the attitude of Dante's mind toward it, is now seen to be purely the work of imagination; its Hell and Purgatory and Paradise are temporal and spatial forms for the eternal thought of the poet; we do not think of testing this form by science or by history. The structure of the poem is a symbol, the creation of the poetic imagination; and through that symbol we look for the message of a great prophetic soul. To tell us that there are no such places as the Inferno, the Purgatorio, and the Paradiso, is to repeat what all educated men know. The form of the *Divine Comedy* is of time, its content and spirit are of the eternal; its structure is the baseless fabric of a vision; but through that baseless fabric there looms the great tragic world of man.

Milton has suffered at this point. His

Augustinian, Calvinistic scheme of the fall, sin, woe, and salvation, while essentially akin to that of Dante, has been reasoned into a vast order of thought by a long line of modern theologians; and, till within a generation, by the majority of Christians regarded as the true version of the spiritual history of mankind. To Milton the benefits of mythology have not been conceded in anything like the degree that they have been conceded to his great predecessors. He has been regarded as a teacher of theology, here and there, to be sure, somewhat unorthodox, but on the whole sound. The truth of his poem has been sought in its form and not in its spirit, in its Puritan theology and not in its essential, spiritual humanity. The time has come to disengage these two elements in Milton, to acknowledge at once the Miltonic mythology, and through that mythology to read the eternal truth concerning man and the God to whom his accountable soul answers, the truth about man and his ideal of righteousness, his enswathement in flesh, his temptation rising out of his dual nature, his sin, woe, and hope, his moral struggle and victory, his *Paradise Lost* and his *Paradise Regained*. Spiritually understood, there should be no trouble with the Fall. It is the symbol of the universal infidelity of man to his highest ideals. There need be no trouble with the Miltonic hell, because human beings have been there, and any day multitudes may be seen in that horror.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
 There need be no difficulty over Milton's devil. The poet is here our prophet, and has gathered for us the total prevailing untoward force of the world, the fierce, victorious hostilities that lead men to ruin, the black contradictions of our human universe, and fixed them in a personality whose strength and malice and woe are fearful. In that stupendous portent behold personified the dark and awful contradiction of human good; in that terrible picture of malice and woe behold

the depth to which the free spirit of man may sink.

Taken in this large and free way, taken as a poetic symbol of eternal truth, *Paradise Lost* will be found equal to the greatest epic achievement of man. Its vast design and structure, its wealth of characterization, its richness in moral insight and wisdom, its feeling for nature and for man in nature, its majestic recitative of the elemental passions and interests of our human race, its mighty canvas with the spiritual history of our Western world painted there in forms and colors that nothing in any literature can surpass, will subdue, purify, exalt, and console the serious position of mankind to the end of time.

The vitality of *Paradise Lost* comes from the soul of Milton the English patriot. It is, first of all, the generalized form of his own history. He was born when the king and the people were to meet in tragic conflict, when the national church was to face the national conscience, when organized religion was to join in battle the nobler ideals and character of a community inspired by the spirit of freedom. At length came Oliver Cromwell, his battles, his victories, his commonwealth; and Milton saw in all this the realization and the prophetic servant of his dreams. English freedom, English manhood, and English progress were assured.

Then came the tragic reverse. Oliver Cromwell died in September, 1658, and in 1660 the son of Charles I was crowned King of England. The restoration of the Stuart dynasty meant disaster to Milton's national hope. Again the tyrant was on the throne, again the bishop was coöppressor with the king; again display, corruption, infamy, were in the court, setting fashions for the wealth and youth of the land; again freemen were driven to the wall. Milton's personal fortunes were wrecked, and he lived in a community in which he was regarded almost with loathing. But it was not personal disaster that made Milton go as with a sword in his bones, but the disaster to freedom. In the

His first great sorrow finds a voice in *Lycidas*; the sonnets, whose sound is like the sea, speak for the poet as the representative of suffering freedom and heroism; *Paradise Lost* becomes the organ requiem of personal and national and racial disaster; *Paradise Regained* is bloodless because there is so little of Milton in it; in *Samson Agonistes* there is the final surge in this mighty representative life. Here again the national and racial tragedy are set in the defeat and victory of his own soul. Hear this cry from the depths, like the wail of the winds in the caverns of a dead planet, and note in it the universal woe: —

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created Beam and thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all,"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?

And, once more, the chastened personal victory has become the channel of the eternal triumph: —

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Here we find the reason of Milton's unique appeal to the imagination of the modern man. Milton stood before a contemptuous world the apostle and champion of the highest things — freedom, truth, manhood, faith. He met with sore contradiction. In the midst of his great studies he was struck blind, and no words in English poetry are more moving than these: —

Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

To this personal limitation and distress must be added the defeat of his public

cause. All that he had gloried in as a free Englishman, and fought for with the last light of his eyes and for years in his blindness, was lost, overwhelmed by the abject and shameless mind of his countrymen. In this wild waste of sorrow, note his fortitude: he still sings with voice

Unchanged
To hoarse or mute, tho' fall'n on evil days,
On evil days tho' fall'n and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purple the east.

As the final act in the drama of his suffering heroism note his achievement: *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*; a monumental achievement, done in blindness, in public scorn and contempt, and from his fiftieth to his sixty-second year, by the strength and splendor of his genius and the breath of the Eternal in his heart. These are a few of the things that give to Milton his extraordinary power over the imagination of enlightened and noble men.

Comparison of Milton with the great epic poets of the world, while not altogether profitable, is nevertheless inevitable. Immeasurably greater than Homer in maturity, in strength, and in insight into the heart of human society, Milton is wanting in the variety, sweetness, swiftness, surprise, humor, and unique pathos that we find in the *Odyssey*. There are lines in Milton to whose moral grandeur there is no approach in Homer; there are pictures in Homer, like the episodes of the Cyclops and the meeting of Odysseus and his mother in Hades, the humor of the one and the pathos of the other, that are unequaled by anything in Milton. Plato censures Homer as an artist because he makes the gods subject to fits of uncontrollable laughter. Perhaps Plato is here only half in the right: the gods would be less than divine if they were not responsive to the comedy of the world. Still, their laughter should be divine laughter; and here Homer's art is at fault because his character as a Greek

was at fault. His style here was the mood of his spirit upon divine things; as such it fell beneath his subject. No such criticism could be made upon the art of Milton; and here the Englishman is surely greater than the Greek. On the whole, the honors of the two poets are different, but equal; and justice, while pointing to limitations in both, leaves them standing together, each with the wreath of laurel upon his brow, on the same serene height.

Lucretius is the greatest of the Roman poets, and, like Milton, his concern is for the peace and victory of his fellow men. In Milton there is no such passion of sorrow and despair as we find in Lucretius; in Lucretius there is wanting the wisdom, the moral restraint, the faith, and character that we find in Milton. The deepest note in Milton is hope; the deepest in Lucretius is despair. The poets are as unlike as are the prophets of eternal life and eternal death. Milton's vision is vaster far than that of Lucretius, and the Roman poet as an artist is not in Milton's class.

Dante is the poet with whom Milton is oftenest put in comparison. Dante and Milton are alike in the religious character of their genius, in the further trait that they move toward the racial epic on the lines of personal fortune. The *Divine Comedy* is primarily the symbol of the three worlds in which Dante's existence had been passed. The egoism of his poem is sublime: on reflection, he found that he represented his age and fashioned his symbol for his time and race. So far no two men could be more alike than Milton and Dante. There are, of course, many contrasts in them. Milton has no such hold upon the mind of his devotees as Dante has gained over his. The reasons for this fact would form an interesting discussion, which, however, cannot be pursued here. Inferior to Dante in the high romance of love, in the passionate intensity of his nature, in the vast and precious mysticism of his spirit, Milton is superior to Dante in moral health, in adamantine manhood, in majesty of

genius; nobler far in his rage, since he builds his hell for devils and not for men, and seeks no consolation from the vision of the torture of his enemies in the regions of eternal woe. The mythological element is much larger in Dante than in Milton, and the symbolic worth of the Puritan epic, taking it as a whole, is not inferior to that of the mediæval. As an artist in human speech, Milton is the peer of Dante, or of any poet that ever breathed. Let the vogue of Dante continue and never grow less; but let men of English speech ponder the high symbolic presentation of human existence in the epic of John Milton.

The art of Milton recalls by turns the distinctive excellence of building, sculpture, painting, and music. The plan of Milton's work, the premeditation, the labor, and the monumental character, recall now the Greek temple and again the Gothic cathedral; the austere reserve of it, the union of completeness and infinite suggestion, the disdain and the immortal triumph, recall the gods and goddesses of Greece done in marble; the vast background, the subdued light, the rich color, the canvas crowded with shapes of many hues, the bold outlines and the vague immensities into which they melt, the combination of truth and beauty and joy all in an atmosphere luminous and yet dim, serene and yet weird, happy and yet portentous, recall the hall whose walls are hung with the select masterpieces of the world; and in this hall music is heard, organ music, such as is heard nowhere else among men. Such seems to me the art of Milton. I cannot think of any artistic excellence richer or more perfect than his.

There is in Milton one thing greater than his art, and that is his character. From earliest years he led a dedicated life. He was the pride of his father, and yet that parental pride in no way injured his spirit. He was, in his youth, of extraordinary beauty, yet that beauty was never desecrated or turned into an instrument of dishonor. He went through the

fiery trial of young manhood and came forth without even the smell of fire upon his soul. He was never the betrayer, he was ever the defender, of woman, carrying the high vow of chivalry in his soul, with passionate longing for purity in his own being that he might inspire and champion purity in others. He was the ornament of his university, yet his wise head was in no way undone by that distinction. He lived the life of a country gentleman, with eye and ear and heart open to the beauty and wonder of nature, and his spirit erect before God and man. He traveled in Europe for fifteen months, the object of attention and admiration from famous men and gifted women, such as would have brought moral disaster to a nature less noble and sure of its high ends. Counseled in his Italian travels to keep his lips closed upon the subject of religion, in Rome itself, when the matter was forced upon him, he scorned evasion, and spoke his thoughts with a fearless force that would have done honor to Luther.

When he was but half-way in the realization of his plan of travel, when Greece and Palestine were unvisited, he surrendered his dream of pleasure because his country was in distress, and hastened to England to bear his share in the struggle and hope of the wise and brave. For twenty years he abandoned poetry that he might in prose serve as an apostle of Freedom, thus reversing at the call of duty the mighty tide of his genius. When told he must become totally blind if he persisted in writing his *Second Defense of the People of England*, he did not desist: he did his duty, and for his reward accepted blindness. When the cause for which he had fought with all his might for twenty years went to wreck, at the age of fifty, he retired into the freedom of the city of God in his own soul, and lifted the disappointment and sorrow of his life, and the life of his afflicted and foolish nation, into one of the noblest epics ever written by the hand of man.

Solitary, defamed, an object of lies

and bitter hatred, with his great friends in the grave, with few to wait upon him and cheer him in his disaster, he abated not one jot of heart or hope, but with a high and an uncomplaining fortitude almost without a parallel in our history, did his work and sang his epic notes for the ages to come. When an old man, blind, forsaken, in dark trials of many kinds, he repeated in his own soul the spiritual tragedy of the race and came forth a conqueror. There is little wonder, therefore, that Milton wrote more lines worthy to be placed beside the best in the Hebrew Scriptures than any other poet in the English tongue. Indeed, in one instance, Milton has done what no Hebrew psalmist was able to do, he has written an imprecatory sonnet or psalm acceptable to the conscience of every person who cares for justice and humanity. Religion has become a divine rage, an imprecation of the highest in man, in the great sonnet whose first line will renew the memory of its matchless words, —

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints.

We commemorate one of the kings of the race, whose character as a human being alone transcends the achievement of his genius, and we find in the picture of his seraph Abdiel the portrait of our poet, upon which men will look with admiration and reverence as long as they care for the loftiest things in the spiritual history of the world: —

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant
mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he
pass'd
Long way thro hostile scorn, which he sustained
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction
doom'd.

After such words the best that one can

say must seem profane. After Milton has sketched his own character who shall dare touch the canvas? Silence would seem to be the fittest tribute; indeed, it would appear to be a religious duty. Yet one cannot be altogether silent in the presence of this beneficent wonder. Milton is a man full of the modern spirit; he has been an apostle of freedom for the three centuries in which his race has been winning freedom for itself, and setting before other races the example of freedom. Milton's poetry receives to-day highest praise from all who discern and feel the character of great poetry. His poetic achievement has been added to the precious store of the intrinsically great and imperishable possessions of mankind. The career of Milton the patriot, the message of Milton the apostle of freedom, still waits adequate recognition. Here is a life of the utmost moment to men and nations, an epic existence to which lovers of freedom will

delight to bring their tribute in all time to come. They will not be satisfied with the great words in which others have praised their hero; they will strive to behold him with their own eyes and speak in their own tongue the veneration that swells in their hearts. In sympathy with this mood, I venture these final words:—

Milton! on thy strong Saxon shoulders wide,
The mighty burden of the coming time
Thou bear'st, Prophet of liberty sublime.
The abject world is borne on God's deep tide
To freedom's flood. Thy cause must ever
ride

Triumphant. Thy high fame is in thy rhyme
And in thy lofty manhood's endless prime.
Thy work and worth shall evermore abide.
The conscience of our race forever pleads
In thy majestic tongue, the nobler law;
The fear of king, priest, mob, all broken
reeds,
Dies in the presence of that vaster awe
Which God inspires; thro' flaming gift and
word
As thro' the stars, looks thy Eternal Lord.

IN THE COOL OF THE DAY

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

ENID looked guiltily up from the bed of violets she was resetting, as her sister's tall young figure came down the path. Philippa came quickly, like all approaching dooms, and Enid noted that she was hatted, gloved, and carrying a trim little bag indicative of business; the very energy of her step made Enid sigh. Cool and fresh in her immaculate linen suit, Philippa bore down upon her. Then she spoke.

"It is half-past three, Enid; the meeting is at four."

"The — meeting?" repeated Enid vaguely, pushing back her garden hat with one earth-stained hand, the better to survey her sister.

"The meeting," reiterated Philippa with some emphasis, "to discuss the tene-

ment question and the new factory bill; surely you have n't forgotten."

A deep flush covered Enid's face; her glance at her sister was mutely apologetic.

"I — I'm afraid I had."

Philippa consulted a businesslike watch at her girdle.

"I can wait just ten minutes while you dress; if we take the tram we can just make it."

Enid cast a helpless glance from the violets on the ground to her sister.

"Would it matter very much if I did n't? These will all die if I leave them now, — and I'm tired."

Philippa's silent glance was eloquent.

"No, — I dare say not," she said, turning abruptly away.

"I'm so sorry, Phil!" — Enid called after her; but Philippa did not reply; her straight figure, whose very back expressed condemnation, with its air of being driven by compressed energy, disappeared behind the oleanders, and presently the gate clicked.

Enid's head, on its slender neck, drooped like one of her own flowers as she resolutely bent again over the violets, separating roots, planting, and delicately disentangling leaves, with a touch which caressed. When the plants were all in the ground, she made several trips with a watering-pot, and last of all tidily cleaned up the litter of earth, put the gardening tools into the basket, drew off her gloves, and then stood up and looked about her, flushed but momentarily content. The garden, vast in its cool suggestion of fragrance and soft silence, was all about her, shutting out the glare of dusty road beyond. One corner was all white and green, a stretch of shade restful to the eye; its shadowy spaces, retreating delicately, hinted (what was not the case) a background of acres losing themselves in final forests; but toward the road, visible through the fostering and shielding shrubs, were masses of color and bloom. That was for the sake of the passers-by.

Enid went toward the seat in the green corner and sat down. Her eyes flew like birds from one tall tree to another, and hovered like butterflies on every blossoming shrub, embracing even the tiniest flower beneath; there was not a leaf or bud which was stranger to her. The summer charm was on the garden, and six months ago she would have been happy in it. But now —

"Oh, how tired I am!" thought Enid, closing her eyes a moment to hold back the tears.

She was thankful Philippa was not there to tell her it was the gardening; but the gardening — it was a guilty thought to have — had never tired her before Philippa came home.

Dear Philippa! — so brave, so strong and unselfish, putting all her beautiful

youth into social service; she had been so glad to have her come home. Enid opened her eyes and looked again at the tall trees and green depths about her.

"And at this hour," she thought, "little children are working in stifling factories! Philippa is right; oh, I must be a beast!"

Her lips quivered a little; the sting of Philippa's contempt was never easy to bear, even when she vaguely reacted against it with an undefined sense of injustice; but to-day her conscience was with Philippa. And yet she had imagined Philippa was going to enjoy the garden; she had made it partly for her and partly from an inward necessity. All those years while their father was fighting consumption in the arid little western town of exile, rich only in climate and futures, and Philippa was away at college and working in settlements, she herself would have withered like the desert about her, but for the garden. She had planted the eucalyptus first, — for swift shade, — and all the rest had followed year by year. Philippa had exclaimed at its beauty when she first came home; it was not until she discovered that it did not grow of itself, a fact which appeared not to have occurred to Philippa, that she began to disapprove. Now she had turned it all into a reproach. From the first days when she encountered Enid coming in from the garden early, or watering it in the cool of the day, she had seemed surprised.

"Have you any idea how much time you spend over that garden, Enid?" she had asked, in the very first week of her return.

And Enid had been even then guiltily aware, in sudden self-examination, that she was spending more time than ever since Philippa came back; that she was forming a habit of using it as a refuge, slipping away to it after breakfasts and lunches, or when Philippa's fellow workers came up to discuss with her various social problems. For the town with a climate had grown as such towns do:

already it had a "tenement question" and factory troubles; already the climate itself had been "cornered" away from a large section of the very people it had brought there. Philippa, her generous blood still boiling with city wrongs, had come home steeped in theories and filled with facts; to let these out was in great measure a matter of self-preservation, and she did let them out — on Enid.

From the sick faintness bred of vivisection at breakfast, through the long-drawn horror of tenement industries with their attendant diseases, served like entrées at lunch, to the final turn of the screw — criminal statistics — during a dinner which faded on her palate like dried leaves, Enid was aware of herself as serving constantly, like a frail and ineffective vessel, for Philippa's overflow of race-tenderness. Philippa's own purpose however was deeper; she always hoped to rouse her sister to an eventual sense of human suffering and race-duty which would not leave her content with merely signing cheques; for which method of meeting moral demands upon her Enid was developing a deplorable facility.

Philippa could not follow a mental process by virtue of which some peculiarly harrowing carving of the living hound should eventuate in more white oleanders; or a tenement disease of superior energy (precious to Philippa as a fine new blade to knight's hand) result in an extra two-hours watering of the parched earth; or the anguished shapes of little children shut out from sun and flower lead to a multiplication of bright verbenas and petunia beds near the front hedge. That her sister's tenderness to the vegetable was an expression of her suffering for the animal, or that when she stood lifting in patient, tired arms the heavy hose, hours together, she was really pouring out for all the world; and that the passionate heaping of color on color in royal masses was really her atonement to that defrauded world — these were conceptions for which Philippa had neither understanding nor patience, for they were

not racial, but individual. She sometimes wondered if Enid really had sensibilities; and of late Enid had often questioned it herself. She was conscious of a growing torpidity of emotion, and wondered dully in her turn why she had been so much more in sympathy with Philippa's work before she had heard so much about it.

"I suppose — I must be a person of very shallow sympathies," she thought, and did not particularly mind thinking so.

It filled Philippa with a weary and impatient scorn to find Enid filling the hands of children over the fence with bright flowers, or dealing out little bags of seeds or cuttings. So the world had always stood, doling out to the worker.

"Why not *ask them in?*" She spoke with bitter significance.

"Certainly," acquiesced Enid, "if they'll care to come."

Philippa had followed this up by a suggestion that they might try to do some good with the garden, and proposed inviting the Working Girls' Club to walk therein on Sundays.

Four came the first Sunday, two the second. It struck Enid as faintly strange that she should know the names and families and histories of the girls who came, as she knew those of most of the people, old and young, who passed before her garden fence, — she had handed flowers to them over it so often, — but that Philippa knew none of them. To her they were the Girls' Club. On the third Sunday no one came. Philippa made no comment at first, but Enid knew that now her garden stood condemned in her sister's eyes as not being even "a public want."

"It is because it is *yours*, not *theirs*," said Philippa abruptly at last. "If it could be a public park —"

"Their first act would be to cut down every tree in it," protested Enid. "You know what their idea of a park is. You've seen it; a graveled rectangle with seats, four palms, and an aloe."

"Then," said Philippa uncompromisingly, "since nobody cares for trees but you, all this —" she swept her hand about — "is just for your own benefit. How you can think it right —" She broke off, checking a rising indignation; she must be patient — even with Enid.

Enid sighed.

"I think they do like it a little, Phil; otherwise they would n't stop to look over so much, — every day."

"Lazarus and Dives," said Philippa dryly. "Oh, I know your idea of social service, Enid, — flowers to the hospital, — and no matter how the people came there; flowers in the tenement-windows — and no matter about the wretched rooms behind them."

Enid continued to look at her sister, with a lip that quivered slightly.

"Does n't anything that's just beautiful mean anything to you, Phil?"

"Of course it does," returned Philippa impatiently. "It means so much that I want every one to have it; it is n't beautiful to me if they can't. *This* is beautiful, I suppose," — again she swept a hasty hand about, — "but I can't see its beauty, Enid, while I know that women and children — little children — are stifling in tenements and shut up in mines and factories."

A curious look came into Enid's eyes.

"I see," she said briefly, "to you it's just a vice, like drink."

In spite of herself Philippa smiled; then she frowned.

"Don't be absurd, Enid; but yes, something like that, — a self-indulgence."

And then Enid had made a last subtle appeal.

"I thought, dear, you would enjoy it so much, and like to have it pretty — when your friend comes; I've been coaxing it all I knew."

"I should like to have the *town* pretty," replied Philippa, without the faintest change in the rich color of her cheek, "and the hospital, — and the tenements. Those are the things he will care for, — not how you and I live. He feels as I

do about these things. Enid, don't *you* feel about them at all, — not at all?"

"Yes, I feel about them," said Enid. She said no more, and presently, pushing back her chair, wandered off into the garden absently, followed by Philippa's despairing glance.

Since then it had been worse and worse; she could not so much as sprinkle a rose-bush without the guilty consciousness of Phil's condemning eye, and it was in stealth and in secrecy, as she might have stolen forth to a dram-shop, that she stole forth when Philippa's back was turned, to note whether the "*Gloire de Lyon*" had blossomed, and whether the "*La France*" still held up its head. As for weeding and pruning, they had become criminal acts to be accomplished furtively, and all traces of the crime well hidden, in Philippa's absences. But she had honestly not meant to forget the meeting to-day; she had been conscientiously trying to live up to Philippa of late.

This afternoon, almost for the first time, she suddenly reflected upon the advantages that community of feeling between Philippa and Philippa's doctor (so she coolly assigned him) might have for her; it would let her, naturally, out of a good many meetings and gatherings to which she had dragged leaden feet heretofore. The two of course would want to be together, the most racially-minded of lovers must still cling to so much individual thread, — and without scruple Enid assigned them to that class. Why else should the doctor be coming to so obscure and remote a place? True, there was the pretext of the new tuberculosis sanatorium and hospital, but that could so easily be read "*Philippa*" by any one who knew how she had studied in his classes and worked by his side in the city plague-spots. Besides, Philippa was made for any doctor to fall in love with, — handsome, young, generous Philippa, with such excellent traits to transmit; with none *but* excellent traits, even if she should perform the unscientific feat of transmitting acquired ones. Enid smiled

to think how far rather would Philippa part with every acquirement than be guilty of such *lèse-science*. Poor dear Phil! How much she had had to bear from her Enid! Enid stopped smiling to sigh again at memory of all those meetings she had dragged reluctant feet to, and then dragged home after, — to steal lightly out for a surreptitious refreshment of both the flowers and herself, only to be met on her shamefaced return to the house by Philippa's invariable —

"Enid! — dragging that hose about when you said you were so tired! Do sit down and rest; and just listen to this, will you?" — When would follow a whole batch of new, opportunely mail-brought statistics or pamphleted horrors, successfully destroying the last vestige of one's appetite for dinner. For Philippa's zeal never abated. Enid wondered it should never occur *even* to Philippa that a change of conversational diet would occasionally be a refreshment. She herself would not have expected to talk garden all the time, even if Philippa had been in sympathy with the subject. The garden was a thing to dream about and love, not to be cheapened by over-much talk. Yes, decidedly, Philippa's doctor, due now any time, could not come too soon.

So thinking, she looked up and saw him coming. At least, a stranger, a male stranger, a distinguished-looking stranger, albeit male; it could be only Philippa's doctor. Enid rose hastily. This came of loafing in gardens in Philippa's absence!

The visitor glanced at her, and though cursory, Enid had the sensation of a rapid and complete process, surgically thorough; then he took off his hat and smiled.

"You are — you must be Philippa's sister. I am Doctor Scott. I arrived last night and have just come from the hospital."

Enid smiled faintly. Of course: first the hospital and afterwards Philippa; Philippa would like that thoroughly.

Meanwhile the doctor, his hat off, was exclaiming as he looked appreciatively

about him, "What a miracle of a place!" He threw back his head to let his eye climb to the top of the tallest of the tall eucalypti; and Enid, seizing the chance, looked at him and found him pleasant to look at. He had the distinction of his profession — that profession which, above all others, produces distinguished men; he was young enough, but not, thought Enid fastidiously, tiresomely, and *too* young; he had an air of compact strength like Philippa, of the same race of strenuous souls. All at once it occurred to Enid that Philippa's reward was going to be great. Un-awares, she was still looking at him intently when the doctor, exclaiming again, "What a miracle of a place!" turned and encountered the look. He too looked suddenly and keenly for the second time.

"Do you know — we have n't shaken hands yet," he said coolly, holding out his own with so definite a command that Enid laid hers reluctantly for an instant upon it.

"H-m," was the doctor's mental comment, "thought as much."

"Philippa," said Enid, hastily withdrawing her fingers, "will be here very soon. Shall we go into the house?"

"Go into a house — when we can stay in a garden!" The doctor motioned her, still with that peremptoriness, to the seat, and threw himself down on the ground facing her. "Grass! *Turf!*" he exclaimed, fingering it delightedly. "Think of feeling grass under one, after all those miles of prairie! How ever have you done it? I'd heard of it already, you know, — this garden, — but I didn't believe it." He smiled.

Oh, no doubt he had heard, thought Enid bitterly.

"The man who drove me up was the first; he admitted the road was a trifle dusty, but said that to see what could be done with water I'd order see Miss Enid's garden."

"Joe Clancy — he's an old friend." Enid smiled faintly.

"And at the hospital they told me with pride that the grounds — now a promis-

ing sand-heap — would shortly be a smiling oasis; and they mentioned yours for proof. Then on the way here I was told I could n't miss the house — 'the one with the garden,' — not *a* garden, but *the* garden. That makes three times." He laughed like a boy. "How ever did you do it?"

"Oh, it was easy," replied Enid. "I began with the eucalyptus. A little shade, and the rest was easy."

"You planted those great trees?" the doctor's tone was skeptical, and he looked critically at the slender hands, of which Enid held up a too transparent finger.

"They were so big when I did it," she said almost gayly; then dropping her hand, added with a shudder, "The place was hideous; I had to do something."

"I see;" and he looked as if he really did. "How does Philippa stand it, — she who thrived in slums?"

"Oh, there are slums here too; and Philippa does n't mind how ugly anything is, so long as there are miserable people to help." (She spoke almost as though these were a boon to Philippa, especially provided for that purpose.) "Philippa is so strong and brave and unselfish," concluded Philippa's sister in a curiously dreary voice.

"I see," — and again he looked as if he did. "What a wonderful effect those massed azaleas make against all that green. I might as well warn you right now, Miss Enid, — unless turned out, I shall become a nuisance; I shall haunt this place. But I'll offer bribes — I'll hew and dig — I'll help irrigate the oasis."

"*You!*" exclaimed Enid, with disproportionate amaze. "Oh, no. Ah, here is Philippa!"

Philippa, dusty, warm, tired, a reproach to all idlers in gardens, was in fact advancing upon them, and the doctor, springing up, went forward with both hands out. Enid did her best delicately not to see the meeting hands or study the faces, as she turned unobviously to gather up the basket and gloves, though

for the first time she was a prey to a deep curiosity concerning Philippa's real feeling. When they came toward her, her smiling flight was already prepared.

"Caught red-handed, Phil, as you see! Now you've come, I'll go and shed this dust."

Philippa, even now, looked her usual reproach.

"Enid! She was too tired to go to a meeting," she appealed to the doctor. "This is how she rests, digging and dragging hoses in this heat!"

Enid laughed as she strolled away, but in her heart she was more irritated than she had ever been. Now Philippa was going to begin! As she languidly brushed her hair and donned a fresh gown, she could not help now and then glancing out of her window at the two heads so near together in the far end of the garden. For once, thought Enid wistfully, Philippa might forgive her the garden. Happy Philippa!

Meanwhile the doctor, studying with pleasure the fresh human document before him (handsomer than ever, healthy, happy, healthily tired, perhaps a trifle too intense, but — Philippa was all right!) was asking, —

"Is your sister always so frail?"

"Oh, Enid is n't exactly frail," replied Philippa. "She's never ill; it's just that she wears herself out over this garden; it's a mania. I wish you could influence her."

"I don't remember whether she is interested in your line of work?" — The doctor's tone was casual.

Philippa smiled and sighed.

"Enid is a dear, — full of sympathy, as sweet and good as it is possible to be; if she could make a paradise and fill it full of angels, she would; but her idea of social service is giving flowers to people. She would like to make gardens for everybody, quite irrespective of whether they had bread."

"Well — it's written somewhere — 'Not by bread alone' — is n't it?" the doctor said teasingly. It had always been

fun to stir up Philippa; she rose now to the bait.

"Bread first," she said firmly, "geraniums after."

"There's something in that," conceded the doctor. "And your sister —"

"Oh, Enid would take the geraniums every time, bread or no bread. You don't think there's really anything the matter with her, do you?" — For the first time Philippa's voice had a tone of anxiety. "She does seem tired all the time."

The doctor gave her a straight professional answer.

"Yes; I'm afraid there is. I don't like her appearance, and she has a fever — of degrees — now. Whatever it is, it must have been coming on some time."

"It's this wretched garden," exclaimed Philippa angrily. "She has been slaving in it all summer."

"She must have slaved in it a good many previous ones, however," remarked the doctor somewhat dryly, "which she survived. I would n't worry her about it. And for the present," he added, smiling, "I'll help her with it."

"You!" exclaimed Philippa, as Enid had done. "With all your important work! — you must n't, — you can't."

"It will be my chance to study your sister," returned the doctor, with a quiet significance which struck Philippa dumb.

Enid ill! really ill! — with perhaps — who knew? — the seeds of their father's disease? It now occurred to Philippa how horribly white and thin Enid had been looking. Evidently she had been slowly breaking down; her mind, suddenly focussed upon the past months, recalled a hundred indications. But break down *for nothing!* Philippa had seen plenty of good workers break down; she could have borne it stoically, if it had been the necessary price of great work done. But what had Enid ever done, — except to drag a hose incessantly over a wretched patch of ground, and potter with a few miserable trees, bushes, and flower-beds?

In the weeks that followed, Philippa,

though with this question unanswered, filled with dismay and faithful to the doctor's injunction, forbore to put it even to herself. It had been astonishingly easy to persuade Enid to give up other exertions; she had seized upon the first hint with an almost shameful alacrity, and she had never even remarked upon the sudden cessation of Philippa's statistics and pamphlets, nor apparently even noticed how adroitly Philippa kept all her fellow workers in the background. It was probable that Philippa also reserved all discussion of world-topics for the doctor; Enid at least heard nothing of them. Possibly she considered all these changes the natural corollary of the doctor's presence. With him, her absence would naturally not be felt; the two would, as naturally, enjoy their walks and communion together, and it was even more natural that the doctor should fall into the habit of dropping in, in the cool of the day, and staying on to dinner afterwards, — most natural, *under the circumstances*. The circumstances of course were Philippa. He had fallen also into the way of taking from her — Enid's — hand the watering-pot or hose or trowel, and what was *unnatural* about this was that it too seemed so perfectly natural. It even came to seem in the nature of things that he should order her movements, telling her when to lie down or to sit up, have a couch constructed for her under her favorite eucalyptus clump, and spend more and more time beside it, reading aloud, or talking to Philippa while she sat working near, — dear Philippa, who never worried one any more and who was going to be so happy.

Enid spent hours in the contemplation of her sister's future happiness, while she lay listening more to the tones than the words of the physician's voice, a voice developed to sensitiveness in the ministry of sick-rooms, and which produced the happy illusion of having a special tone for whomever he spoke to; or in watching through half-closed lids the little movements of hands and head and body which she had come to recog-

nize as welcomely characteristic. Oh yes : Philippa would certainly be happy; he and she would talk by the hour, while she — the third — listened idly; there would be no dearth of common interests in the household of these two. But if Philippa were called away on any of her countless missions, then how quickly the conversation fell into silence, broken perhaps only by a glance or smile, or brief little phrases, mainly about the garden, in a new tone of voice, a tone kept for sick and feeble folk like herself presumably.

For with all everybody's goodness, Enid was not gaining, and not even the doctor could account for it, now that he had removed tactfully a strain he had divined. The weights were gone, — but the creature seemed unable to rise; she had conceivably been crushed a little too flat. There were days indeed when all Enid wished was to be crushed still flatter; when she only wanted to be left in peace; when the cry of dust to dust seemed the only comforting one on earth; when she passionately wished the doctor and Philippa would make an end, marry each other, and be off to that strenuous world they both delighted in, leaving her — Enid — with a few final flowers in hands which would gather no more, to go down alone to that plain and simple Hell prepared for shirkers with no interest on earth beyond making it beautiful, a Hell which yet seemed, in comparison, what the doctor called the garden — “an oasis.”

She wished it particularly one evening when they left her to take a nap on the vine-covered porch, and strolled into the garden, not to disturb her with their voices. Enid, consumed with a curious heat, watched them go. What a handsome pair! She was glad continually that she had made the garden for them, even though Philippa did not care. *He* cared. Then she gave a start of horror. Philippa's voice, clear and carrying, with its training of public assemblies, came distinctly to her.

“But if no acquired traits ever are transmitted —” she was saying earnestly;

and the doctor's low and earnest tones replied. Enid listened aghast, then she laughed weakly. What very funny lovers, — to go into a moonlit garden and talk like that, when the peppers were making fern-traceries all over the paths and the eucalyptus was shining like wet silver! Suppose — just suppose for a single moment one were Philippa, and suppose — just for a single moment — one loved the doctor, and were walking in the moonlight with him, — would one talk like that? Would one? But nobody cared for gardens any more, except her, Enid, and even she did not care so very much. Philippa was right (Philippa was always right), it was quite too hard work making gardens for other people to walk in by moonlight; to-morrow she would hire a boy to water it; she could n't let the poor things go unwatered; they were as hot as she perhaps, and never in her life had she been so hot, — such a queer, dizzy, aching heat too.

“God walks in gardens!” was the astonishing statement with which she confronted the two an hour later, when Philippa — first gently, and then wildly — had shaken her from the strange stupor in the hammock.

“The Bible says so,” she asserted, fixing her burning eyes on the doctor, “‘in the cool of the evening.’ When will it be the cool of the evening?”

Philippa, touching her sister's hand, drew back her own, exclaiming. The doctor's slipped quietly into its place.

“It will be the cool of the evening as soon as we get you upstairs,” he said quietly. “Open that door, Philippa.” Without further words he lifted Enid in his arms. But she made not the slightest remonstrance; she lay there contentedly, resting her head upon his shoulder, with her bright, wide eyes on his.

“The first lovers too,” she said as they reached the stair-top, “walked in gardens.”

“Yes,” said the doctor, “and the last lovers will.” He laid her gently on the bed. “Now,” he turned to Philippa,

"get off her things with the least possible fuss. You have a telephone? Good; I'll go and telephone the hospital. No trained nurse of course within two hundred miles?"

"You forget me," said Philippa.

"True," replied he, "I did." He scrutinized her. "You can do it, I think; but — I warn you we are in for it."

"What are we in for?"

The doctor looked at her a little grimly.

"For whatever comes of trying to grow thistles from roses."

"That wretched garden!" Philippa spoke fiercely, under her breath.

"God walks in gardens!" came with startling clearness from the bed. "So does Philippa, and" — with an exquisite softening — "*he!*" Then after a pause, "But he walks with Philippa; why? *I* made the garden."

"Delirious," said the doctor in a matter-of-fact tone. "We shall want ice. Go down, Philippa, and see that my orders are attended to; I'll stay here. She will be quieter soon."

But to Philippa, doing a hundred necessary things with judgment and composure, but with cheeks as hot as Enid's, it seemed an eternity that Enid's voice went on upstairs, talking steadily, broken now and then by a soothing murmur of the doctor's. As she passed and repassed the open front door, outside the moonlight lay in great patches over Enid's garden, where the eucalyptus shone like silver and the peppers made fern-traceries on the paths. And from upstairs came again and insistently, —

"But he walks in it with Philippa, — why?"

In the days following, the doctor, looking often across the bed to the silent figure sitting on the other side, came to pity it almost more than the patient.

For day after day, and hour after hour, Enid, in her delirious wanderings, with a terrible fidelity meted again to her sister the measure which had been meted to her. The dreadful accuracy of her facts

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was only heightened by the fantastic figures in which she piled them; plying them with infernal statistics of an inhumanly human inferno, through which she dragged them, vivisectioning and racking them with an abnormal elaboration of torture. The doctor, listening with forehead bowed on his hand, dared not at times look at Philippa at all. Philippa, however, at exactly the due moment, rose each time to renew the iced cloth, to bring the draught, or to get the fan with which she fanned impassively hour after hour, like a creature with wrist of steel. Once or twice only the doctor caught a glance of piteous appeal, when across the drift of horrors Enid began suddenly to babble of the garden. At such times he invented pretexts to send Philippa from the room. It was in one of these moments, on the third day of Enid's illness, that Philippa, taking refuge in the dusty garden from the sound of that voice, heard another calling her in subdued accents, and looking up, saw Joe Clancy leaning on the fence.

"I was noticing," he said, speaking low, as near a house of death, "that them holy-anders are droppin' some already. It don't take a garden a week to run down in this forsaken climate" (steadily maintained by Joe as the only possible one, at other times). "Me and some of the boys have been talkin' it over, and we'll come round evenin's, in the cool of the day, and do some waterin'. We all think a heap of your sister — and your sister's garden."

"Oh, thank you," said Philippa, surprised and touched, "I — it shall be watered. We have been so anxious about her, I did n't think, — but it shall be attended to."

"I know," said Joe sympathetically, "but it'd be a disappointment for her to find it all run down, when she gits about; she's put a right smart o' her life into that garden. Some of the work-hands spoke to me, — said they'd be glad to come round after hours and help —"

"Oh, I could n't let them!" exclaimed

Philippa. "But — thank you, Joe, — thank them all."

"Why *not* let them?" asked the doctor quickly, when Philippa told him, on her return to the house. "It is the very thing she would like."

"Those tired-out men!" repeated Philippa, "after their long day's work — how could I?"

But in the end she sent for Joe Clancy. Thereafter for days she watched the strange spectacle of men and boys tending Enid's garden, stepping softly and speaking low, working with an anxious pride. It came to her suddenly one evening as she stood and watched, that now *they were inside*, as she had so often wished to see them; and as she watched, other things came to her, and she wrestled with a growing perplexity. It was a relief from other wrestlings, and yet in some way it was a part of those too.

Their father's friend — he happened to be the minister, but it was not as the minister that Philippa thought of him — came upon her so wrestling, on one of his never-missed daily visits of inquiry, and she poured her heart out suddenly, unexpectedly.

"I cannot understand," she said, "I cannot understand. They have never seemed to care, they have never shown that they cared, they have never seemed to wish to come in; and now everybody cares, — cares so much."

The minister was an old man, and he smiled rather sadly.

"Well, is n't that the way with us all? the human way? Do we ever seem to care — until it is too late?"

"It is as if I had never known my own sister," Philippa went on with low-toned intensity.

"Well, that would be human too." He tried to speak cheerfully, for it suddenly struck him that the girl beside him was suffering. "But *we* know Enid," he went on still cheerfully, "we have always known her. As you say, we have n't seemed to care, we have n't seemed to wish to come in, — we've only looked

over the fence; but we've always known it was all here, and when we've wanted to make our little boast of what the place *might* be, we've brought our visitors by — casually. Little by little we've begun to imitate it. You've seen all the little gardens springing up roundabouts, — virtually every one of them has come out of Enid's. Oh, we could n't have done without Enid at all; she is the born garden-maker; wherever she goes she will make a garden, — she can't help it."

"Because she loves to," said Philippa hardly, "just because she loves to."

"Well, is n't that enough?" The minister smiled at her half-whimsically, wholly tenderly, but with a sudden wonder at his heart. "You don't despise gardens, I hope? You would n't if you had always lived on prairies. Why, child, have you forgotten," he turned his face wholly on her, "*who* walked in a garden, 'in the cool of the day'? Why, Philippa! My dear child! What is it?"

For Philippa had suddenly put both hands over her ears.

"Oh — don't!" she gasped between sobs, — Philippa who never gave way to emotion, — "oh, — *don't!*" — And she fled up the path to the house.

But it was a perfectly collected and strong Philippa who went up the stairs a little later. The doctor met her at the head. If she was pale, he was paler. "About the ninth day," he had said, and this was the ninth. He shook his head in answer to Philippa's glance.

"No change — as yet; but it may be — any hour."

They stood a moment looking together out upon the fading twilight, silently nerving for the coming strain.

"How beautiful Enid's garden is to-night," said Philippa suddenly and deliberately.

The doctor assented mutely.

It lay, in fact, before them, a mass of golden shadows and soft light, in the long afterglow.

"Dr. Halworthy said just now," Philippa continued, still deliberately, "that

wherever Enid went she would make a garden; he called her 'the born garden-maker.' " She did not look at her companion, but watched instead impassively the quick tightening of his hands upon the window-ledge. Then she heard him speaking just as usual.

"It very well describes your sister. Now I think we would better go back to her."

Philippa, following him into the sick-room, took the fan from the watching maid's hand without even interrupting its rhythmic movement; over against her the doctor seated himself, intently observant of the motionless figure between them, and the hush of the night watch fell upon the room. Hours, half-hours, even moments counted heavily now. "About the ninth day," he had said, — and it was just before midnight that Enid, rousing from the stupor, suddenly opened her eyes, bright and burning as on that first night, and fixed them on the doctor.

"God walks in gardens!" she said.

A groan that was almost a moan escaped the doctor, but he leaned forward and put a cool, quiet hand on Enid's wrist.

"God walks in gardens!" repeated Enid, "and *he*! But he walks with Philippa. Why?"

The eyes of the two watchers met at last; in the one a kind of despairing question, in the other a steady glow.

"Answer her," said Philippa gently.

Enid moved more restlessly.

"Why with Philippa? Why not with me?"

"Answer her," Philippa urged. "Oh, answer her! Why keep her waiting?"

"Why with Philippa? Why not with me?" came the voice again, more insistently.

"Oh, you *shall* answer!" exclaimed Philippa. With a passionate movement she bent above her sister. "He does — he *will* walk with you, Enid; with you, dear, — always with you."

The doctor bowed his head silently on the hand which was beginning to burn within his own and kissed it; then he bent his forehead upon it.

She stared at them both for a few moments with fixed, bright eyes, then gave a long sigh, and fell into a contented silence. Neither daring to move scarcely to breathe, they remained thus, hearing the fitful breaths drawn more and more evenly, until with another long sigh they fell into a steady respiration, the eyes closed, and the hand in the doctor's grew faintly moist. Then once more Philippa and he looked at each other, and Philippa smiled. She stole softly from the room and house.

Enid's garden was all alive with little wings of things. In the intense western night, the moon, which had been young when they carried Enid upstairs and was now old and gibbous, cast weird shadows on the paths, where the pepper-fingers still made their sharp traceries. High up on a eucalyptus bough a mocker was pouring out song like wine. In the soft tangle of gloom beneath, all was still. Philippa looked back at the house. In the one lighted window she could see, silhouetted against the curtain, a profile, clear, distinguished, raised as if attentive to something. She could not know that, sitting with watchful fingers on the wrist of the girl he loved, the doctor was at that moment out in the garden with Philippa, and that he too heard the mockingbird. Not knowing, and so walking solitary in the moonlight and silence, Philippa for the first time in her life was meeting face to face all Those that walk in gardens.

ADVERTISEMENT

BY EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

AN old-fashioned man, who lives, for his health's sake, somewhat apart from the strong currents of contemporary life, complains in a letter of the methods used by an aspirant for a vacant office in his state to disclose his candidacy to the voters. Instead of sitting receptively at home, or going about his ordinary business, and letting the sense of his pre-eminent merits penetrate by its own energy the minds of his fellow-citizens, the aspirant had been filling the state with placards and pamphlets, setting forth his picture, his pedigree, the quality of his talents, the scope of his virtues, the distinction of his political career, and his particular eagerness to oblige every person in every part of the state who wanted anything that the tenant of the office he aspired to might get for him. The letter-writer is a good deal disgusted at this businesslike method of reaching for public place. It seems to him immodest and undignified. It rubs him the wrong way to have the office-seeker advertise himself, and do it directly, in printer's ink, and not indirectly as custom once required, through the good offices of his friends, and of the newspapers, or by public discourse on the concerns of politics. For old-fashioned people still make a distinction between advertisement of goods or chattels, and of personal or moral qualities. They think a man may advertise his skill or competence in the trades, but hardly in the professions. They are willing to become acquainted with his kind of breakfast food if he invites them to, but distrust him if he advertises to cure their gout or cut their legs off while they wait. They are willing to receive his own assurance that he can make shoes or watches, but would rather have somebody else's

word for it that he is a spiritually-minded preacher or fit to make laws.

But these are old-fashioned distinctions, maintained by the few, and the advertiser does not much concern himself about them. It is not the few that he is after, but the many; the many who will not know that he is alive and in the world unless he tells them; who will not know what bargains he offers unless he forces them upon their attention, or how useful he, or his advice or services, can be to them unless they see his affidavit of his qualities. Verily it is the advertising age, and with abundant reason advertisement has come to be looked upon as the golden key that unlocks the door that leads, not only to fortune, but considerably to fame.

It is a natural development of democracy and of primary education. Everybody (almost) can read; everybody (almost) can vote, and everybody can buy. The voter must be reached somehow by anybody who wants his vote, just as the buyer must be reached by any one who wants his trade. The advertisement is an appeal to the people by the most feasible and effective means, and when we examine the electioneering methods of the office-seeker in the light of daily experience, it is doubtful if any more serious fault can reasonably be found with them than that they are what the advertisers call "up-to-date." "To him that asks shall be given" is a truth with a great following in these days. To be is not enough. If one would forge ahead it is necessary not only to be, but to be known, and the way to be known is, in some fashion or other, to advertise.

It is more the means than the end that jars the sensibilities of those on whom it does jar. The uses of fame have always been understood. The miracles of a

great religious teacher are in a way an advertisement of the validity of his vocation and his doctrines. Preaching is advertisement; publication of writings is advertisement. The aim in all is the same — to reach the people. The enormous diffusion of newspapers and periodicals, a consequence of the spread of education, cheap postage, increased population, and the cheapening of printing and paper, has done no more than provide a new means to accomplish an end the value of which has always been recognized.

Advertisement is like greatness, in that some men are born to it, some achieve it, and it is forced upon others. Of persons born to it, King Edward VII and the Siamese Twins seem good and familiar examples. The Twins, with or without the pictures on the outside of the tent, must always have excited remark. They had only to be seen to be appreciated, and the King had no need even of that. He has been advertised from the cradle, irrespective of his personal traits, interesting and admirable as they happen to have been.

Of those who have achieved advertisement the names, and many of the faces, rise, a great multitude, in the reminiscent mind. A Barnum is slowly fading out of living memory as a new generation begins to arise that never enjoyed his personal hospitalities in the circus tent, and has seen his face not at all, or only in reduced proportions in the circus poster. But his achievement was momentous in his day. Another master, a New England manufacturer, having made his visage as familiar as ever Barnum's was, interested himself in giving it new associations. Standing at first purely for merchandise, it came by an edifying process of development to stand for government and certain definite political ideas. Out of New England too — conservative, civilized New England — has risen up the most astonishing advertiser of the time, the formidable projector of sensations, who bought a flower and advertised with that; who

built a boat, and advertised with that; who brought a moribund magazine to life and vigor by making it his mouth-piece; who made such a use of hired space in newspapers as never was made before. Whatever else he achieved, and we leave it to some coming historian to say whether or not he achieved anything else, he did achieve advertisement. There are few but know his name few but know his face, few but have some notion of the ideas he sought to diffuse. Wherever goes the queer mixture of information and misinformation which we call general knowledge, that advertiser's ideas penetrated; as to whether they were true or false, did good or harm, brought him money or lost him money, and why he put them out, men still dispute when they have leisure; but his achievement as an advertiser, his achievement of publicity, is undisputed. He showed what could be done if one had the means and the inclination to do it; with how vast a voice the existing sound-conductors can enable a solvent and disburseful man to roar!

Most interesting of all is the case of those persons upon whom advertising is forced, — the great notabilities and notorieties and their families, and the excessively rich. It is a thing that has grown enormously within even so short a time as twenty years; grown with the vast multiplication and diffusion of printed pages, the invention of the kodak, and the cheapening of the processes of pictorial reproduction. Any one in whom, with reason or without it, the great public is interested or can be induced to be interested, has his likeness published, his movements recorded, the story of his daily life chronicled almost from day to day. If he travels abroad, the cable tells us where he is and how employed, what hotel he stops at, whom he meets at dinner, and what kind of an automobile he uses to get away in. If it is an especially notable person who is the object of these attentions, the attentions are extended to all the members of his family, — his wife,

sons, daughters, and contiguous relatives. When our President's children travel, for example, even when they play in the backyard of the National Dwelling, such incidents of their daily careers as are at all out of the common are gathered up by attentive observers, and appear, the same day or the next, in the telegraphic news of the papers. Sons and daughters of very rich or otherwise conspicuous men, in school or college, are subjected to the same sort of intermittent observation and reporting. Most of us can remember the beginning of this advertisement of the young, and the shock it brought to the sense of propriety of discriminating people who were not used to it. It still shocks them, and for good reasons, but not so much. Use makes almost everything tolerable, and to this phenomenon we are coming to be very well accustomed.

The most novel detail of all these novel processes has been the elevation by advertisement of the richest American families into a sort of public life. It has come with the prodigious industrial development, which in certain cases has extended what was merely riches into fortunes of such a magnitude as to promise to lift their possessors, and the descendants of their possessors for as many generations as any one cares to foresee, out of the mass of folk who are concerned about providing themselves with the means of subsistence. People in general being very much interested in money, and especially in large collections of it, are interested in persons who have the use of such collections, and like, apparently, to be kept informed of the manner of life of such persons, and where they go and what they do. Recognizing and stimulating this interest, the American newspapers have fed it abundantly, yes, superabundantly, and so it has come about that whereas a reasonable measure of occasional obscurity is one of the things that persons who can afford to satisfy their inclinations might naturally prize and try to obtain, it is one of the things that very, very rich people find it particularly

hard, if not impossible, to command in this land. Affably but pertinaciously the reporter says to them, "Your place, ladies and gentlemen, and children also, is not in those nice seats where you can see the passing show at ease, but up there, please, on the stage and near the footlights, where our large and appreciative American audiences can find their pleasure in observing you. For you will remember, please, that the audience has paid to come in, and that you, fair sirs and dames, draw exceedingly liberal maintenance out of the funds gathered in at the box-office."

Modest merit has its charm. We all like it, and to certain kinds of merit modesty is essential. But merit, however modest it may be, need not be shy. It may flourish in the sight of men, and lose nothing that is valuable of its quality. Indeed, if it is to be greatly effectual, it must in most cases flourish in the sight of men and be recognized for what it is. To be able to live, and live handsomely, in the public sight is a test of qualities. So to feel toward one's fellows — so to love mankind — as not only to take a penetrating interest in their affairs, but to endure that they should take a penetrating interest in ours, is no slight endowment.

Advertisement is expensive. The first thing an advertiser needs to make sure of is that the wares he offers are worth the cost of offering them. Sometimes they are not, and still the advertisement may be profitable because of the vast supply of folks in the world who are ready to be persuaded and do not know when they are fooled. It is a reasonable presumption, however, that commodities that are advertised impressively and long are worth advertising, because shrewd adventurers in trade are loath to spend good money in recommending bad goods. This presumption, unfortunately, does not extend to the persons upon whom advertising is forced. They may be superlatively worthy of attention or quite unworthy of it. Their examples

may be directly profitable as examples to follow, indirectly as examples to avoid, or unprofitable because they possess a garish attraction which misleads the foolish. It is all one to their advertisers, whose only aim is to find a profit in satisfying public curiosity, and who are as ready to do it by exposing the folly of the foolish as by expounding the wisdom of the wise. The best that can be said of advertisement of this sort is that publicity, like sunshine, is a great germicide, and that some of the most pernicious social germs are blighted by it.

One American, who had inherited along with immensely valuable estates a sensitive nature, quit his country altogether and became a foreign subject, chiefly because the pressure of publicity upon him and his family was so great in this land as to make him feel that he could not order his life here to suit his

preferences. Another enormously rich American, who owed his fortune to his own endeavors, avoided the inquisitive public eye for many years as much as he could without too great inconvenience. But finding the newspapers and magazines, and the public too, more copiously inquisitive and communicative about him than ever — did he run away? No, he took the other, and much wiser, course, and began to develop his social side, and to go more among men and talk to the newspapers. Advertisement did him good, and in many cases it does do good, however unwelcome and disenchanting it may seem. It is strong medicine, and bitter in some mouths, but it is a form of publicity, and publicity is the great panacea of the age, and not without due grounds of favorable expectation, since it is cousin to Truth, and Truth shall prevail.

MODERN CHEMISTRY AND MEDICINE ¹

BY THEODORE WILLIAM RICHARDS

In these days science no longer needs justification as a subject worthy of man's earnest devotion. The gain in exact knowledge of the forces and materials of the universe is recognized on all sides as bringing with it promise of incalculable benefit to humanity. The full importance of this new light, in its bearing upon the amelioration of the human lot, is only just beginning to be realized.

In keeping with the increasing appreciation of the value of scientific research to humanity, there exists to-day among scientific men the effort to relate each particular science to every other, and to associate all together in a coherent whole, without losing sight of the need of accu-

racy in each part. The existence of such composite branches of study as physical chemistry, biochemistry, physiological botany, and so forth, are one indication of the broader outlook; and some of the greatest modern scientific advances are being made along the border lines between the different sciences. Nature is, after all, a unit, and our classifications of her closely related phenomena into special topics are partly arbitrary.

This effort to relate the various sciences to one another is not only helpful to science as a whole, it is likewise beneficial to the individual worker. A man's mental outlook must be broadened by an attempt to trace the relation of his special task to the manifold other activities and needs of humanity.

The particular branch of science called

¹ An address delivered at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Haverford College.

chemistry has many relations to human life, as well as to other sciences. It forms an essential part of any philosophy of nature; it serves as an admirable means of intellectual discipline; it guides the manufacturer and the merchant toward efficiency in production and purity of product; but, perhaps most important of all, it holds the key which alone can unlock the gate to really fundamental knowledge of the hidden causes of health and disease. This is one of the most precious and vital ways in which any branch of science can serve humanity in the years to come.

Ten centuries ago, in the time of the alchemists, chemistry was called "the handmaid of medicine;" to-day this relationship is not weaker, but rather much stronger. The object of the present article is to call attention very briefly to some of the ways in which modern chemistry may be able to help the theory and practice of medicine.

That a close relationship between chemistry and medicine exists is clear to every one. Our bodies are wholly built up of chemical substances, and all the manifold functions of the living organism depend, at least in part, upon chemical reactions. Chemical processes enable us to digest our food, keep us warm, supply us with muscular energy. It is highly probable that even the impressions of our senses, and the thoughts of our brains, as well as the mode of conveying these through the nerves, are all concerned more or less intimately with chemical reactions. In short, the human body is a wonderfully intricate chemical machine; and its health and illness, its life and death, are essentially connected with the coördination of a variety of complex chemical changes.

This intricacy of the living body demands clear sight and profound knowledge for its full understanding; and the chemistry of former days was much too simple and superficial to be a very useful guide in the puzzling labyrinth of many converging and crossing paths. Now, circumstances have wholly changed.

Chemistry is fast approaching physics in accuracy, and is expanding beyond physics in scope. As chemical understanding has increased, the gap between the simpler phenomena of the chemical laboratory and the more complicated changes underlying organic life has become smaller and smaller. The intelligent physician is perceiving this, and welcomes the help which the rapidly advancing science of chemistry can give him. An eminent pathologist recently said that in the study of the cell and its growth, normal as well as abnormal, the investigating medical scientist has come to the place where he must fall back upon chemical knowledge, because he perceives that the action of the cell depends upon the nature and quantity of the various chemical substances of which it is made. As the cell is the basis of all life, and as our bodies consist simply of aggregations of a great variety of cells, each of which is governed by chemical laws, it is clear that chemistry must underlie all the vital functions.

Chemistry may be of use to medicine in at least three quite different ways. One of these is concerned with discovering the components of things. This kind of chemistry is called analytical chemistry. Another way in which chemistry can help medicine depends upon the ability of the modern chemist, not only to find out what the things are made of, but also to discover how the parts are put together. This branch of chemistry is called structural chemistry, because it has to do not only with the materials, but also with the way in which these materials are arranged. Yet another method of helpfulness comes from a still more recent development of chemistry, commonly called physical chemistry, which deals with the phenomena lying on the border line between physics and chemistry — especially that part of the border line concerning the relation of energy to material. The physical chemist must know, not only what things are made of and how these elements are put together, but also what

energy is concerned in putting them together, and what energy is set free when they are decomposed.

Each of these three kinds of chemistry can greatly aid the science and art of medicine — and no philosopher is needed to proclaim how much more effective their assistance may be than the old method of observing merely the outward appearance of fluid and tissue.

Let us now briefly glance in detail at the various aspects of these three modes of helpfulness, taking them in the order in which they have just been mentioned. First comes the field of the analytical chemist. As has been said, the human body is a chemical machine. It is composed entirely of chemicals, and is actuated exclusively by chemical energy. The analytical chemist is able to tell us the composition of each one of the manifold substances that compose this intricate machine. He is able not only to discover the various elements which are present, but also to estimate with considerable precision their exact amounts. He can analyze food, as well as the various parts and secretions of the body, and can determine the relation between the composition of the food which is eaten and the resulting bodily substance. This is all obviously of great value, for it shows us at once in a general way what elements ought to enter into the food; and moreover, in cases of disease it gives us excellent clues to the manner in which the various functions of the body depart from the normal, and thus confers important aid in diagnosis and the suggestion of suitable treatment. But this is an old and obvious story, hence I will not dwell further upon the analytical side of the application of chemistry to medicine, important as it is.

Let us now turn to the second aspect of the subject: namely, the relation of structural chemistry to medicine. So recent is the development of the subject that the very idea of structural chemistry is not yet a part of the average liberally educated man's equipment.

Structural chemistry had its origin in the discovery that two substances might be made up of exactly the same percentage amount of exactly the same elements, and yet be entirely different from each other. This fact, that two things may be exactly alike as to their constituents, but very different in their properties, implies that there must be difference of arrangement of some kind or other. We can obtain the clearest conception of this idea with the help of the atomic hypothesis. If the smallest particles of any given compound substance are built up of still smaller atoms of the various elements concerned, it is clear that we can conceive of different arrangements of these atoms, and it is reasonable to suppose that the particular arrangements might make considerable difference in the nature of the resulting compounds. Everywhere in life arrangement is significant. In the case of numbers the combination 191 is very different from 911, although each contains the same individual signs. Why may not arrangement be significant in the case of atoms?

It is not possible in this brief review to explain exactly how chemists obtain a notion of the arrangement of atoms which build up the particles (or molecules) of each substance. We depend upon two methods of working: one, the splitting-up of the compound and finding into what groups it decomposes; the other, the attempt to build up from these or similar groups the original compound. Just as among the fragments of a collapsed building you will find bits enough to show whether it was a dwelling, a stable, or a machine-shop, so among the fragments of a broken-down substance you will find bits of its structure still remaining together, enough to indicate something of the original grouping. Each different chemical structure will leave a different kind of chemical debris. If from similar fragments the original substance can be constructed by suitable means, the evidence is strong that some knowledge of the structure has been gained.

As regards the usefulness of structural chemistry to medicine, we cannot but see at once its vast importance. If the binding together of infinitesimal atoms in different ways modifies the properties of the resulting substances differently, it is obvious that the particular mode of binding together every one of the complicated compounds constituting our bodies is of vital importance to us. Moreover, in the case of our food, the arrangement alone of the atoms may make all the difference between nourishment and poison.

It is easy to see why these different structures should have different effect in the body. Living, in the case of animals, is a continual process of breaking down more complicated structures into simpler ones; and it is clear that this breaking down will happen in different ways with different groupings, and thus produce different results.

The knowledge of the atomic arrangement of the various substances composing the body is not only bound to furnish an invaluable guide in the study of physiology, pathology, and hygiene, but has already led to the logical discovery of entirely new medicines, built up artificially in the laboratory to fit the especial needs of particular ailments, and to the rational use of foods. In the years to come, these gains are bound to multiply.

Thus in the future the physician may do his work, not with a serum or virus of doubtful composition and value, but rather with pure substances built up in the chemical laboratory, — substances with their groups of atoms so arranged by subtle science as to accomplish the reconstruction of worn-out organs or the destruction of malignant germs without working harm of any kind. We may thus dream of the attainment of an artificial immunity from smallpox, for example, as much superior to vaccination as this is superior to the old inoculation.

Beneficent substances of this kind will not often be discovered by accident; the number of possible arrangements is far

too great. In order to know all there is to be known about the matter, the structure of each intricate substance existing in the body must be found, and the arrangement of the atoms in each particle of our complex organism. Until this shall be done, we cannot be in a position to predict with any reasonable certainty what is going to happen to these substances in the round of their daily functions, or how they are likely to be influenced by disease. This is a problem so vitally important that it would be hard to exaggerate its significance to posterity.

As I have said, modern knowledge now demands of the chemist that he should know, not only the elements composing all things and how these elements are put together, but also how great an output of energy is involved in every change to which they may be subjected.

Now, there is no doubt that energy is the immediate cause of every action in the known universe. Without any kind of energy, the whole universe would be quiescent, dark, piercingly cold, asleep. A world imbued with physical energies, but without chemical energy, might revolve and have light and warmth; but it could possess no organic life, for life is based upon the action of chemical energy. Thus the study of chemical energy is another very important human problem.

Physical chemistry has to do with the relation of each of the various kinds of energy to chemical change. It deals with the acting, driving forces which make life possible, and in each of its many aspects it brings new intelligence to bear upon the working of the living mechanism.

Physical chemistry treats among other topics the chemical relations of the changes from solid to liquid, and from liquid to gas, and discusses the nature of solutions and mixtures of all kinds. As the living body is composed of solids and liquids, and depends upon the gases of the atmosphere for promotion of the chemical changes animating it, and as solutions and mixtures are present in

every cell, the laws and theories of physical chemistry are intertwined with every fact of physiology.

Again, physical chemistry deals with the relation of heat to chemical change. The output of energy in the form of heat in every chemical reaction is worthy of study, but especially ought man to investigate the steps by which is evolved all animal heat — and this is exclusively due to chemical reaction. Moreover, physical chemistry studies the effect of changing temperature upon the speed and tendency of chemical action, — a matter of importance in the study of fevers and other abnormal conditions, as well as in the tracing of the marvelous hidden mechanism by which the body is kept at almost constant temperature.

This dynamic chemistry of the future does not stop here, however. Within its province lie also the recently found relations of chemistry and electricity, bearing perhaps upon some of the mysteries of nervous action, and furnishing much intelligence concerning the nature of solutions in general. More important, perhaps, than all this is the branch of the subject called photochemistry, the chemistry of light, which promises to give great assistance in the interpretation of the changes occurring in the leaves of plants under the influence of sunlight. Through the agency of light alone, nature is able to build up the intricate compounds needed to provide all animals with food; and, until we understand the growth of the vegetable, we cannot hope to understand that of the animal.

A moment's thought will show that this chemistry of substances in action — that is, the chemistry of energy — brings

with it a promise of helpfulness to future generations, which perhaps exceeds that of any other science. For the study of the inert substance from which life has departed, no matter how accurate this study may be, cannot give us a true knowledge of its real office, any more than we can predict from the appearance of a stuffed bird in a museum its complete habit of life. In order to understand the process of living, one must see the substances in action and study their behavior under the influence of the manifold forces which play around them; and this is the aim of physical chemistry.

I have outlined very briefly a few of the ways in which science holds out great promise of help to suffering humanity in the future. To some the point of view may have seemed materialistic; we must remember, however, that science does not attempt to fathom the ultimate mystery, but deals with the facts of nature only. The greatest mysteries of life seem almost as far from solution as ever. Just what relations exist, for example, between chemical change and thought, what permanent alterations of chemical structure cause memory, we know not. Life we have never been able to produce from dead material alone. Personality and heredity defy the chemist, as they do the physiologist and the psychologist. But let us not be impatient. Though it is impossible to predict how far we shall be enabled by means of our limited minds to penetrate into the mysteries of a universe immeasurably vast and wonderful, we may nevertheless comfort ourselves with the thought that each step gained brings new blessing to humanity and new inspiration to greater endeavor.

IRELAND'S VEILS

BY ETHEL ROLT WHEELER

THE rustle of Atlantic gales
The reach of Ireland fills,
A floating film of silver trails
O'er Ireland's vales and hills.
Her winds and waters never cease
To hold melodious tryst, —
She glimmers green beneath her fleece
Of mist.

The memory of the Past assails —
Old centuries unclothe —
The flesh grows weak, the spirit fails
For woe of Ireland's woes,
Her dusky flame of battle days,
Her fevered famine years, —
She glimmers rose beneath a haze
Of tears.

With magic light the faery rings
Illumine Ireland's sods,
Across the mist of sorrow springs
The rainbow of the gods, —
The print is left on hills and dales
Of steps that are divine,
And Ireland glimmers 'neath her veils,
A shrine.

CHAPTERS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER

I

A KENTUCKY BOYHOOD

[The first pages of the late Professor Shaler's autobiography — further portions of which will appear in the *Atlantic*, in the issue for February — are concerned with his ancestors and parentage. On his father's side, Professor Shaler was descended from New England stock. His mother was of Virginian ancestry. The father, after graduating from the Harvard Medical School, settled in Newport, Kentucky, where Nathaniel Southgate Shaler was born, on February 20, 1841. — THE EDITORS.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

I TURN now to the story of my own life, my own motives, and the environment of nature and men that shaped them. I foresee that the account will have to be somewhat jumbled and confused, for the reason that every life is a compound of what is within and what is without, of the personal quality, and of the surroundings which shaped impulses and gave them chance of action.

Although my ancestors were wholesome in body and mind, I was at birth and through my youth rather weakly. The trouble seems to have been with the nervous system, leading to imperfect digestion, so that in childhood I was what is called delicate. The pictures of me and the descriptions from my elders show up to twelve years of age a slender, retarded shape, with a pale face and rather frightened look. After that came a rapid growth, which led to a fair measure of bodily strength and reactive forces. The main point is that in the years that moulded the man I was, because of innate weakness, left almost without schooling and with no other education than what came from contact with my surroundings. Up to that age I could barely read and write. In a dame school, kept by an ancient spinster, . . . to which I was sent from time to time when I was well enough, I

learned nothing and was regarded as a dunce. The fact seems to have been that in the bad air of the crowded little room my life wilted at once. Various tokens, especially the rough talk of the slaves of the household, led me to understand that I was not expected to live beyond childhood. I recall that this impression was not at all painful to me, for my weakness and the consequent isolation from other children made me a rather intense pessimist for one of my small size.

My first memories are of a negro woman who was my nurse; the image of her is clear, though I could not have been more than three years old when it was formed; for I remember being much carried about in her strong arms. She was a large, well-shaped negress; something of her good face and dear soul are now before me. There are three other black faces which were printed on my memory before I find that of my mother. It is probably on this account that the African face has always been dear to me. It still seems, as it surely is, the more normal human face, that of our own kind appearing in a way exceptional. My father's face, though it was very striking, does not appear in my recollections until later, — until the time when I was five years old, — and none others seen before I was seven or eight abide with me.

Because I came just after the first-born

died, and because I was frail, I was very tenderly cared for. Until I was five or six years old I had no playmates whom I remember. It is evident that I was for a time somewhat coddled, but there was probably need of unusual care to bring me through a troubled childhood. What scraps of memory I have of that time curiously do not relate to the house in which we dwelt, but to the open country where-to I went often on horseback with my father, to the Ohio River, a dear mystery, fearful yet enchanting, and to the government post a few hundred feet from my father's door, where with my nurse I spent the most of my days. The first recollection I have except of the few persons mentioned, is of the parade ground and the soldiers, above all of the music and the bugle-calls. Those notes are so embedded in me that they seem a part of my substance and strangely move me to this far-off day. The earliest trace of any kind of activity that I recall is an adventure with the musician who beat the great drum of the barracks band. It was my delight to see the band march around the parade ground, and my cherished ambition to have a whack at the drum. So, craftily, stick in hand, I hid behind a boxed tree and managed to get in a stroke, only to be bowled over by the irate drummer. I could not have been more than four years old at the time, yet the delight of that deed stays by me.

When I was about five, the musterings for the Mexican War were going on, and the barracks were over-filled, so that considerable hordes of troops were encamped in the open fields which adjoined it. On those fields, then pastures, one of the horse-batteries, I believe Ringold's, was for some time drilled. I was then exempt from the care of a nurse, and could run about afoot or on a pony. The movements of this command filled my little soul with wonder; there I gained my first sense of the power of men in action, that primitive might of war which impresses the primitive child and childish man as nothing else does. I well remember my

longing for the unapproachable splendor of the commander of that battery, who seemed to me a supernatural being. Oddly enough, fifteen years thereafter I was in his place drilling a horse-battery on the same field, to find it tedious drudgery, with moments of high life when by chance the work went well.

The newspaper reports of the battles in Mexico, read aloud by my mother to the household, made a great and enlarging impression on me. Though I could not read, I had the ability to understand a map, and I made a poor stagger at a description of the country over which the troops passed on their way to Mexico and of their movements in that country. As I had seen many of the officers and sundry of the commands on their way to the front, I had food for imagination, and of it I built a host of pictures of imaginary events. For two or three years about all the thoughts of my waking hours and all my dreams were of war or fighting of some kind. The interest was aroused at an even earlier time, for I remember my eagerness on court days to see from nearby the brutal contests between the tipsy countrymen in the court-house yard. So too, I recall when about five years old being in the midst of a riot on a race-track half a mile from my home — people in the judge's stand shooting down at a mob which was assailing them. While in the delight of the situation, for my dream of war was realized, I was caught up on the shoulders of a sturdy slave and carried home. This treatment remains the humiliation of my life.

As I had no playmates who satisfied my fancy of what a playmate should be, my time was passed in playing alone. As war was in my heart, it expressed itself in endlessly building fortifications of clay and arming them with guns laboriously made of keys, the wheels cut from spools, and the rest of the carriages whittled as best I could do. The old-fashioned large hollow key, with the hole a third of an inch in diameter, properly managed with a file, can be concocted into a miniature

cannon which will "go off." My ambition not satisfied with these small affairs, I filched a pair of horse-pistols from my father's office, *razied* them with the file, and with no end of well-concealed labor done in my hiding-place in a barn, converted them into rather pretty diminutive field-pieces which were able to do real damage. My father, who had a fancy for developing new varieties of melons, had a new patch with sundry fine specimens nearly ripe. On these I turned my guns with such effect that they were all shattered.

Although I had no constant playmates in these years of imaginary war, I did not feel the need of them because my imaginary companions were numerous, and much more to my taste than the lads with whom I might have associated. They were all much older than myself, all for a time soldiers, great heroes who admitted me most graciously to share their mighty deeds, with the implicit understanding that I should not tell any one about it all. To have an ordinary, commonplace boy, even if he were years older than myself, imposed on this heroic society was revolting. So I played in company with an unseen host, as many children do, and got thereby much enjoyment.

It must not be supposed that because I lived in imaginary war I was naturally a brave lad; far from it. Up to my twelfth year I was absurdly timid. Alongside of this dream of war there dwelt a world of fear of the dark, of all beyond the field of view of men and beasts, even of lads no bigger than myself. I doubt if a child ever suffered from immediate senseless fear as I did, while my whole soul was given to warlike projects. What I have seen in later life leads me to believe that this is a common human condition, and that the grown men who glory in the images of war are led thereto by their sense of their own timidity. This seems the likelier from an incident which ended my youthful dreams of battle. It has a certain psychologic interest, and it is the first distinct turning-point in my mental

state. So, though in itself a trifle, it must needs be told.

Until I was about twelve years old, I was so far possessed by fear that I was much put upon by the lads of my own age. This cowardice seems to have related only to contacts with people, for as a tree-climber I was daring and successful. I remember the pleasure it gave me to scale a lofty beech and allow myself to fall through the boughs, trusting to make good my hold before I came to the ground. This I was accustomed to do alone, so that there was no vaunting in the performance. The sense of this childish pleasure was so fixed in memory that to this day I never see a tree well-shaped for the hazard without desiring to try it once again. Whatever was the basis of the state of mind, it possessed me sorely until a crisis came. A negro servant, a mulatto belonging to a kinsman who dwelt near my home, amused himself by bullying me in a brutal manner so that my life became unsupportable. So with a newly awakened spirit I determined to end with him, fully expecting to be killed; be it said that my fear was not of death, a fear from which I have never suffered. I lay in wait for the fellow on the street on a moonlight night. When the bully, who was a sturdy fellow of twice my size and about twenty years old, tried to seize me, I managed with a quick unexpected rush to bring him down and to beat him on the head with a stone, so that he had to be carried off and was for some time in a bad state. It was thought that he would die, but he fortunately recovered. In this combat, for the first and only time in my life I felt that strange blood-thirstiness, that demoniac fury, which is in all men. I had afterwards, in my boyhood and later, a number of fights, but in no other instance has the slaying motive been aroused; so far as I can discern, the situations have provoked a rather intense sense of merriment, and the desire to do the antagonist no unnecessary harm. Another effect of this crisis was to make an end of all my fear of men and beasts. When in danger of assault

there has always been a keen reckoning of the situation, with a singular assurance that my wits would see me through.

My preposterous contest with "Bill Button" appears to have made an end of my fancy for war. As above noted, I am inclined to believe that this devotion of some years' duration was a natural device to support my spirit in its fears, an ideal of brave doing set over against the mastering sense of cowardice. In place of the old fear of external enemies there came to me a new terror lest the newly discovered fury should break out again. This secondary fear made no permanent impression, though its moral value to a growing lad was considerable. I am inclined to think that this trifling incident marks my passage from childhood to the youth in which the mind begins to feel the wider realm. So far as I can see, I thereafter began to look upon the world with a man's eyes, though it was with scanty intelligence. This seems therefore a fit place to set forth the conditions of the place and people where I was to take something like adult shape.

The village of Newport, Kentucky, at the time when I was born, was a place of perhaps a thousand inhabitants. To a casual observer it would have seemed as a mere outskirt of the large and prosperous town of Cincinnati on the northern side of the Ohio River, with which it was connected by a ferry. Its only title to distinction was that it was the seat of a government military post, which occupied a few acres at the angle where the Licking River enters the larger stream. Although the measurable distance between the two places is not more than a third of a mile, they were in the old days much more widely separated in all the essentials of society than New York and New Orleans now are. There are sundry places in the world where bounds of no more geographic value separate people somewhat diverse in speech and tradition, but none known to me where neighboring folk are so absolutely parted as were these people during the first six decades of the last

century. They had nothing in common but their joint share in the English blood and speech, and a certain theoretical likeness of religion. Institutionally, they were widely parted. The one represented the motives of the nineteenth century, the other of the sixteenth. For there is essentially all that difference between the motives of free communities, where in the one all are of equal rights before the law, and in the other slavery holds.

The separation of the two communities on either side of the Ohio was intensified by certain accidents of the settlement of this part of the country, in the eighteenth century. The northern section had been mainly sold by the United States to settlers coming from a wide range of country, mostly from the north-eastern states. Although in some part owned by the government of Virginia and sold to settlers in its patent system, most of the territory had been laid out, in the usual manner, into townships, so that there were no large connected holdings; while in Kentucky the Virginia system of land-grants or patents, without the preliminary sectionizing process, was adopted, except for the small district to the west of the Tennessee River known as the Jackson purchase, which was secured after the colony acquired its character and never had any influence on its social system.

The result of this difference in the way in which the territory passed into private ownership was, that while in the district north of the Ohio River there were few holdings exceeding a square mile, or 640 acres, and the normal size of farms was much less, being more commonly a half or a quarter of that amount, in Kentucky the larger part of the field had been distributed in tracts averaging several thousand acres. Under this patent system there grew up a form of proprietorship where the land was held by relatively few men, who let it to tenants. Even when the poorer class of original settlers acquired land, it was likely to pass to the richer holders by purchase or

through law-suits based upon the claims of older patents. Boone became landless and emigrated to Missouri, complaining that at the end of his adventures he had no place in which to be buried. Kentucky inherited from Virginia the mediæval theory of a landed aristocracy resting upon a tenantry. North of the river, though there were here and there landowners, the conception of the relation of the people to the land was that of the free man working acres which he owned.

Another influence which tended to establish the Virginia method of proprietorship in Kentucky, and thus to fasten the feudal system, was the peculiar division in the quality of the settlers. These colonists were from the three very distinct classes into which the people of Virginia had from the beginning of its history been divided, namely: the upper class of proprietors, their slaves, and the group of poor whites who were well accustomed to the station of tenants. They accepted the lot of the landless, and were content to get what they could out of their station without striving for a higher. So it came about that in the first half of the nineteenth century relatively few of the landowners labored with their hands: they either let their holdings to their tenants, or, where they were themselves engaged in the business of farming, the labor was done by the slaves. If the holding was large these slaves were generally controlled by an overseer; if so small that only a few negroes were employed, the owner would do the overseeing himself. Thus, while manual labor was not considered as in itself degrading, — for so far as I have seen, any landowner of that time would, without thought of his station, take hold with his slaves in any farming work, — there grew up, or rather was perpetuated, the tradition of the three distinct estates, the proprietor, the tenant, and the slave.

In the county of Campbell, where I was born, by far the greater part of the land came by patents or by purchases from smaller holders into the possession of two

families of common blood who migrated together from Virginia in the colonization period. These families, bearing the names of Southgate and Taylor, were, from the first, considerable slaveholders; they both aspired to form landed families. Unto them, as soon as they were established, there came, as usual, numbers of their poor kindred, those swarms of the unsuccessful — the landless of the Virginia families, who were ever fighting to save themselves from falling to the level of the “poor white trash,” whom the slaves of the rich accounted as beneath their own station. These tenant whites came not to any extent in the first movement into Kentucky; that was made up of men of a higher social grade, and of the frontier class, generally shiftless people who had the habits of the frontier, living by hunting and trapping. They drifted out in search of new land to rent, or were imported by the large proprietors, so that their farms might be rented. In my boyhood, I knew this group of small farmers well. There were perhaps a hundred families of the class on the lands of my kindred. They were then mostly of the second generation, though many of the elder were born in Virginia or North Carolina — an excellent folk, curiously resembling the English cottier of the better class as I came to know him in my walks in central England in the years 1867 to 1873. Vigorous, honest, kindly, with good farming instincts, sexually wholesome, with no other vice than drunkenness, which was rarely continuous, but took the form of sprees on the quarterly pay-days or other festive occasions. They were, it is true, addicted to fighting and were nursers of feuds, but never murdered for money. Their feuds then, as now in the less advanced eastern section of the state, seem to have been due to the large share of the class motive among them. In this regard they did not differ from the higher placed group of great land-owners.

The most conspicuous feature of the cottier class, as I knew them, was their

shiftlessness; it was not mere indolence, though they were characteristically lazy; but rather an entire lack of all traditions as to the relation of labor to life. Thus they usually dwelt in commonplace small log cabins, when fifty days of labor would have given them good dwellings of the same easy construction. They put up with "stick chimneys," built of small round timbers daubed with clay, which were always taking fire or tumbling down, when a trifle of labor would build them of stone which could be had by lifting it from the gullies of the worn fields. In many cases they were too shiftless to clear the dung from the log horse-stables; they would let it lie until it was no longer possible to get the animals out of the doors, then pull the logs apart and build the stable elsewhere. In my youth, I never knew of manure being put upon the land. When, about 1855, my father began the use of it, he was much laughed at. The plan was to till a field until it was worn out, and then let it go to grass or bushes of a kindly nature, helped by chance sowing; commonly the soil washed away until the lava rock was exposed. The crops were mainly tobacco and grains, and as there was no system of rotation, the fields rapidly became exhausted. The more careful landlords required that their tenants should plant tobacco, a most exhausting crop, only for three or four years, and then set the land in grass; but generally there was no adequate enforcement of the rules, so that the cleared land rapidly became worthless. In the first sixty years of this atrocious process nearly one-half of the arable soil of the northern counties of Kentucky, where most of the surface steeply inclined, became unremunerative to plough-tillage.

My grandfather did what he could to contend against the evils of bad tillage; he knew of the *métayer* system and copied it, taking his rents *in kind*, that is, in a share of the crops. I well remember the times when the payments were made, including not only tobacco and grains, but bags of wool, feathers, and even beeswax. To

dispose of these goods, he had a store where other things were sold as well, the place giving occupation to the ever-present "poor kin."

The body of the people with whom I came into contact were the poor whites. The slaves were not numerous, and were owned by not more than a score of families in the county. They were mostly house-servants; probably not as many as two hundred were regular field-hands. Probably not five hundred in all were owned in the county, partly for the reason that the table-land of the region, being all near the Ohio and the Licking rivers, was so deeply indented by the drainage channels that it was not suited for large plantations; but mainly for the reason that slaves readily escaped to the free country. What negroes there were belonged to a good class. The greater number of them were from families which had been owned by the ancestors of their masters in Virginia. In my grandfather's household and those of his children, who were grouped about him, there were some two dozen of these blacks, mostly pretty decent and fairly industrious people. They were well cared for; none of them were ever sold, though there was the common threat, "If you don't behave, you will be sold south." One of the commonest bits of instruction my grandfather gave me was to remember "that my people had in a century never bought or sold a slave except to keep families together." By that he meant that a gentleman of his station should not run any risk of appearing as a "negro trader," the last word of opprobrium to be slung at a man. So far as I can remember, this rule was well kept, and social ostracism was likely to be visited on any one who was fairly suspected of buying or selling slaves for profit. This state of opinion was, I believe, very general among the better class of slave-owners in Kentucky. When negroes were sold, it was because they were vicious and intractable. Yet there were exceptions to this high-minded humor.

There is a common opinion that the

slaves of the Southern households were subjected in various ways to brutal treatment. Such, in my experience, was not the case. Though the custom of using the whip on white children was common enough, I never saw a negro deliberately punished in that way until 1862, when, in military service, I stayed a night at the house of a friend. This old man, long a widower, had recently married a woman from the state of Maine, who had been the governess of his children. In the early morning, I heard a tumult in the backyard, and on looking out saw a negro man, his arms tied up to a limb of a tree, while the vigorous matron was administering on his back with a cowhide whip. At breakfast I learned that the man had well deserved the flogging, but it struck me as curious that in the only instance of the kind I had known, the punishment was from the hands of a Northern woman.

In the households where I was intimate the slaves were on about the same social footing as the other members of the family; they were subjected to sudden explosions of the master's temper, much as were his children. I well remember a frequent scene in my grandfather's house, whereto it was the custom that I should go every Sunday afternoon for counsel and instruction. These were at first somewhat fearsome occasions for a little lad thus to be alone with an aged and stately grandfather. I soon won his interest in some measure by my fears, and came greatly to enjoy the intercourse, for he knew how to talk to a boy, and we became, in a way, boys together in our sense of the funny side of things. It was the custom, too, for him to divide the session of three or four hours with a brief nap taken in his chair. Meanwhile I had a picture-book, or — after I was about ten years old, when I could read — some work he deemed profitable; very often verses to commit, most commonly from Pope, while he slept.

As his rooms were near the negro quarter, he would make ready for his siesta by sending forth the servant-

man who waited on him, bidding him tell the people that they were to keep quiet during the performance. I can see him now with his pig-tail hanging down behind the back of the easy-chair and a handkerchief over his face, as he courted slumber. For a minute or two it would be still, then the hidden varlets would be as noisy as before. Then the pig-tail would begin to twitch, and he would mutter, "Jim, tell those people they *must* be still." Again a minute of quiet, and once more the jabbering and shouting. Now, with a leap he would clutch his long walking-staff and charge the crowd in the quarter, laying about him with amazing nimbleness, until all the offenders were run to their holes. Back he would come from his excursion and settle himself again to sleep. I could see that his rage was merely on the surface and that he used it for a corrective, for he evidently took care not to hurt any one.

There was one man in the community at the time, of some fortune, who had an evil reputation on account of his cruelty to his slaves. One of them, it was said with horror which evidently moved his neighbors greatly, owed his lamed state to his master's rage. With this slaveholder the others had little to do. They evidently regarded him as an outcast, and told stories of how he had been a "negro trader."

Among the negroes whom I remember there were sundry who were very old, who lived together in a building in the quarter and were well cared for. They were troublesome, because one of them, named Bristoe, had an ineradicable fancy for harboring low-down whites, who would be found from time to time hidden away in his quarters, where they shared food with the blacks. Among these unhappy dependents was a certain aged drunken vagabond bearing the aristocratic name of Lee Sutherland. He was an ancient Virginian, with a gentleman's face and manner still showing through his debauched misery. He had no known kindred, and many efforts to keep him

above utter degradation had failed. In that day there were no retreats where such folk could be stored away. Each time Sutherland turned up under Bristoe's bed there was a hubbub in the household. Bristoe was soundly rated, but he was too old for punishment or for the threat of "selling south" to have any effect on him. He enjoyed the situation, especially the peculiar dignity that came to him from protecting a man of quality. On one occasion when his quarters were watched, he harbored the man in the ice-house, where the wretch, in striving to crawl beneath the straw, had got over near the ice and was found nearly frozen to death, but recovered and lived to vex decent folk for long afterwards.

My grandfather's defense against the recurrent shame of having Sutherland among his negroes was ingenious. Each time he was found, after being cleaned up a bit he was put into a wagon and hauled away for a day or two of driving, then left with a little money in his pocket. The creature would slowly work his way back, to be found again hidden under Bristoe's bed or in some nearby barn, where the old black cared for him. At length, after a distant deportation, he did not return, and no one knew whether he had died on his way back or had gone to fresh fields and pastures new.

The vagabond element in the life of the place was far more important than in a town of modern days. The idiots and the insane, as well as the ne'er-do-wells of all classes and both sexes, played their part in the comedy of life. The open market-house was the resort of all this loose life. There the houseless were wont to sleep until disturbed by the holders of the stalls. As a boy I liked to rummage among the lot with an inquiring interest in the odds and ends of folk. I remember one morning cottoning to an old man I had awakened, to get his story. It seemed that he was a revolutionary soldier who had been wounded in the battle of Cowpens ("Cuppens" as he called it); he had come in from the up-country to draw his pen-

sion and had spent it on a spree. There was criticism when I brought the ancient home for breakfast, but when he was cleaned up and verified he had a welcome.

Of all the folk who were about me, the survivors of the Indian wars were the most interesting. There were several of these old clapper-clawed fellows still living, with their more or less apocryphal tales of adventures they had heard of or shared. There was current a tradition — I have seen it in print — that there had been a fight between the Indians and whites where the government barracks stood, and that the wounded whites had been left upon the ground, where they were not found by the savages. One of these had both arms broken, the other was similarly disabled as to his legs. It was told that they managed to subsist by combining their limited resources. The man with sound legs drove game up within range of the other cripple's gun, and as the turkeys or rabbits fell, he kicked them within reach of his hands, and in like manner provided him with sticks for their fire. This legend, much elaborated in the telling, gave me, I believe at about my eighth year, my first sense of a historic past, and it led to much in the way of fanciful invention of like tales.

Among those men who in their youth, and even their boyhood, had been in tussles with the savages in the wars with the Illinois Indians, was a certain ancient of the name of Harris, who kept a small hardware shop which, because of his stories, I much inhabited. His exploits, more or less true, were summed up in certain rules as to how to "manage an Injun," which he used to exemplify, to my grinning delight, on my little body. Much as in the preparation for rabbit pie, you were first to catch your "Injun." The clutch was well prescribed with preliminary dissertation on the folly of "standing off and monkeying with him." Then he was to be laid face to the ground; your knees were to be planted in the small of his back; with the left hand you were to

seize his scalp-lock and pull up his head, and with the right holding the knife, taken from its sheath in your belt, you cut his throat. You were not to scalp him, as some uncultivated persons were wont to do,—Harris considered that to be bad form, “real Injun manners,”—but proceed smartly to the next. I have never had occasion to “manage an Injun,” but if such had come to me I am quite sure that I should instinctively have essayed the task in the manner presented by my veteran instructor.

I recall that several of these old fighters, who had worked at the theory of battle with their savage enemies, held to the notion that any white man could “lay down” in the manner above described any Indian he could manage to clutch. I have found the same notion among the frontiersmen of the Far West in later days. It seems likely that there is truth in it; for such men are in the position of teachers, the handers-on of traditions of life and death, and do not speak as boasters. May it not be that in the white man, as a part of the predominance of his more highly organized nervous system, there is a greater capacity for yielding in a few seconds a larger amount of energy for use in the muscles? It may be that it all depends upon the intensity of the more highly trained will of the white.

When I was ten years old, and began to be attentive to the deeds and stories of men, there was still the chance to see many who had taken part in the War of 1812–15. It was less remote than the Civil War is from our time. St. Clair’s defeat was only a little over half a century in the past, sundry fights with Indians were less remote, and just at hand were the tales from Mexico told by the returning troops, so that I breathed an air of combat, and of it moulded my day-dreams of valor.

The people with whom I first shaped my notions of life were, by their history and inevitably somewhat bloodthirsty. Their ancestors came, largely from folk who had fought in England and Scotland,

to fight Indians in Virginia and North Carolina; then the British in the Revolution; then more Indians and more British in the Mississippi Valley. As they had never been at peace for a generation, their ideal was naturally the warrior and his battles. This led to the feeling that combat was the fittest occupation of a man.

Among the poor whites, the fighting in that day was commonly without the use of fire-arms and usually of a good-natured brutality. At the county fairs, or the barbecues, a chap with the devil in him would throw up his cap and shout out that he was the best man on the ground. His nearest neighbor would dissent from that proposition; whereupon there would be a rough-and-tumble struggle even more unlimited in its conditions than a dog-fight. Sometimes the kinsmen or clansmen of the combatants would join in, but the ideal was that the two should be left to settle it in a ring of watching bystanders. To my father’s office the wounded in these battles were often brought for treatment, and as even in childhood I often acted as his helper, it sometimes fell to me when he was absent to do what I could to mend their hurts. This gave me a sense of what to do in the way of surgical aid which afterwards served me well. It also brought me near to human nature in the rough. Many of the incidents of this experience stay by me. Especially lasting are the memories showing the endurance and rude good-nature of these primitive men. At the moment, I recall a certain Sam McLaughlin, who was frequently brought for repairs; finally, he was lugged in on a shutter, with a knife-slash across his abdomen which effectively disemboweled him. My father being away, I was washing his protruding entrails, which fortunately were not wounded, and returning them to the cavity, while he with his head propped up was scrutinizing the work. I said to him, “Sam, you ought to quit fighting — you ar’n’t good at it.” “My boy,” said he, “I am the best fighter in

this here county, but I ain't good at judging men."

With the people of the better class, fist fights were not uncommon; they were looked upon as amusing though perhaps somewhat undignified. These fist fights left no rancor: they seemed to be mere modes of expression. I remember one between an old kinsman, a man over seventy years of age, and his steward of like age, both of them needing spectacles to see at all. The rounds were ended on one side or the other with the cry, "Stop. I've lost my spectacles!" whereupon the man still provided with sight would help right neighborly to find and restore the glasses, and then they would battle again.

Serious matters between those who esteemed themselves gentlemen were supposed in all cases to be settled by the duel. For this social need much preparation was made in the way of training with arms and careful introduction into the laws and regulations of honor. My father, who thoroughly disbelieved in the business and privately ridiculed it, held, as I found, that it was inevitable that a man should accept a challenge in order to keep his station. He had me very carefully trained, saying that if you were a well-known expert with the pistol, rifle, and sword, ordinary decent behavior would keep you out of such trouble. I cannot remember when I began to shoot, but I recall when not more than seven years old, a weekly exercise of some hours, partly because the light rifle used by its recoil made my shoulder very sore. By the time I was fifteen I was an expert rifle-shot, including the varieties of "snap shooting" at bottles thrown in the air, flying birds, and the like. There were many who could beat me at the ancient tests of "candle-snuffing," "nail-driving," or other deliberate work, but I led in all such exercises when quickness was needed.

Fencing was not a common exercise among the youths of that time and place, but my father had me begin in Cincinnati with a fencing-master by the name of

Scherer, a Frenchman, when I was about twelve years of age. Scherer, who claimed to be an exiled officer, but was most likely of the drill-master grade, was a great master; and, having much aptitude for the work, I was in five years reckoned very good in small- and broadsword, sword and dagger, and French cane exercises, and I became passionately fond of them. The master claimed that I was the best amateur rapier fencer in this country, and could hold my own with any one in France or Italy. I kept up this training assiduously until I went to Harvard; somewhat later indeed, until the Civil War completed my distaste for arms and all that related thereto.

To keep together the story of Scherer, a character who deserves record, because he was most noteworthy of his kind, I shall here tell more of my relations with him, which were in a way intimate until my eighteenth year and continued until the beginning of the Civil War. He was a small man of the most intense Gallic quality, the human equivalent of a gamecock even to his tread. His eager little soul had but one idea, that of combat, an idea which shone from his livid face which had a beautiful animal quality. All his talk was of fighting. His only treasures were half-a-dozen dueling swords with bloodstains on them, and of each he had the most precise traditions as to the place of entry, the nature of the stroke, and the result. These he showed to those only whom he esteemed as successful pupils; they were to him sacred relics not to be looked at by unworshipful eyes. He was, indeed, the most perfect man of a trade I have ever known, in that he was absolutely nothing else.

To Scherer's *salle d'armes* came a good many well-bred lovers of fencing, including Milton Sayles, afterwards known as a politician and jurist, a young man of much quality and of a large nature. Among them there were some reprobates, including a dissolute Britisher with the preposterous appellation of Captain Mars, who was a good hand with the

broadsword. It was the custom of the well-trained habitués of the place sometimes to fence with naked broadswords, marking the strokes, as the phrase is, not sending them home. One day, while I thus engaged with that son of Mars, he was attacked with a sudden visitation of mania and began a real assault on me. One of his strokes was effective enough to sting me so that it became a real duel, though my purpose was limited to disabling his sword-arm which was not easy, because his madness made him insensible to the nips he received. Scherer, at the time in another room, quickly detected by the sound of the steel that there was business needing his attention, looked in quickly, grasped the situation, and with a leap pinioned the wight and flung him on the floor. As a bit of stout daring of a little man dealing with one twice his size, I have never seen the like.

While I was in Cambridge I saw Scherer only from time to time. When I returned home in vacation in the winter of 1860-61, I found him awaiting me with trouble upon him. It seemed that a rival had set up a competing school of fencing and had challenged him to a trial, which should include a contest between pupils selected and trained by each teacher. The contest was to take place in a hall or theatre in the part of Cincinnati known as "over the Rhine." Scherer insisted that I should be his pupil; this I at first refused to do, but his tearful woe and imprecations led me in the end to overcome my reluctance to take part in such performances. There was a throng of spectators; for some reason the contest had aroused attention. Scherer's bout with his antagonist was only slightly to his advantage, for he was then about seventy years of age and no longer at his best.

When it came my turn, I found myself opposed by another six-footer, most elegantly clad in white buckskin jacket with an embroidered red heart covering the place where his own was supposed to lie. After the ancient grand salute, we set

about it. My plan was always to take the *defensive* and hold it with no returns until the quality of the antagonist was clear, his tactics evident, and his guard dropped — as it almost inevitably will drop, if there is no occasion to parry; then to take the offensive swiftly and with determination. I managed to protect myself for perhaps thirty passes, and had as I felt nearly used up my limit of retreat. I recall the white teeth of my *vis-à-vis* as he smiled in his amusement at a fencer who could only parry, however well he might do that part of his task.

At length, his guard was low enough and I "stopped true" on him, that is, lunged out the instant he did, for the embroidered heart. To my horror, the blade entered to the hilt, and the fellow fell forward and sideways to the floor, pulling the foil out of my hand as he came down, and lay as if dead. Happily, it turned out when his clothes were cut open that the button on the foil had not broken off, but bent sideways; it had then ripped through the leather, padding, and inner clothes, then torn the skin, and passed out beneath the arm. The hard blow had for the moment stopped the action of the heart. In a few moments the man was himself again. It is an ugly thing even in mere appearance to slay a fellow against whom you have no ill-will, so I had a very bad minute or so before the situation was evident; but the real horror of it was the demoniacal screech of joy and triumph from that old sinner Scherer as the wight went down. It had in it a bit of hell. I managed to get away without a word with him. From that day I have never held a foil or seen a fencing bout, except some of the preposterous things on the stage.

In 1865, after the Civil War was over, I met Scherer on the street. He had been an officer in a cavalry regiment, and the trials of service had brought him to the decrepitude of old age. To my greetings and inquiries as to his service, he said, "O Shaler, that was a *coup*! — that was a *coup*!" All that had happened since

seemed to have passed from his crapulous mind. I could not bring him back to his deeds as a soldier; the triumph of his pupil pursued him altogether. He was a real master.

From my curiously elaborate training in arms I had certain advantages, in that it exempted me, as my father judged it would, from being put upon or bothered with challenges. I was but once thus troubled, and then most unreasonably. It happened that the person who supposed he was offended chose a sensible fellow for his second, who, as he explained to me, soon convinced his principal that he was playing the fool. On two occasions, before I was twenty years old, — boys took men's parts in those days, — I served as second to friends, and in both instances easily adjusted the troubles without much parley.

The first occasion was when a silly cousin of mine, with too much wine in him, challenged a well-known duelist, James Jackson, who, as a general, fell at Perryville. Fortunately, I knew Jackson as well as a boy of eighteen may know a man of twice his years. I made my plea to him to give my kinsman an easy way out. At first he was obdurate, saying that he would have his life, — he had, indeed, reason to be vexed, — but in the end he told his second to "fix it up" with me. My good, I may say indeed affectionate relations with Jackson had begun a year before, in a like absurd business in a ball-room in Frankfort. I had accidentally stepped into the mess made on the floor by the breaking of a bottle of champagne, which he as manager was trying to have cleaned up. With a sharp word, he pushed me aside; my new-found manly dignity was offended; so therefore, as usual in such cases, I asked him for his card. His answer was, "I beg pardon, my dear sir, I took you for a boy." We both saw the fun of the situation and became friends. He was one of the glories of this world; he lifted my sense of what it was to be a man — the ancient type of gentleman.

The other instance when I had to compose trouble between men was more serious. In 1859 I went with a party of young people to the Mammoth Cave. With me went Courtland Prentice, son of the once well-known George D. Prentice, editor of a Louisville paper, who, though some years my senior, was then my nearest friend. As the railway was not completed, we journeyed in stage-coaches privately hired. At a relay place a gentleman, a stranger to us all, mounted the stage and sat beside my friend, who was in an excited state and resented the intrusion in an improper manner. It quickly came to the point where he had to challenge the stranger, which he did on the spot. There being no one more fit, I had to serve Prentice as second. Fortunately, as the other principal knew no one in the throng at the Mammoth Cave, I had to help him to find a second, and so had a very reasonable person to deal with. The stranger, who turned out to be a well-known duelist from Mississippi, accepted the invitation to battle, choosing as weapons shotguns with buckshot at twenty paces distant — which meant certain death to a novice. But once again the difficulty was easily arranged; in fact, they were with rare exceptions mere fooling.

The only good side of the system was certain features of the code which required that the antagonists should not dispute with one another, and that as soon as there was a grievance it should be put into the hands of disinterested people; and the further theory that the seconds, with an arbiter if need were, should try to compose the matter, their decision being quite beyond appeal. One of the maxims — one often impressed on me by my grandfather and other elders — was that gentlemen sometimes fought, but they never quarreled in the manner of the vulgar. There was an interesting old fellow in my town who instructed the younger generation in the code. This Major H. had been an officer in the regular army, and was then crippled as to his

right leg. He had received his wound because of his strict adherence to one of the many peculiar rules which determined the process of dueling. Being second to a man who did not promptly meet his engagement, he took his principal's place at the appointed moment, and the bullet lamed him for life. This, to our modern sense, is something at once for laughter and for tears, but in that vanished time it was otherwise. The incident dignified the man, and made him an authority in an important side of life.

I am glad to say that, even as a youth, the absurdity of the duel was plain enough to my mind; but it was an institution like slavery: when born in it, whatever your views of the matter, it is not easy to get out without being disclassed.

The religious people of Kentucky,

there, as elsewhere among our folk, the controlling element, shaped laws to make an end of dueling. All who took part in such affairs were disfranchised, unable to hold office, and liable to punishment, as if they were engaged in a conspiracy to commit murder. The result of this drastic legislation was to make an end of dueling and to bring in its place the more serious evil of "street fights," which were far more brutal than the ancient practice of regulated battles, when the friends of the disputants could almost always avoid serious results. In the time of my youth I recall but two deaths in duels; but since that custom was abolished more than thirty of my kindred and friends have been slain in these brutal encounters. It is all miserable business, but as a choice of evils, so long as men are bloodthirsty animals, the duel was the least.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

BY FRANK W. LEWIS

ABOUT seventy years ago, within a period of five or six years, there were three events in the domain of jurisprudence of signal importance to the industrial world. Viewed retrospectively with reference to their bearing upon the welfare of men, they have a distinct dramatic interest. In the year 1837 the decision was rendered in the Priestly case in England; in 1838 Prussia enacted a memorable law relating to the responsibility for accidents on railroads; these were followed in 1842 by the fateful Farwell case in Massachusetts.

The Prussian law, afterwards incorporated in the imperial code of 1871, apprehending with rare prescience something of the new questions which were to arise in the industrial world, may be deemed to have prefigured the present insurance code of Germany, the most striking and far-reaching social legisla-

tion of the century. The two legal decisions opened a Pandora's box of woes of appalling magnitude. There were thus marked out two distinctly divergent conceptions of the obligation of the state toward workmen.

If a general on the battlefield commits a grave strategical blunder which costs thousands of lives, the world is thrilled with horror; but a judge may so misapprehend a critical situation as to bring sorrow and suffering to unnumbered homes for generations, and we dumbly acquiesce, as if viewing a visitation from Heaven. That such a result was entailed by these decisions will be the enlightened judgment of mankind. They have inflicted unjust and grievous burdens upon more than two generations of English-speaking workmen; they have brought desolation to thousands of homes; they

have aggravated beyond estimate the friction between employer and employed.

That the decision in each case constituted judge-made law is strikingly manifest from the language of both Lord Abinger and Chief Justice Shaw. They deemed the cases of novel impression, to be decided with due regard to the consequences, general convenience, and considerations of public policy. The enlightened legislator considers the economic and ethical as well as the purely legal aspects of proposed legislation. The judge who makes law should take the same attitude, but, weighed by the standards of to-day, these decisions would seem to have had far more regard for mere legal formalism than for ethics.

Thus was firmly established the common-employment or fellow-servant doctrine, the principle that the workman, by his contract of service, assumes the risks of employment, including those that may come through the act or neglect of his fellow servant. The doctrine has had phenomenal development, and usually in the direction of giving larger immunity to employers. The dicta in the Priestly case did not justify the judgment in the Farwell case, nor did that (in view of the expressed caution against any hasty conclusion as to the application of the rule) lay a sufficient foundation for the vast brood of cases which trace their parentage to it. Such a doctrine had not existed in any country of Europe, and it is even questioned whether it was not bad law as well as bad policy.

These cases were of such transcendent importance, they so powerfully affected industrial relations and conditions, and they reared so formidable an obstacle to rational reform in the direction of justice to workmen, that any consideration of accident insurance compels an examination of the basis upon which they rest.

It was the opinion of Chief Justice Shaw, with its elaborate exposition of what constitutes common employment, rather than that of Lord Abinger, that established the law in England as well as

in America, and influenced the House of Lords in the decision of a case in which the unwelcome doctrine was forced upon the reluctant courts of Scotland.

The facts in the Farwell case were very simple. The plaintiff, an engineer in the service of the defendant railroad company, loses his right hand in the course of his employment, through the negligence of a switchman, a fellow employee. Should the railroad company be deemed liable? The opinion, as befitted the importance of the principle to be established, was an elaborate one; it has been greatly admired and pronounced a classic. The judgment might have been very brief; a Latin maxim of two words would have been consistent with law and would have fully satisfied justice.

The decision was based largely upon three assumed facts: that hazardous employments command higher wages, and the acceptance of higher wages indicates an assumption of the greater risk; that each servant is an observer of his fellow, and therefore knows the risk that he assumes; and that the servant may leave the service. These facts were not ascertained by a jury, nor did the court seek for any expert testimony bearing upon them. They seemed so manifest that the court might take judicial cognizance of them.

The first question was one for the sociologist or the political economist, and not for the jurist. Generally speaking, hazardous employments do not command higher wages. But, viewed broadly and from the social standpoint, it would be very unwise for the state to encourage or permit the workman to gamble upon his chance of exemption from accident. He has not the data or the capacity for making an intelligent estimate of the amount or the value of the risk; and besides, he is virtually in the position of one who bets without the means of paying in the event of loss. It would be against public policy, upon which this decision is partly based, to permit him to play a game in which he may be the gainer and the state may be the loser.

Nor is it true, at least under modern conditions to which this doctrine with greatly increased rigors has been extended, that servants necessarily have any adequate means of observing their fellow workmen engaged perhaps in a distinct branch of service. How much this engineer, running a passenger train between Boston and Worcester and passing this switchman four times a day, knew of his fitness, habits, or reliability, we are left to conjecture. He had nothing to do with his selection, discipline, or retention in the service. It would be infinitely absurd to claim that there is any such knowledge in the large and complicated relations of to-day.

Nor is it true in any practical sense that the workman may leave the service. It is evident enough from the standpoint of one writing a treatise on the freedom of the will. But it is well understood in the industrial world that there is no place for the workman who, in the estimate of his employer, is captious or hypercritical, or for one who should assume to advise as to the competency of a fellow servant even in matters especially concerning his own safety. To leave one's employment in protest is a heinous offense, and must carry with it an inconvenient stigma. For the workman who is odiously officious about his master's business there must be a vista of idleness, of privation, and suffering.

There was added the questionable fiction of an implied contract under which the plaintiff assumed the risk that his fellow servant might be incompetent or grossly negligent.

Upon this frail and insecure foundation was based a decision fraught with momentous consequences, — a decision as mischievous and baneful as ever fell from any bench. For many decades thousands of laboring men, maimed and incapacitated, suffering without any color of justice from accidents on railroad and in factory, and dependents of the injured, and widows and orphans of the slain, were to hear the refrain of this doom, sentencing them to lives of penury and dependence.

Meanwhile legislatures, royal commissions and parliaments, were to seek vainly to overcome the effects of this decision.

To the great Chief Justice, considering public policy and general convenience, it seemed unjust that this corporation should suffer for an accident which perhaps its foresight could not have prevented. It was certainly unjust that this engineer should be incapacitated for life through the fault of an agent over whom he had no control, and for whose negligence he was not remotely responsible. According to modern conceptions the solution of the problem would not have seemed difficult. Here was an industry comparatively new, with its own hazards. The corporation must replace the engine, wrecked in the same accident, negligence or no negligence; that was one of the risks of the business. Why should it not, for the same reason and out of the same resources, pay for its wrecked engineer? Why should not both losses have been deemed a part of the cost of transportation? How else, with any regard to the rudimentary principles of justice, could the loss be met?

At the time of this decision the world was slowly awakening to the fact of great industrial changes. The Factory Age had come; great inventions and the application of steam to machinery were transforming the industrial world. It was gradually dawning upon the minds of thoughtful men that these great changes had made imperative new standards of law as related to workmen. The problem was dimly apprehended, as indicated by the Prussian law referred to, as well as by the factory legislation which had engaged the attention of England from the beginning of the century. Possibly these judges were of those who were patronizingly characterizing the law of Prussia as the benign paternalism of a despotic power. But if Prussia reached a point in 1838 which Great Britain attains with much difficulty in 1880, and Massachusetts in 1887, — at which point she still remains; if that conception of the obligation of the

state to the laboring classes, in its gradual but logical development in the German empire of to-day, has challenged the attention and the admiration of the world, we ought to discern in it something of the grasp and prescience of true statesmanship.

But in connection with the remedies which have been sought to mitigate the common-employment doctrine, the law of contributory negligence must be considered. This law has always borne with unjust severity upon workmen. It has existed from time immemorial, but the reasoning by which it has been supported savors more of the refinements of mediæval logic than of modern modes of thought. Contributory negligence is the slightest want of ordinary care contributing proximately to the injury. If there has been a lack of such care the injured workman cannot recover damages. If he contributes one per cent of the elements which go to make up an accident, and his employer ninety-nine per cent, he cannot recover. Moreover, if there is no fault, if an accident is an incident of the business simply, or attributable to superior force, he is deemed to have assumed such risks. Even further, if there is gross fault on the part of the employer, if certain precautions or safeguards have been neglected by him, if stringent provisions of law have been flagrantly violated, still, if the workman knew of these acts, omissions, or violations of law, he is presumed to have waived any remedy. The very severity of treatment in many employments, overwork, excessive hours, unsanitary surroundings, working at too great speed, assenting to labor under circumstances of obvious danger because required to do so, the necessity of satisfying the importunate demands of overseer or master as bearing upon retention or promotion, all of the elements, in a word, which make care difficult or impossible, have been charged up to the workman. The standard of the court room has been too high for him; he has been found wanting in due care, and remediless.

Under these circumstances there was not a strong inducement for the employer to exercise care in construction, in adjustment of machinery, or in safeguarding workmen. It was cheaper to let him take his chances; to replace the killed and wounded by new recruits; to treat the human material as negligible when compared with the cost of expensive safeguards.

Data have been collected, from varied and widely distributed industries, which indicate the sources of accidents and the responsibility for them. These show that about one-half are incidental to the business, three-tenths due to the fault of the workman, and most of the remainder to the fault of the employer. In America and Great Britain, before there were any modifications of the law, the employer's share would have been much greater. Still, it is estimated that not more than fifteen per cent of the injured have ever recovered damages. When we consider not only the expense of litigation but the bad feeling and consequent loss of employment resulting from it, we must conclude that conditions would not have been very much worse if there had been an absolute denial of any legal remedy.

Great Britain partially awakened to the gross injustice resulting from these conditions about forty years ago. The evils began to seem intolerable. In every great industrial centre there were concrete and ever-recurring illustrations of the wrongs inflicted. But it took ten years of agitation and discussion to effect the passage of the law of 1880. This measure, so mild and ineffectual as to be soon discarded as an ill-fitting garment, was strongly opposed by all the great mining, manufacturing, and railroad interests. Dire disaster was predicted if it should become a law; capitalists would not put money into mines; capital would be driven from the kingdom; they were making a plunge into socialism. But this law, as a measure of social equity, proved utterly inadequate. Chamberlain characterized it as a half-hearted compromise,

and suggested that, in view of the resulting-litigation, it should have been called the *Lawyers' Employment Bill*. Asquith declared that it was an elaborate series of traps and pitfalls for the unwary litigant, barren of result, and a reproach to the legislature. Under the law, the liability of the employer was almost insusceptible of proof, and the defense of common employment was nearly sufficient to nonsuit.

In the study of this question we find an instructive illustration of the extremely slow awakening of the public consciousness — not to say conscience — in England and America, where the righting of a great social or industrial wrong is involved. Nearly forty years after the *Priestly* and *Farwell* decisions, a parliamentary commission charged with the consideration of employers' liability legislation came to the conclusion that the common law had been entirely altered by judicial decision; that the fellow-servant doctrine owed its origin to the ingenuity of a judge in suggesting analogies, and consisted largely of the invention and enforcement of a contract which never existed. Twenty years later, Asquith complained that the law had been a legitimate grievance to the working classes, and had established fantastic distinctions between workmen and third parties. *Birrell*, present secretary for Ireland, expressed himself with greater emphasis: "The doctrine was invented in 1837; Lord Abinger planted it; Baron Alderson watered it; and the devil gave it increase."

The social consciousness and unrest, of which these discussions were the index, made legislation imperative. A very radical measure brought in by Asquith, in 1893, was lost through the opposition of the House of Lords to what was termed the "contracting out" clause; and it remained for a Tory government, with Chamberlain leading the House of Commons, to secure the enactment, in 1897, of the most radical and far-reaching social legislation in English parliamentary history. The very name of the bill,

the *Workmen's Compensation Act*, revealed a new conception of the problem involved. There was to be no longer a nice balancing of the relative liability of workman and employer, of waiver and of assumption of risk. There was a recognition, not of the employers' liability, but of the industry's liability. It was tersely expressed in the apothegm attributed to Asquith: "The blood of the workman is a part of the cost of production."

England thus put herself in the ranks, although by no means in the front rank, of civilized nations in this kind of industrial legislation. During the twenty years succeeding Germany's legislation for the compulsory insurance of workmen, her contagious example had reached almost every nation of continental Europe, and had led either to laws in the nature of compulsory insurance of workmen, or to workmen's compensation acts.

The English law of 1897 applied only to the so-called dangerous trades, and extended to less than one-half of the workmen of the kingdom, but later amendments materially increased that number. These proved to be merely steps toward broader legislation. A disposition arose to attach less importance to the element of special danger, and another parliamentary commission thoroughly and exhaustively examined the whole subject anew. On the basis of its report, the law of 1906 was passed. This retained the provisions of the earlier laws, but extended their application to substantially all of the laboring men of the kingdom. Even with this rapid progress in public sentiment it is doubtful if the end has been reached. The opinion was expressed by a member of the commission, and is frequently reëchoed elsewhere, that there can be no stopping-place short of compulsory insurance of workmen on the German plan.

This law of 1906 practically abolished the common-employment and contributory-negligence defenses. No degree of negligence disqualifies the injured workman from recovering, unless it amounts

to serious or willful misconduct; nor even then, if death or permanent disablement result. It extends to all employments, and to all, except casual, employees whose compensation is less than about twelve hundred dollars a year. It applies to all injuries through accidents arising out of the workmen's employment, which cause death or disablement. It provides that death or disablement from certain scheduled diseases, such as anthrax, lead or phosphorus poisoning, shall be deemed accidents within the meaning of the law. It furnishes minute schedules of compensation for cases both of disablement and of death. In case the injury is caused by the personal negligence or willful act of the employer or his agent, the injured workman may bring suit independently of the act, and if he fails in his suit may still have his compensation fixed under the act. The entire cost of the compensation falls upon the employer, but under certain restrictions he may substitute a different scheme of compensation or insurance.

This brief sketch of a very elaborate and carefully perfected law, and the history of progress toward its enactment, are instructive in illustrating the incalculable gain to thirteen million English workmen as compared with their condition under the decision of Lord Abinger. In the tardy movement of events we are reminded how vastly more difficult it is to modify or repeal judge-made law than statute law.

We naturally inquire what has been done in the United States meanwhile. We must answer, practically nothing. It is quite within limits to say that, in spite of much patchwork and piecemeal legislation, we have, as yet, hardly reached the level of the English law of 1880, a law which statesmen of to-day unite in deeming practically worthless; or to say that, in this regard, we are far behind every civilized country of Europe, incomparably behind Germany.

The United States stands alone among the civilized nations of the world in ad-

hering to the law of negligence as a solution of the problem of industrial accidents, while the governments of Europe and Australia have made the financial burden of injuries to workmen a charge upon the particular industry.

It is perhaps natural that this country, and especially that state which furnished the judge who pronounced the fateful sentence upon English-speaking laboring men the world over, should have clung to that odious common-employment doctrine, although there have been many attempts from the beginning to mitigate its severity. More than fifty years ago Georgia, by a few lines of legislation, annulled the common-employment doctrine as to railroads, and has legislated against both that and the law of contributory negligence since. Other states took similar but less decisive steps. There have been legislative as well as judicial protests in great variety: sometimes to negative what seemed to be unwarranted severity in judicial interpretation; to discriminate between the liability for the negligence of a vice-principal and other common employee; to introduce a rule of comparative negligence, analogous to that in maritime law, in place of the severe rule of contributory negligence.

In Massachusetts, where the fellow-servant doctrine developed far beyond the intention of its great author, the subject attracted much attention twenty-five years ago, stimulated by the discussion in and out of Parliament in Great Britain, and the resulting legislation. The legislature directed the Bureau of Labor to investigate the question and report its conclusions. There was a thorough investigation, and an admirable report in which the matter was discussed in all its bearings. It was recommended that a law be passed, either like the Gladstone act, or, preferably, a brief and simple statute abolishing the defense of common employment and materially modifying the law of contributory negligence. Four years later, the law of 1887, based upon the Gladstone act, was passed, and still

remains in force. It has not been materially modified. More recently the subject was again up for discussion, and a select committee was instructed to consider this among other labor questions. Its report, rendered to the legislature of 1904, reads like a convincing document, but apparently received scant attention. It recommended legislation based upon the then recent Workmen's Compensation Act of England. Still later, a recess committee struggled with the subject, but the majority report opposed any substantial legislation looking to the compensation of workmen for industrial accidents or to an increase in the liability of employers. A minority report renewed the recommendations of earlier committees.

In this country we are still dominated by the dogmas pronounced by Judge Shaw two generations ago. He was profoundly impressed, as his admirers have been ever since, by a sense of the great injustice that the employer would suffer if held liable for an accident which he could not have prevented. To-day we see that there are three parties interested in industrial accidents: the victim, the employer, and the public. We cannot judge justly if we fix our minds too intently upon any one of these parties, to the neglect of the others. We should follow the injunction in the Priestly case, and "look at the consequences of a decision," the possible bearing upon each of these three parties. All serious industrial accidents involve hardship and impose a burden which must fall somewhere. We can conceive of a case of new impression so nicely balanced that either one of two decisions may be legally defensible, but economic and ethical aspects must not be ignored. The court cannot determine the real incidence of the burden of an industrial accident. If it is imposed upon the workman who is propertyless, whose working capacity, now impaired or ruined, is his only asset, he must turn it over to society upon which he becomes dependent with his family. If imposed upon the employer, it may either result in a diminution of pro-

fits or be added to the cost of the product or service, thus reaching the public by another route. Still, it is of great economic consequence by which route the burden reaches society. Meanwhile, we cannot ignore as negligible any industries which yield large profits and yet insist that it is not socially inequitable for the profit-sharer to use this human material recklessly or improvidently and throw the wrecks upon society.

The employer tells us that the cost of industrial accidents cannot be added to the charge for the traffic or the product, as it would make that cost too high; which is nearly equivalent to saying that, while the public is not willing to pay this enhanced price as such, it will submit if it is disguised in the form of poor rates. He tells us, too, that the state or government which puts such a burden upon industry will be at a great economic disadvantage as compared with other states; which is practically a claim that such an industry is not self-supporting, but essentially parasitic.

These arguments are not new. They were urged a hundred years ago against factory legislation in Great Britain. They have done service there in every discussion of employers' liability legislation during the past forty years. Mines would close, industry would be paralyzed, capital would disappear. The same appeal was made against the compulsory insurance laws of Germany. But that nation has had a phenomenal period of development and industrial prosperity, such as no nation ever surpassed. And on the highest authority, this material progress and the well-being of her industrial classes has even been attributed to the beneficence of these very laws.

Such arguments do not take into account the immense value of measures which contribute to social peace; the importance of impressing upon employers the economic profit of saving life and limb; the wastefulness of litigation and contention resulting from mischievous legal and industrial systems; the fact

that rational legislation is contagious, and that other states are compelled to follow an inspiring example, as all of the nations of Europe have followed Germany.

Clearly, it would seem, the workman should be compensated for injuries that befall him through the fault of his employer; through the inevitable risks of the industry; through superior force; through the act or negligence of a fellow workman. But there are accidents that befall him through his own negligence, perhaps three-tenths of all. Why, in any view of the case, should he be compensated for these? Ordinary care, as measured by juries under the instructions of courts, really comes to mean a degree of care as high as the average man would exercise, probably higher. The juror in the serene atmosphere of the court room undoubtedly very much overestimates the presence of mind that he could command in an emergency, the occasion when accidents most frequently occur. If we have an industry employing a thousand workmen, presumably more than five hundred of them would fall below the standard of ordinary care by which they must be tested. They have been selected for their working capacity, and not with reference to the alertness of mind by which they might avoid danger. But these five hundred must work, and any impairment of the individual's efficiency or ability to work on account of injuries received, even if through lack of that care of which he is not quite capable, must be, in the nature of things, a part of the cost of that industry. To what other account can it be charged? It cannot be charged to the individual, because by that very injury he may have become hopelessly bankrupt. If the industry cannot bear the burden, it is simply not self-sustaining. Society, for its own sake, and for the sake of the victim, must so regard it. No other solution of the problem satisfies intelligent conceptions of social obligations.

There is but one logical conclusion: there must be compensation to the workman for all injuries received in the course

of his employment, and such compensation must be deemed an essential part of his wages.

It is amazing that the world should have been so slow in perceiving how grievous and unjust the law has been which attempted to impose this burden of industrial accidents upon workmen; slow to realize how impotent the attempt has been; slow to profit by the instructive example which a great nation has exhibited to us for twenty-five years.

We have been indulging in illusions. We have looked on complacently, persuading ourselves that we have compelled the laboring man to assume risks and to provide for future emergencies, ignoring the manifest fact that the burden of such risks has really fallen upon society. The report of the recess committee in Massachusetts referred to above rehearses arguments, long since threadbare and discredited, about industrial disadvantage, and speaks of munificent and beneficent ideas; but the workman who suffers wrongfully from bad industrial conditions is not seeking the dole of charity, but simple justice.

In legislating toward the reforms indicated, two important facts should be kept in mind. If the workman were really to assume the risks of his employment he has not the data for estimating their value. In Germany, under an elaborate tariff of risks, he might be advised of the wide difference in this respect in the various forms of employment: he might learn that the risk of the most dangerous trades was three hundred and fifty times as great as in the least dangerous. He could not act intelligently upon the disconnected facts coming within the range of his own observation. Secondly, there is no necessary industrial equality between the two parties to the labor contract. Even in the immobility of labor of which political economists write instructively, there is frequently an enormous handicap. Such disparity it should be the aim of ethical legislation to neutralize.

The appalling colliery disasters in

Great Britain during the sixties aroused that nation from her indifference. Her philanthropists, statesmen, and legislators began to inquire whether the price of coal covered the real cost, and whether the employers' exemption from liability as to these disasters might not, in some degree, account for their frequency. Employers' liability acts were advocated, not only for the purpose of securing compensation to the victims of accidents, but with the confident expectation of diminishing their number and severity. The cry of the workmen themselves was, "We want immunity, not indemnity." It was the claim of Salisbury that a suitable law would prove to be a life-saving mechanism. We may well give serious attention to this aspect of the question in this country, where industries are carried on with

less regard for human life and safety than in most others.

Viewed in its merely commercial aspects, a nation cannot afford unnecessary waste of life or limb. It has been estimated that it costs fifteen hundred dollars to rear the boy and youth until he reaches the age for work. He becomes too costly a piece of mechanism to be exposed to needless hazards or to wasteful methods in industry. In a material as well as in an ethical sense, the life, health, and well-being of her workmen are proper subjects of the state's solicitude. Considerations of economy and of philanthropy concur in demanding, not only that industrial accidents shall be guarded against, but that their consequences unjust to the victim shall, so far as practicable, be averted.

THE MASTER-WEAVER

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

I

THIS is the story of a woman whose imagination said yes, when her heart meant no, and who paid for her sin with twenty-five dead years; and of a man who took defeat as if it were victory, and in the end won his fee of happiness.

There is a little village in Ireland that lies one-third of the way between Dublin and Belfast. Its people have all the industry of the North Irish, and all the poetry of the Southern; and this is well, for they can ply their trade as weavers of linen, and at the same time embroider with dreams lives that would be, otherwise, too work-ridden for joy. From daylight till dark, and often well on into candle-light, can be heard the hum of the looms, and can be seen the gleam of white bare feet on the treadles, and dark heads

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bowed over the smooth threads. There are those who say that no other linen in all the world is as fair and strong as the linen of the weavers of Ballycloonagh; and there are a few mystics who even say that a board spread with such linen never lacks plenty, nor do those who sit about it lack happiness.

The Irish must either lead or follow, and so, always, the village of Ballycloonagh had a master-weaver, one who not only wove fastest and best, but who arranged for the sale of his work and his fellows'. As far back as the memory of the oldest inhabitant could reach, a McSweeney had held the honor, by merit and by tacit election. It was the pride of the family to deserve their distinction; and so when Michael McSweeney, at twenty, took his father's place as master-weaver, there was none to deny his right.

He was an industrious young fellow,

and so quick-fingered at the loom that he could well afford the twilight walks he often took with Aileen Dwyer. A pretty pair, the old women, sitting at the cottage doors, called them as they strolled down the little main street of the village to the road that for generations had lured the feet of lovers, and that pointed them with part of its white length to the mountains, and with the other part to the sea; that led them by the raths, where the children sat till nightfall waiting for the Good Little People to appear; and that, perhaps, had won a life of its own from all the heart-riches which had passed over it, — for here had been all the joys and sharp griefs of youth, and, at times, the memories of the old.

But Michael McSweeney thought little enough of where they walked, on the one night that he always said took all of the dreariness out of the days that came after, and made up for the emptiness of those that went before; for Michael was of the company of those aristocrats of the soul who are spiritually frugal, and know how to make joy fertile in the arid places of life. He had just shown Aileen, somehow, blunderingly, what was in his heart, and she had told him that she loved him, too. They were in that most precious of moments to lovers, when realization is so fresh that it seems that time can never dull the lyrical sense of belonging to each other.

Michael had pushed her a little away from him, and was towering above her, his great hands touching her shoulders gently.

"Is it sure you are, 't is you?" he asked in an awed tone; "and 't is not dreaming I am?"

She looked up at him, glad of his strength, his great frame, his irregular shock of hair, and the wide gray eyes that always had a smile in them. She was more of a dreamer than himself. As they stood there, she thought that he might be one of the old heroes come back — King Ivor, or Finn of the Mighty Arm, or Conn of the hundred battles, whom none could

conquer in war, and who drooped to the knee of St. Patrick at last, when the pagan days ended for Ireland.

"You, that are always talkin' to me of Grainne, and the enchanted forest, and Queen Mave and Diarmid," he said, "tell me, is it back in the ould days we are, or will I wake up to-morrow and find myself at my loom, and no Aileen in my life at all?"

"I am in your life forever and ever," she said.

She was a slender little thing, dark and soft and loving, but very timid, for she lived with a shrewish aunt, who twitted her with her helplessness and poverty; and it was to make herself brave, by ignoring facts, that she wove her visions and saw herself a lady of the old days, with all the hills of Ireland her own, and now Michael to be her knight.

"Aye," Michael said, "nothing can take you away from me, remember that now. If one of your pishogues should spring up now and whiff you away to India, sure 't is my love would draw you back some day. I'd work on my linen and I'd weave in spells, and some day the spells would tangle themselves about you, and back you'd come."

"I often dream of other lands," she murmured. "Is it true that you and me will be always together, Michael, always in Ballycloonagh?"

"Where else? Maybe a trip to Dublin every five years. You never hope to see London, I'm thinkin'?"

"Just your face for always," she said. "But what good is there in me for a weaver?"

"Little dear rose of my heart, I can work for two," he said. "You'll never touch a loom again."

"I won't then," she sighed gratefully.

They walked on, hand in hand, stopping now and then to ask each other, breathlessly, if it were true; if love had really given them to each other, forgetting that there were in the world such forces as faithlessness or parting, absence or poverty or sorrow.

When Michael at last left her on her doorstep, Aileen was too deeply moved to sleep. The little cottage of her aunt would have closed in on her and smothered her like the folds of one of her own green dragons. She was trembling — afraid of the future. Suddenly, the village that she had known all her life became an alien place; Michael, her lover, was a dream; the realities — she did not know what they were, because she could feel nothing but the throbbing of her heart. As if to run away from all that beset her, she hurried along the south road that led to the sea, thinking that when she was tired her little world would come back. Her eyes raced into the dark lanes of trees; she threw back her head and let her gaze speed, unseeing, over the sky and the land and the stars.

Her heart throbbed louder than ever, — no, that sound was not her heart; it was the faint beat of a horse's hoofs growing clearer and clearer. She drew closer to the side of the ditch, and waited. A rider galloped out of the shadows and, checking his horse beside her, leaped from his saddle, with a short laugh.

"Ha, little Aileen Dwyer," he said, "it is almost as if you were waiting for me, my girl."

She dropped a courtesy, for it was young Philip Carew of the Manse. The Manse was the one great house of the village, where a father and mother, two sons and several daughters, proud of their ancestry, starved bitterly together. This night, the second son, Philip, had wrung from his father his patrimony of sixty pounds, had taken his one possession, his horse, and was riding away from his old home forever. He was a handsome, ardent young man; reckless, but shrewd; kind, in a careless fashion, and prone now and then to a wild impulse, which he always treated afterwards as if it had been a staid calculation.

"So you were not waiting for me, little Aileen?" he asked.

"I — I don't know, sir," she stammered confusedly, and courtesied again.

As she straightened, her lovely dark face lifted, her lips soft and wondering, her eyes as deep as the woods behind her, Philip Carew caught her in his arms and, setting her on his horse, leaped up behind her. He gave rein, and they galloped along the road to the sea.

"We're going to America," said young Philip Carew, in his deep voice. "What does it matter over there that you were born in a weaver's cabin? We'll be rich, and when you are my wife I'll give you everything out of the coffers of all the world. You'll go? What good is there in you for a weaver?"

The sentence beat over and over again in Aileen's brain. Her own words. She had said them to Michael, "What good is there in me for a weaver?"

"These little hands will never work again, for we shall be rich," said Philip Carew. "Shall I put you down, Aileen? Will you go back to the village and weave cloths till your little fingers look like the gnarled bark on the trees here? Shall I put you down, Aileen?"

Nothing was real any more to Aileen. Perhaps it was the old time; perhaps he was a knight carrying her away, his proper spoil because he had swept her upon his horse; perhaps this had all happened before. Perhaps she was Macol borne away by the black King of Leinster, leaving woe behind her. Perhaps she was dreaming and would wake up in a moment and find herself on the doorstep of her aunt's cottage.

"Will you come with me, Aileen?" Carew whispered.

And something that was not herself, forever and ever she knew it was not herself, told him "yes."

And with that word she wove her fate and Michael's as surely as he, at that moment, wove his fair white linen, and thrilled with the thought that she was his.

II

Though he walked with the aristocrats of the soul, Michael had his full meed of

suffering in the long loss of Aileen; but he believed that his suffering did not matter; that it had nothing to do with the joys and sorrows of other people, or the swing of the seasons and the years. His pain was more subtle and many-sided than might be believed, none the less so that he was incapable of analyzing the forces against and with him. There was the pity of his friends, which he shrank from, and the jeers of a few jealous and low-souled folk, which he must ignore; worst of all, there was the bewildering and crushing sorrow of Aileen's treachery. He could not understand it. To accept it meant disloyalty to himself and to her. To save them both — to give them to each other again — he forced himself not to believe in it. Something had happened, no one knew what, to part them for a time. He shut his eyes to the fact that she had gone away with Philip Carew. They had been parted, yet some day, in some other world, perhaps, they would meet. Meantime that one sacred night had made them each other's forever.

But because a man cannot wait with folded hands, he bowed himself to his work. Such a master-weaver the country had never known before. At first his energy displayed itself in a management which gave more bread to his fellow workers. But after a time, a few of the most feeling of them, the truest Celts, began to know that there was something in the linen that came from under Michael's hands which made it different from any other linen. Many of the weavers departed, here and there, from the stock patterns, as their fancy led; that was one reason why the Ballycloonagh linens were prized by connoisseurs. But when those that had the gift of the eye gazed for long on Michael's weaving, they felt that there was something in the delicate lines and curves and tendrils of the shamrocks not to be seen elsewhere; else why should one begin to think of dreamy forests, and tender ancient tales; of old loves that were dead, and still not lost, and of sacrifices that added a deeper note to the

songs of the choir invisible? Michael's soul was slipping through his fingers into his fair white linen. All he felt for himself and Aileen, as he wove, somehow put a life into the threads — the sorrows he would fain have taken from her and kept all to himself; the loneliness of each; the life they might have lived together in the quiet Irish village, and the wonder if they were not repeating an old grief lived long ago in the lands between the hills and the sea, when Ireland was young and, though pagan, ready for the sword-sharp voice of God.

He had no thought of sending a message to Aileen, and she none of receiving one; and yet, in a vague way, one came to her. She used to say to herself that she died the moment that something, not herself, said yes to Philip Carew, as he galloped along the road to the sea that was to take her from all that she loved. Strange to say, it was never the separation from her kin that took the heart out of her and made her a shadow of her old self; she missed no one but Michael. The worst was her knowledge that, somehow, she was separated from her own soul. That, perhaps, was her purgatory, she thought, to be in one world with her body, while her soul lay dead or asleep in another.

She was silent, withdrawn into her dreams, not at all in Philip Carew's world. Had she loved him, she could have risen to his every want, for, indeed, she was teachable enough. From the very first he had teachers for her, and she learned French, and knew how to manage a house, and, as time wore on, was able, with perfect self-possession, to take her place among conspicuous people.

"But, confound it all," grumbled Philip Carew, "where's the spirit and dash all gone to? I did n't know I was marrying a painted picture for a wife."

Her one child might have brought her back to Philip's world, but he was his father's son — so markedly so that Philip began to ignore the fact that Aileen Dwyer was his mother. This little Philip Carew would inherit great wealth —

great enough to more than preserve the traditions of the old race from whence he came. The father meant that the world should forget the poverty in which his house had dwelt for three generations. Some day he should go back, and then — Meanwhile a passive, nerveless woman was no guide, even for a babe in arms. Philip did not admit, even to himself, that he did not want his son shadowed with the influence of peasant blood. In effect he took the child almost entirely from his mother, and Aileen made no protest. She loved the boy, indeed, but she knew from the beginning that in all the realities of life he did not need her, any more than her husband needed her. A shadow wife, a shadow mother, — that was enough for them. They were fond of her in an indulgent way, proud that she always looked well and never blundered, and irritated that their interests could not stir her, — that she was so spiritless, so remote.

Yet her world of fancies, her real world, was a vivid place enough. In the days when she was alive, the days of the village life in Ballycloonagh, all culminating in that night of nights when she promised herself to Michael McSweeney, and then foreswore them both, — in those days her dreams were all of the old heroes and lovers of Ireland, of the time when the country was young and the cities were hamlets, while the site of the present-day hamlets were wide swaying forests; when the voices of birds and waters were higher than the voices of shop and street, and when poetry was in the hearts of men instead of in books.

Yet now that she no longer had Michael, to whom she used to tell her dreams; now that she listened no longer to his attempts, not always skillful, to draw parallels between those old loves and their own; now that she was alone with a dead soul, her thoughts took a very different trend. She wove into the web of her dreams the lives that she and Michael might have lived. Without any thought of disloyalty to Philip Carew, at the end of the first

year of marriage with him she had built a series of incidents that would have marked the stages of the first year she should have lived with Michael. In the stead of little Philip, there were, as the years passed, dream-children, with Michael's hair and eyes. In Michael's cottage she stepped across the earthen floor, stooping to the open hearth; and this, many a time, when she was listening to music by great artists, or even dining with men and women whose names spelled power to several millions of less noted Americans.

What helped to make her dreams concrete were various stores of wonderful linens, which she began to hoard after her first year in America. If Michael's fellow workers ate white bread and wore warmer cloth, their ease was due to Aileen's gold. It was the one external transaction of her life not open to Philip Carew. Her allowance was nearly all spent for the work of those side by side with whom she used to weave. She could close her eyes and see the dark heads bending over the looms, and the white feet twinkling over the treadles.

Michael's work she kept apart, in oaken chests carved by cunning hands with old Celtic figures; and many an hour she sat tracing, with soft forefinger, Michael's skillful weaving; but she did not respond to the dreams, her old dreams, which Michael had woven therein. She only held more firmly to that thread of a shadowy mutual life she had made for the two of them. And as the years went on, her mind leaped ahead and she saw for them an old age together, when all the children would be gone and the weaving done, and two, whom time had forgotten, might sit in peace together. For if Michael, once no dreamer, now saw a vision of life with Aileen in another world, Aileen, the former dreamer, now saw only a life in this world. It was lips and hands of flesh and blood which called her.

It might seem that the two, who, out of love for each other, had each tried to live

in the other's groove, were at cross-purposes; but love is greater than any terms in which it can express itself, and so, as the years passed, they drew closer. The linen that Michael wove, and that Aileen pressed against her wistful face, was a message to her, and though she could send none to him, her heart spoke, and his, somehow, received its comfort. With the years his inspiration grew; his hands flew faster and faster; the wonderful patterns he wove grew deeper in meaning to the few who had the vision to see, and carried a stronger hope to the one woman who had forgotten her visions, but never her love.

And then on a day the oaken chests were locked. Women fitted black stuffs about Aileen's shrinking form, and her son sobbed in a room next a darkened chamber. For Philip Carew was dead, and the dreams that had made Aileen's own life had, somehow, died, too. In all the world there was only nothingness, and she was full of fear.

III

Young Philip Carew and his wife looked furtively at the face of the woman who sat between them on the back seat of the motor-car. Again and again their own glances crossed, and dropped. They were pleasant young people, practical and rather conventional, and they did not understand the transformation that had taken place in Aileen Carew since she had left the boat at Queenstown and begun the journey northward along the road that led from the sea.

Before the elder Philip Carew had died he had told his son the dream of his life, and charged him to fulfill it. He was to go home and build up again the house of Carew. In his earliest childhood Philip had drawn in the love of Ireland from his father's lips. It takes fully two generations to kill the Irish love for the green land that is the cradle of the race that gives the world romance. Young Philip loved the hills and sea and waving woods

of Ballycloonagh as if he had always lived among them. He knew every room in the old house in which his father had been born.

During the elder Philip's last illness his brother died, childless, and, too late, he was heir to the barren Irish acres that meant more to him than all his wealth. Fearful that young Philip might not carry out his wishes fully, he guarded carefully the chances for the success of his dearest dream. He had charged his son to wait at least a year before going to the old home, and, if possible, to let the journey be his honeymoon. Then surely, with the sorrow of his father's death softened, with the joy of the bridegroom to glorify all that his eyes saw, the home of his people would mean to him something of what it had meant to others of his race.

Philip and his mother helped each other as best they could through the first months of their loss; but they had never understood each other. Aileen seemed to her son strangely broken and helpless; her one vital wish was that he should marry his Cora soon and be as happy as he could. When he told her that, in obedience to his father's plan, he and Cora were going to Ireland for their honeymoon, she said she would go too. Philip hesitated; he knew that his mother's associations had been humble, and yet, surely, she must have grown away from her old companions; surely she would feel herself a part of her husband's people. He felt ashamed of his hesitation; he and Cora were beginning a happy life from which they must give generous largess to her.

And so Philip's mother had come to Ireland, and they were stealing wondering glances at her, feeling thoroughly embarrassed. Was this the pale, remote lady whose maid had dressed her and helped her on deck only two hours before? With the first glance at her green, green land, an old light had come back to her eyes. Now, as the motor-car slipped northwards, the spirit of Aileen Dwyer came back into her face. Little curls

were stealing from her carefully dressed hair and dancing on her forehead and neck; her cheeks were pink; her lips parted. She laughed, a laugh that Michael used to say reminded him of the talking of the water in St. Patrick's spring where the first pagans were baptized, — water that had gone mad since over the joy of all those souls.

She had forgotten her son and daughter, and all of her old life; her youth was coming back, and all the shadowy life between had fled her mind. The real things of the world were beginning, and the sign-posts to them were the still waters of the River Slaney, the blue hill of Oulard, the road that led to Glendalough, and Bray Head lifting stark above the sea. She begrudged the hour they stopped in Dublin to lunch. She wanted to drive on and on, the while the old life rushed back to meet her.

They halted at last at a town three miles from Ballycloonagh, and there Philip decided they had better remain till the morning. He was disturbed about his mother; he wondered if Cora had noticed the burr that had come back to his mother's speech. But not afternoon tea, not the deference of the inn-keeper and his servants, not her maid's ministrations, could bring back the Aileen of half a dozen hours before. Her soul had come back to her, and was stamping its possession on her body.

She was urged to lie down, and, under Cora's supervision, her maid darkened her room. After they had gone, Aileen lay and laughed at them for a few moments. Then she rose, slipped along the passage, down the back-stairs, and out of the back-door to the path that skirted the road lying between the mountains and the sea.

Oh, that road, that road, that road! How it seemed to leap to her feet; that road along which lovers had walked before ever there was a city or church in all the land. Why, she used to think, that was the tree under which Miurne stood as she waited for Cumnhal. All the old

stories came back — thoughts of the heroes and lovers like Michael, and the women like herself, whom a man could love so much that, though the road to her was death, it was a path of joy.

The miles fell swiftly under her feet; the sun had long dropped; the twilight was coming and the villagers were at supper when she passed along the single crooked street of Ballycloonagh. No one spoke to her, though some heads peered curiously out of windows as she passed. There was Michael's cottage; there was no light within; perhaps he was eating supper in the dark.

She went inside; he was not there, nor were there signs that he had supped. She laughed softly; of course, it was the first Thursday in the month, the day he always took his linen into the town to ship it to England or America. He had woven till tea-time, of course, and then he had walked to town.

She felt for the matches, lit a candle, and drew the curtains. She looked, with a doubtful smile, at her gown, and then, hesitatingly, went into the bedroom that adjoined the living-room. In a few moments she came back wearing a dress which had belonged to Michael's mother — a shabby scarlet dress that Michael had liked; he had said that some day Aileen should wear scarlet.

Singing an old song, she knelt at the hearth and made a fire. She stepped back and forth to the cupboard and laid the table. When the kettle was singing and the tea ready to be made, she went to Michael's loom. She slipped off her shoes and stockings, and felt for the treadles; with unaccustomed fingers she caught at the threads. Always she had been clumsy at the loom, and now she was spoiling one of Michael's loveliest patterns.

For the first time a little fear struck her heart. It had never come to her that Michael might be married — he was hers, hers! It had never come to her that he would not want her back after all the years; but now as she faltered at the loom she wondered if long disuse had made her

forget the little homely ways that Michael loved.

Then he came, and at first he thought he was simply dreaming a little more vividly than usual; but when he saw her welcoming face change into doubt at his still look, then he knew that love had shown him her face again, not once, but forever. They said no word for a long time; they held hands and looked into each other's eyes, and did not see the messages time had printed on each face. And so, softly, they bridged their lost years.

Then, still in silence, he led her through the crooked street of the village to a certain stretch on the road, that they might find again that hour they had lost so many years ago. And they were looking at each other's faces with infinite understanding, and Aileen's heart was beating louder and louder — And again, it was not her heart, but the beating of a horse's hoofs. A rider galloped out of the shadows and checked his horse beside her.

"Mother!" cried Philip Carew, "how dare you, — I mean, how could you?"

He leaped from his saddle and would have lifted her upon the horse, but she drew back.

"Something's wrong with the car, and I thought it best not to get a carriage," he said. "What dress is that you are in?"

Aileen looked from her lover to her son. In a flash, she saw what her new life might mean to Philip. Humiliation — the thwarting of his father's hopes and his own. She hesitated, and for a moment she dropped Michael's hand. Then she lifted it again and pressed it passionately to her breast.

"Philip," she said, "you're my child, but I was Michael's before you were born. I'm in his debt for twenty-five years of sorrow, for 't is him that has suf-

fered, while I was dead, since the night I was traitor to him."

They had no need of speech, she and Michael. He felt what she wanted of him, and so he spoke to Philip: —

"You're young. You'll make your life, as others do, in spite of shame and a bit of thwarting. We'll do what we can for you, Aileen and I. There's many a spot in Ireland we can find, so we find it together; lineas and cottages enough, and while we have each other we have all the world."

They looked into each other's eyes, and they forgot Philip Carew. He was practical and conventional, rich and impatient of peasants, but he was a Celt, too; he had a touch of that imagination that is the crown of his race, and he knew that he was in the presence of a love that was greater than his will, or his mother's, or Michael's. There they stood, those two, one who had known all that wealth could give for more than half her life, and one who had never been served by others; one who was trained in all the usages of the sophisticated world, and one who had never been fifty miles from his little hamlet; but love had made them equals. As they stood hand in hand, looking into each other's eyes, time and sorrow were as nothing to them; and perhaps they were somehow an atonement to the spirits of other lovers who had suffered and lost, and died unsatisfied.

Young Philip Carew turned away, sobbing as he had sobbed when his father died; but the lovers did not hear. Michael was thinking of an old Celtic song, the refrain of which ran, —

Death to us all, and his own life to each!
Aileen was thinking of the wonder of their deliverance to each other. She held close to her lover, lest her dream should escape her. And together they turned back along the road that leads from the sea to the mountains.

TWO PLAYS BY CHARLES RANN KENNEDY

BY ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

IN discussing drama that is put into book form for library enjoyment, and literature that is created with the stage in view, the critic of books is somewhat at a disadvantage. The great plays that form an essential and almost a fundamental part of our literature unquestionably are more impressive on the stage than in the study, and their authors unquestionably wrote them with the stage, and not the study, in mind, as their proper setting. A critic, therefore, is bound by common sense to regard a drama as literature of a certain special kind, as much addressed to the eye as a painter's picture, and as much addressed to the ear as the score of an opera. When a drama succeeds in appealing to both sight and hearing without sacrificing its importance for the reflective mind, we must recognize in it a work of true dramatic art.

The two dramas recently written by Charles Rann Kennedy, *The Servant in the House* and *The Winter Feast*, come clearly within this definition, and manage also to convey a moral message without sacrificing to this the other interests. Briefly, they are constructed as integral products of a morality, an intelligence, and an artistic perception that play into each other with unusual flexibility. In the first of the dramas to be produced, — I believe it was the second in actual order of writing, — there is an extraordinary amount of concentrated moral teaching, made palatable to the general audience (who are not, indeed, inclined to find a moral lesson as unpalatable as the more specialized audiences find it) by the rapid movement of the interest, the interspersal of deep sentiment with lively humor, and the familiarity of the human types represented; also by the supreme authority of the dominating figure in the play. To the

casual observer this dominating figure seems to represent the moral element more or less detached, at least embodied in a separate entity, as in the Scriptures the figure of Christ is seen to move, act, and live as an individual personality; a close consideration of the drama shows, however, that he is not so much the symbol of a detached morality as the burning-glass by which the existing morality in human beings is drawn to an effective concentration.

The outline of the plot is almost classically simple. An oriental servant arrives in the household of a vicar, where troubled conditions reveal themselves. These conditions are neither mysterious nor difficult to understand. The drains of the church and of the vicarage are wrong, and the Vicar's congregation in consequence is falling off. He is unable to obtain money to repair the church building, and his spirits are much depressed. It is presently made clear that his social position is somewhat exceptional. He began life as a workingman's son and was given an education through the efforts of his two brothers, one of whom later went to India and became a bishop there, while the other remained in England and followed his trade as a mender of drains and sewers. The latter (his own wife being dead) has given his little girl to his brother, the Vicar, to educate and care for. At the opening of the drama the Vicar, who has heard nothing of his two brothers for many years, receives word from each that he will visit the vicarage that day. The brother of the Vicar's wife, the hypocritical and scheming Bishop of Lancashire, also arrives to complicate a situation already complicated by the dislike of the Vicar's wife for the workingman whose daughter she has had kept in ignorance

of her parentage. The child, Mary, and Rogers, a page, complete the number of characters represented.

The foci of the moral situation are the reciprocal relation of the child and her father, and the relation of the Vicar to his sacred responsibilities as a follower of Christ. The problems are these, stated in their crudest form: Shall the child be enlightened as to her father's person and occupation? shall the Vicar continue to deny his brother by act, if not by word? shall the church receive financial relief through the ungodly practices suggested by the Bishop of Lancashire? Or, further condensed into one broad statement: Shall the world and the devil prevail against the religion of Christ?

From these elements it would be quite possible to construct a play as melodramatic in its spiritual effects as the dramas of fire and flood still popular with the people. The impact of a classic taste upon modern material has driven *The Servant in the House*, on the contrary, along paths of marked restraint and seriousness. The impression made by its workmanship upon any mind familiar with various forms of art must be analogous to the impression made by certain early Renaissance paintings in which the austerity of the past has not fully relaxed its hold, but is reproduced under a glowing general tone, learned in the practice of new methods.

There is a diffused radiance of goodness in the play which is at once its greatest moral attribute and its most important technical achievement, and this radiance is at its utmost intensity in the person of Manson, the Eastern servant, whose influence is exercised upon all the others. From the beginning one feels in every character this potential moral force, with the single exception of the Bishop of Lancashire, who serves very well as a modern version of his Satanic Majesty. Using symbol for the most part with vitality of effect, there are moments when, his audience obviously in his mind, the author betrays a tendency toward its excessive

use. No doubt the natural impulse of the dramatist who writes consciously for the requirements of the stage is to insure the holding of attention in all parts of the house, and this necessitates a certain amount of emphasis that might very well be lessened were only those nearest the footlights taken into consideration. In the same way he perhaps insists upon an amount of enlightening symbol for the benefit of a more or less withdrawn mental vision that otherwise might miss his points, and this would be unnecessary with one keen to note the finer shades of expression.

A considerable number of Mr. Kennedy's readers — perhaps fewer of those who constitute his audience in the theatre — do not require Manson's flowing Eastern robes or his scriptural allusions to recognize in him the embodiment of the Christian spirit, or, to put it plainly, the Christ with us. To the few in the front seats, Manson would, metaphorically speaking, appear even a more impressive figure than he is, if divested of the slight but insistent claims upon recognition that give to his character an historical importance which seems superficially to compete with its moral importance, thus slightly confusing what we may call the values of the dramatic picture. This probably is particularly obvious to a contemporary who finds it difficult entirely to separate the text of the drama from the first impersonation on the stage, an impersonation of the utmost dignity and sweetness, but one that through accidents of resemblance brings out with especial clearness the likeness of Manson to the Christ of history and art. There is an almost mocking recognition of this resemblance as a necessity in the early dialogue between the Servant and Rogers.

Rogers. What d' you wear them togs for? This ain't India.

Manson. People don't always recognize me in anything else.

Rogers. Ga'rn, Mr. Manson, that's a

bit orf! Clothes don't make all that difference, come now!

Manson. They are the only things the people of this world see.

The important point is the real resemblance in the effect of the central figure upon his environment to the effect of the Christian religion upon those who came close to its founder. Without any of the expedients common to the uninspired proselytizer, Manson draws out in the people of the household he has entered a self-questioning habit. Under his influence, indirectly exercised, they interrogate right and wrong, and their attitude toward their fellows. Their minds are lifted unconsciously to a higher level, and they begin to consider the proportionate place of permanent standards and ideals in the world. Especially they begin to look with the eyes of sympathy upon the souls of men, and to recognize strivings toward spiritual betterment that formerly had been concealed beneath prejudices and dislikes.

To create a character recognizable by its effect upon other characters requires a remarkably certain and delicate insight into human nature. Mr. Kennedy's Manson, rising as he does above the moral level of his surroundings, without worldly ambitions or emotions, would easily be confused with those vast images of stone and wood that suggest only idolatrous worship, did he not possess the power of acting through others. It is of the essence of his life that it should be vicarious, that his spirit should join with that of all mankind to purify and energize it, and this is made manifest in the action of the play without the awkward machinery of explanation. Much of his talk is question, and his hearers by their responses are revealed to themselves. It is the art of Socrates, and as difficult to use successfully as in the days of Athenian scholarship. In the case of Manson it is maintained consistently until it is abandoned for the plain speaking of the fourth act — an act which, in its interior drama, resembles

that of the cleansing of the Temple in the Biblical narrative.

The action throughout takes place in the region of the conscience and the mind, and in a singularly pure atmosphere of sincere and passionate, yet gentle feeling. The plot is without the conventional "love" interest, yet two kinds of love — that of a child and father, and that of a wife and husband — are analyzed with amazing penetration. The workingman who has given up his child enters her presence after his interview with Manson, with his heart stirred to a sense of that self-sacrifice which almost inevitably is a part of the paternal relation. Mary, ignorant of his identity, enters into talk with him concerning his lost child and her own father that becomes poignantly significant to the initiated hearer. Presently the child asks concerning his daughter, "Where is she now?" and the following dialogue takes place: —

Robert. Never you mind. She's bein' looked arter.

Mary. By whom?

Robert. By people as I've allus hated like poison!

Mary. Why, are n't they kind to her?

Robert. Yus; they've made 'er summat as I could n't 'a' done.

Mary. Then why do you hate them?

Robert. I don't any longer. I 'ates myself, I 'ates the world I live in, I 'ates the bloomin' muck 'ole I've landed into!

This is a characteristic passage. Throughout the play we continually note such gradual transference of hatred from individuals to conditions, the gradual shifting of the responsibility for conditions from the shoulders of others to the shoulders of the individual who has been ready to blame them. It is a temper of mind that is emphasized tenfold in the later scene between Mary and the Vicar, when the latter assumes the responsibility for his brother's downfall, and it is a mark of the elevation of the author's conception that we become interested in this

struggle between the lower and the higher nature, not because of our interest in the individual strugglers, but as a symbol of the eternal conflict of the forces of good and evil working through mankind. Our personal sympathies are awakened for the father robbed of his child, for the child robbed of her father, and for the Vicar tossed hither and yon by the storm in his soul; but we are stirred to a depth beyond the reaches of personal sympathy by the appeal to the spirit of righteousness within us, by the response of that spirit to the command of the moral law.

The interweaving of this ancient religion of brotherhood and fatherhood with the simple and warm sentiment that is aroused in every natural human heart by the thought of such relationships, is performed not merely deftly, but with a kind of inspired delicacy. Whether we have been bad sons or good sons, cruel brothers or kind, there is the immemorial quickening of the breath and surging of the blood in the veins at the vision of a father despised or a brother denied; and to this feeling, incorporated with our life from the beginning, all the external incidents of the plot are addressed. Nothing could be more touching or more true to the idealism of an imaginative child than Mary's effort to build a picture of her father that shall satisfy her instinct of hero-worship. Nor could anything be more moving than the dawn of the consciousness in the father's mind of his inferiority to that idea, and of the dread of his child's awakening to the fact of his relation to her.

These, however, are comparatively superficial emotions; the deep reality of the emotional situation lies in the meeting of all these diverse minds and temperaments on the ground of sane renunciation. The strained and forced renunciation of the ascetic and mystic has no part in the drama. Nothing is asked of these sound-bodied human beings but the free giving up of their acquired habits in favor of a sturdier morality. Their fears and prejudices, their angers and revolts, are ban-

ished by the simple and commonly unpopular religion of work; and they are led to choose their own paths. In the worship of his "job," his "lovely bit of work," the Drain Man forgets that it means horror and possibly death. He has discovered that the church is built upon a vault in which the dead are buried, and that this is the source of the Vicar's troubles, and he offers himself as the man to set things right. The strength of his inheritance from the laboring class, and the genuine though hitherto slumbering force of his character, impel the Vicar to join with his brother and renounce his life of words and doctrines for the labor that lies at hand. The subtlest passage in the drama is introduced at this point with great simplicity. The Vicar is striving to persuade his brother not to undertake the dreadful task. Martha, his wife, is listening to their combat of arguments and protestations. She has been the idolatrous wife whose love for and absorption in her husband's physical and worldly comfort have choked the higher aspirations of his nature and kept him in bondage to her love. In one violent moment of plain speaking the Vicar has thus defined her class:—

"What else but idolatry is this precious husband-worship you have set up in your heart—you and all the women of your kind? You barter away your own souls in the service of it, you build up your idols in the fashion of your own respectable desires. You struggle silently amongst yourselves, one against another, to push your own god foremost in the miserable little pantheon of prigs and hypocrites you have created."

In this character she has fought against the acknowledgment of the brother who has fallen to the lowest social level, against the keeping of the church pure from the schemes of the worldly bishop, and against all hindrances to her husband's material advancement. But in her mind also the leaven of Christian humility has been working, and when her husband is vainly endeavoring to take from Robert the glory of his dedication to the "job"

he knows how to perform, it is she who exclaims, "There is yet one other way!" Pricked by the spur of this suggestion, the Vicar completes his emancipation from the very fetters she has fastened upon him. With characteristic violence, and unable even at this moment to do his own deed without recourse to the eloquence in which he has been trained, he cries to his brother, —

"Then by God and all the powers of grace you shall not go alone! Off with these lies and make-believes! Off with these prisoner's shackles! They cramp, they stifle me! Freedom! Freedom! This is no priest's work — it calls for a man."

And upon these furious utterances fall the quiet words of his wife: —

"God's might go with you, William! Accept him, Christ."

Thus at the end the most stubborn nature in the group is the one to yield most.

The energy of the drama lies in these close readings of heart and mind as much as in the emphatic phraseology and the artfully constructed rise of the plot from lower to higher levels of interest; the fact that it is impossible to describe it as a whole or in part without a loss of its dignity and pathos is sufficient proof of its real subtlety of workmanship under its appearance of rapid ease and spontaneity.

In *The Winter Feast* we enter at once a different atmosphere. The scene is cast in the eleventh century, some twenty-five years or more after the discovery of America by the Norsemen. The names of the characters, Thorkel, Biorn, Olaf, and the rest, are those of history and saga, but the plot is imaginary. It is simpler in its main lines than even that of *The Servant in the House*, but there is a perpetual by-play of allusions, a twisting of motives, a complication of misunderstandings that play about the fundamental structure of the plot as the angled and twining ornament of a Gothic cathedral plays about the pillars and arches. To suggest the idea of ornament may, however, be more or less misleading, so clear and rapid and

unadorned is the language of the play, and so strictly are the classic unities preserved. Again, the drama is one of moral significance. The quotation that stands as its corner-stone is this: —

"The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place, and your covenant with death shall be disannulled and your agreement with hell shall not stand."

The interplay of character and destiny is woven about a lie which brings catastrophe in its wake, with the inevitableness of Æschylean tragedy. The characters number eight. They are Thorkel, an old viking; Valbrand and Biorn, Thorkel's son and foster-son; Olaf, son to Biorn; Ufeig, a priest; Odd, a thrall; Herdisa, Valbrand's wife; and Swanhild, their daughter. The time is between the hours of seven and ten on the evening of Winter's Night Feast, October 14, 1020 A.D. The place is the homestead of Thorkel in Iceland. At the opening of the first act, Valbrand's character is indicated by the fact that his sword is being wound with hemp about the handle by Odd the thrall, in order that its master shall find the grip easier to the hand. Thorkel comments scornfully that in his own day "men were more fain to grip cold iron than hemp." And he makes the further comment that Valbrand has not sung since his marriage with Herdisa. Valbrand is thus seen at once as the typical man of letters, the skald or singer of songs, whose taste is more for lovely words than for the feeling of cold iron.

Presently, Ufeig, the priest, enters. Immediately before his coming the warning has been heard: a cry, half-human, of wind and storm cleft by thunder, which, heard on Winter Feast, is a boding of ill luck. The evil character of Ufeig is soon revealed, and we come direct to the great issue of the drama, the lie that has to fulfill its mission in the human lives involved. Ufeig and Thorkel are left alone, shortly to be joined by Valbrand, and from their conversation the story of the past is learned. Twenty years before, Herdisa

had scorned Valbrand and had bestowed her love unasked upon his foster-brother Biorn, who is no skald, but a valiant fighter. Biorn sailed with Thorkel to Vineland, but did not return with him. Thorkel brought back from him a scornful message to Herdisa, and she in anger was wedded to Valbrand. Ufeig, discovering that the message was a lying one, threatens to disclose the fact to Herdisa, and although Thorkel and Valbrand both hold him in hatred, both finally "hansel peace" with him to ensure his silence. Ufeig reports the coming of a ship with a stranger, who sends Thorkel a message which discloses his identity. He is Biorn, and at the end of the first act he enters the room where all finally have assembled, to be greeted by them according to their individual knowledge or ignorance of the secret.

In this act we are in the presence of strong emotions, of craft and guile, of weakness and evil power. Not a glimmer of the cheerful light of sound morality reaches the dark scene. We tell off the characters by their sins in the absence of any known virtues. Thorkel has lied to promote the interests of his son against those of his foster-son. Ufeig, who is the spirit of evil masquerading as virtue, and who has thrice received injuries from Thorkel, uses his knowledge of the lie to promote his own interests, later to be disclosed. Valbrand, discovering that his happiness is founded on a lie, is feeble of will and suffers the deceit to continue. Herdisa has been stung in pride to the point of choosing her mate without love. Swanhild, who runs in to tell her dream of a lover, is the only purely innocent creature in the group by which Biorn is received.

The next act is an impressive piece of close-knit plot, and grim story-telling. Events march rapidly. Angry passions are at white heat, and find voice in fierce action. The spectators must look on at a tornado of conflicting emotions, with a sense of the vast gulf separating such primitive life from our modernity, yet

also with that certain response upon which we all may count when the depths of human nature are stirred in any age or any land, however alien to our own. Biorn sitting at table tells of his wanderings, of how he remained at Vineland to try and save the daughter of the Red Folk's king who had risked her life to set the white men free. He had lived with her a twelvemonth, then she had died. He hints at the existence of a son, but does not speak plainly concerning him. He asks Swanhild if she is betrothed, and when she tells him of her dream-lover he promises to find him for her. This is the peace before the storm, but the audience and the reader feel the brooding tempest in the air. It breaks with the entrance of Ufeig, who presumes upon the "peace hanselling" of Thorkel and Valbrand to ask Swanhild's hand for his son Black Helgi. Upon this, Valbrand breaks peace and Thorkel betakes himself with his terrible sword to Ufeig's house. Biorn and Herdisa, left alone together, go over the past with swift short words that pelt like hail upon the ears. The lie is discovered, and, as Valbrand reënters, Biorn casts at him the taunt, "Unloved!" At Herdisa's bidding, Valbrand follows his foster-brother, bearing two swords. Herdisa, left brooding by the fire, murmurs, "Biorn shall pay for that bitter word."

During the act there is a constant cross-play of words and meanings, amazingly true to the habit of the ancient sagas. For example, when Herdisa uses the word "mocking" in her talk with Biorn before the discovery of the lie, she remembers that she was mocked by him, and for a moment they bandy the word back and forth, she feeling its sting and he unconscious of her feeling. The skald idea, also, is harped upon, keeping the difference between skald and warrior continually in the mind of the audience. There are, however, no elaborations that do not play their part in emphasizing the significance of the principal ideas. These are driven into the consciousness of the hearers with sharp reiterated strokes that

play a kind of primitive tune in the mind — a Siegfried anvil-song without Siegfried's joyousness. Up to this point there is no joyousness in the play, but the very ferocity of the characters, the pride of Herdisa, the sharp contempt of Biorn, have a certain tonic effect, a stimulus as of stinging icy winds in the sudden gusts of winter.

The third act carries the story along toward its unsuspected crisis. Herdisa, still sitting by the fire, imagines Biorn to be slain and pictures the horror to her mind. Swanhild enters, and she and her mother talk of the child's likeness to her father, and then of their guest, whose early story she does not know. Thorkel enters to say that he has killed Black Helgi and his brothers, an incident that takes a minor place in the great march of tragic events. A cry is heard without, and Swanhild is sent to her bed, as Odd the thrall comes in bearing a sword. He tells his tale of the battle between the brothers, but one of the mists of the true Scandinavian saga has arisen and he knows not who is killed. He knows only that the sword was given him by the survivor, whose face he could not see, with the message, "Go tell thy mistress he whom she hates is dead."

The sword is examined and the haft is found to be bare, thus indicating that it is Biorn's sword, and that Valbrand, not Biorn, is the one who has been slain. Herdisa, in a revulsion of intense feeling, cries out, "What word is left me? Our house hath lost its tongue. Valbrand the skald is dead!" Then, declaring that she killed him when she killed his singing twenty years before, she exalts the gift of song and calls upon Thorkel to avenge his son's blood. In this compressed and vehement scene it is enough to follow the tumultuous beating of hearts without attempting to analyze Herdisa's upwelling loyalty to her husband with whom she has lived for twenty years. It may be a profound reading of human nature that shows the bonds of kindness and custom strengthened to equal those of early pas-

sion; it may be the sense of justice toward the dead, and vengeance for murder, as obligations of the most exacting order which form so large a part of the morality of the sagas; it may be the result of a gradual turning of Herdisa's affections unconsciously toward the gentle virtues and gifts of Valbrand, the skald, — a type as winning, no doubt, in ancient times as in the present; it more probably is the excess of self-abasement following upon a vengeful mood. Whatever the cause, the eloquence of the wife commanding vengeance on her husband's murder has in it the true thrill of tragic drama. There is no pettiness, no weakness, no indecision or reflection. The fierce primitive nature of the Icelandic woman is awake in her, and her feelings, from whatever source they spring, demand instant and violent action, nothing less than the blood-atonement.

Ufeig enters while she is urging Thorkel to vengeance, and tries to tell them news which she will not hear, believing that she knows all. Spurred by her furious emotion, she goes forth to seek means of revenge. Ufeig continues to talk, and Thorkel begins to suspect the truth, that Biorn, not Valbrand, is dead. When Ufeig has left, he calls Swanhild, to question her as to which of the swords Valbrand took with him. She knows nothing, and he follows Herdisa. Swanhild, seated by the fire, ponders the mysteries of the night. Olaf enters, and she recognizes in him the lover of her dream.

Thus the third act, which opened in darkness and horror, closes on this gentle picture of youth and simplicity and trustfulness. The fourth act continues the picture with as sweet a passage of love-making as may be found in all literature. The typical saga tangle of misunderstandings is again introduced, but with tender, blithe merriment and good humor. Olaf, weary from his journeyings, presently is sung to sleep by Swanhild, and while he sleeps Herdisa enters, her thirst for atonement still unsatisfied. Swanhild is sent to her bed, and, Olaf awakening, Herdisa

tells him of Valbrand's death without speaking Biorn's name, and spurs him on to offer the blood-atonement. She asks him to swear on the sword she holds, and as he bends to kiss the sword he sees that it is Biorn's, and dropping it takes back his oath. Herdisa, who has been absorbed in her own passions, now looks at him for the first time, and seeing the likeness to his father, asks who he is. He tells her, and she attempts to hold him to his oath, but cannot. He escapes from her to Swanhild's Bower, where she has spun her day-dreams, and there slays himself.

The character of Olaf and that of Biorn are outlined in this act with an economy of means, and a definiteness and comprehensiveness of portraiture, certainly not easily to be paralleled in modern drama. When Herdisa, after learning Olaf's identity, still tries to claim his help, he says to her quite simply, "How shall I slay my father whom I love?" And as she still presses his oath upon him, he adds, "He would but kiss me whiles I did the deed." In this we have a complete picture of the reciprocal love and understanding that have existed between the father and the son. Their life together in the wild of Vineland; their journey to Biorn's home; the affectionate plotting of the father for the son's happiness; the weakness of an oath in that son's eyes in comparison with the unspoken bond between him and his father; the entire little history of ineffable charm and poignant suggestion, is told in the two brief phrases which turn the tragedy from one of ruthless woe and desolation to one through which the spirit of love penetrates with a power to illumine the darkest shades of human misery.

In the last two acts we have the culmination of all these plans and hopes gone hopelessly awry. At the opening, Valbrand has returned and Swanhild is breaking his heart with her happiness, as yet unconscious of her own misfortune, and joyful that her mother's mourning will be turned to rejoicing by the appearance of Valbrand among the living. Then in a single breath come her finding of Olaf

dead in her Bower, Valbrand's sudden madness at this crowning horror of his destiny, the death of Herdisa, and the disintegration of the family that was founded on a lie.

In this drama Herdisa is the controlling character. The waves of emotion beat upon her mighty personality without changing it. In *The Servant in the House* the text, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ," is exemplified. Until the Vicar and his wife have seen that the mere bringing up of their brother's charming child was the least of the claims made upon them by the spirit of brotherhood, their lives are essentially lawless. When, at the end, all are at last prepared to labor together for the making of a cleaner and kinder world, the law of Christ is established. In *The Winter Feast*, among the clash of contending wills and minds, we may perceive the influence of a superb but destructive individualism. The mesh that has been wound about Herdisa is cut by her vast egoism. To fulfill the necessity of her mood she commands the slaying of one brother by another, of a son by a father, of a father by his son. All issues pale in the light of her concentrated purpose of vindicating her personality. In Olaf and Biorn we see the noble ready power to give themselves and their lives rather than do hurt to kindness and loyalty. In Herdisa, on the contrary, the force of her nature, which, turned toward happiness, would have flooded many lives with joy, turned toward misery, finds no instrument too delicate or too weighty for the accomplishment of her vengeance. She is swept out of herself by a repentance as tremendous as her wrath, and as deadly. The working of her individual will contains a lesson as profound as the lesson of *The Servant*. And it is one of the triumphs of the drama that, with all this concentration of purpose, a natural sweetness and affection gleam through the prison of her passionate brooding upon one idea, realizing for the spectator the beauty of her perverted possibilities.

In both plays it is perfectly apparent that the moral ideal, the moral life, is to the author the most important thing in the world. It is so important that he has called upon his highest abilities to serve it. Unfortunately, many a writer, especially in these later years of multitudinous literature, has made the moral ideal do the work of both morality and art, and in its name has produced works of curious unworthiness. The result is still more painful when a writer, as not uncommonly happens, depends upon the immorality of his point of view to hold the interest of his public, and permits himself to subordinate his æsthetic instinct, and trust to his subject to carry him through. Mr. Kennedy has a different method. It is his "little job" to write dramas, and he puts into the perfection of his execution as much passion as the ancient monks put into the pictures they painted to the glory of God. In consequence, his work hangs together with the integrity of good

craftsmanship. There are no empty spaces, no loosely woven connections, no structural points unaccounted for. The whole is tight and true and of the firmest texture. There are contrast and rhythm and balance, especially there is the sense of substance. Even in *The Winter Feast*, where the scene is laid in a distant country and the characters are kept faithfully adherent to ancient types, the feeling that they belong to this ponderable world, and not to the eccentric aerial world of the imagination, is not for a moment lost. This in part is because they care for moral questions, which is the quality that divides real from imaginary characters far more positively than it divides man from the brutes. But it is also in part due to the fact that the author has not only thought but observed, and has sifted his observation of this incredible world untiringly for those elements that will best lend credibility to the spiritual world which he discerns beneath all appearances.

DEMOS TRIUMPHANT

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

PROSPERO touched the lips of Caliban;
 And to speech, calling, answered timid thought,
 Which made the loutish fingers deft, and taught
 The fierce heart patience. Shrewd the master's plan;
 But on a day was lifted the long ban
 Of fear, — when the wand, broken, no spell wrought,
 And Ariel vanished. Then the master sought
 Where he had left a slave, and found a man.
 And Prospero was afraid, expecting death
 From one he thought mad with remembered wrong;
 And cursed his broken wand and vagrant elf.
 But Caliban said gently: "Of thy breath
 Was born the spirit which has made me strong.
 Caliban spares thee lest he shame himself."

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CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

BY BARRETT WENDELL

MORE than he could ever have dreamed, the passing of Mr. Norton has stirred among those whose lives came within his influence a deep sense of loss in all familiar things. There can be no more tender consecration of a human memory. What he meant for so many of us is shadowed in the fact that, when one tries to write of him, the pen will hardly trace any prefix to his name. Norton, alone, we have always called him among ourselves, partly in admiration, partly in affection. Any intruding word now seems tinged with perfunctory untruth.

Yet the name by itself would be less truthful still, if it should happen to imply any touch of careless familiarity. We younger men never thought of calling him so, face to face. His presence gently compelled such courtesy as it embodied. A college memory, perhaps, will best define how we felt about him. Years ago the then young *Harvard Lampoon*, emboldened by his kindly encouragement, published some amiable caricatures of Harvard worthies — a series brought to abrupt end by the intervention of a faculty not yet free from the self-conscious austerity of olden time. The third of them, before me as I write, represents him in his lecture-room, in the spring of 1877. On the table before him reposes the high hat he used to wear, described in a later number of the *Lampoon* as the "remarkable covering of a head so filled with lines of beauty as to be careless of their external existence in its immediate neighborhood." When the drawing was shown him, he smiled and gave us leave to use it. We were blundering, no doubt; but we were honestly trying to make trenchant comment on the life about us, and we hated sham. So did he. The lines

we selected as a motto for his portrait he never saw till they came to him in print. The scholarly defects displayed by their orthography must have seemed desperate, unless — as I hope — they made him smile again. If he felt, the while, a bit of how truly we meant the motto, it may have pleased him, too. Here it is as it stands on that old page, setting forth how he seemed to us, not only then, but steadfastly to the end:—

He nevere yit no vileinye ne sayde

In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.

He was a verray perfight gentil knight.

— CHAUCER, *Prologue*.

Had that been all, he would have stayed Norton in our hearts — an enduring, gentle memory of college days, when the world was unreal, and we might have given all our better energies to strengthening the ideals which should by and by help us to confront it. There was far more, however, to enforce the sentiment awakened by experience of his presence. It was no mere form of words when I wrote, a little while ago, that his passing, in all the ripeness of his fulfilled years, has meant

"A loss in all familiar things."

So far as we might count familiar the things not ignoble, we grew to feel that there was none of them, past or present, with which, as we came to know it, we might not confidently believe him already happily and securely familiar. Even in those days, to be sure, they had a fashion of pretending that, compared with erudite colleagues, he was a man rather of culture than of learning. Temperamentally this was true. Mere information he valued at its own insignificant worth. Whatever he knew, throughout the years of his unceasing acquisition, he cared for only when he could perceive its relation

to the system of truth and of wisdom towards which his aspiration stayed courageous. His learning was never a thing apart; it was a part of himself. Yet the better you knew him the more you marveled, not only at its range, but at its accuracy — an accuracy superficially submerged in the ease of his mastery. Thus, whenever we found ourselves in the presence of literature, of fine art, of history or philosophy, of politics, or even of the men and the deeds of each passing year, we grew experienced and secure in faith that Norton knew it all before us — that we might turn to him, at any moment, should opportunity serve, for instant, resolute opinion. This opinion would often differ from your own; it might even excite you to passing resentment; but it could never be ignored. It became, you could hardly tell when or how, a factor in your habitual estimates of life. When such an influence has persisted through five and thirty years, the world can never again seem quite the same without it.

What I mean must linger in the memory of almost all those who were ever among his pupils. His courses in the History of the Fine Arts, by which he was best known at Harvard, were elementary, but never superficial. No instruction could more constantly have aroused students to think for themselves. None, at the same time, could have done so by means more apparently remote from conventional appeal to emotion. His supreme trait as a teacher was exquisite precision — of manner, of speech, of knowledge, and even still more of conviction. Such precision could not help lending itself to kindly parody. At class dinners, accordingly, and at other such reunions of men whom he had taught, we have been apt for years to find some pleasant mimics, ready to enliven the occasion by variably happy imitations of Norton's lectures. Such an imitation would generally begin with a fantastically simple statement of fact, historical, literary, or artistic; it would pass on to

some astonishing critical comment, so extravagant for exactitude that only the hesitant gentleness of the mimic's delivery could keep him from seeming explosive; and it would conclude in extensive ethical observations, ranging from political honor to table manners, as remote from the original matter in hand as the Man in the Moon. One laughed happily at these always friendly parodies. He smiled at them himself, when once or twice I heard them given in his presence. They were happily ridiculous; yet hardly anything could more vividly have recalled how he used to make his instruction penetrate natures on which the instruction of so many other men only impinged.

One pretty example of this I happen to remember. In a lecture about some aspects of the fine arts of Greece, he uttered devastating comments on the contrast between Greek articles of personal adornment and the machine-made scarf-pins, or watch-chains with dangling appendages, then observable in any company of American youth. A classmate of mine subsequently reproached him, in private, for lack of sentiment. The boy possessed some golden ornament, in the form of a horseshoe, affectionately given him by his mother; he was proud to wear it, he said, for her sake. Norton's reply, I believe, was gentle but final: an object of piety, he pointed out, is not consequently a thing of beauty. My friend's ardor of resentment took some time to cool. Years afterwards, though, I met him at a Roman goldsmith's, choosing some trifle for his wife. The horseshoe still gleamed not very far from his heart, where it belonged; but, as he showed me two pieces of delicate workmanship between which he was hesitating, he asked me, seriously and simply, which I thought Norton would prefer.

Serene courage of conviction, such as was thus trivially shown, pervaded the whole range of Norton's comprehensive culture. How it expressed itself concerning public matters the whole world

knows. His temper, I should think, could never have relished dispute, for its own sake; when feeling ran high his instinctive preference would probably have been for reticence. If so, he overcame insidious temptation, whenever he believed that duty or occasion called on him to speak. He felt so during the war with Spain in 1898. More than I remember before or since, he was publicly denounced in consequence. What public rejoinder, if any, he made, I do not recall. In private, about that time, I heard him utter one of his very few remarks which might have been taken as self-revealing. It was generalized, impersonal, in no wise confidential; but it was memorable. We of America, he said, believe that our country loves freedom of thought and of speech; yet is it not true that no force was ever more pitiless to either than the public opinion of our democracy? He said this very gently, almost sadly. It flashed itself into unison with something he had let fall elsewhere, and I think long before: the saddest fate in all human history must have been that of a Roman gentleman of culture, faithful to his ideals, in the third or fourth century.

Whether he consciously thought of himself when he made these sayings, one does not even guess. The grace of his personal reticence, counting intrusion beneath the dignity of friendship, stays commanding. When he spoke or wrote, publicly or in private, about friends who had gone before him, he was scrupulous to extenuate nothing nor aught to set down in malice. Above all else, however, he was punctilious in respect for their domesticity. Anecdote he loved; gossip he disdained; scandal he despised; shameless intrusion he so detested that his incessant care was to guard others, perhaps excessively, from the consequences of their own unpremeditated utterance. Not to reverence his example were disloyal. His own example, however, does not quite forbid the thought that, if he had deigned to speak of himself, these comments on the merciless tyranny of

our public opinion, and on the tragedy of agonizing antiquity, suggest something of how he might have spoken. His mind was too fine for compromise, his sense of duty was too profound for languor, his courage was too alert for shrinking; and he did not always display flexible sensitiveness to the conditions of momentary environment. At times he thus appeared somewhat deficient in tact. Contradiction inevitably sprang from the ruder lips of others. Sympathy is never so loud. In such circumstance, there must hover in the air, even though unawares, a sense of isolation.

Beyond question, too, there was something occasionally and momentarily repellent about the calm certainty of his conviction. In controversy, he would sometimes appear so sure of himself that you were prone to fancy his vision infirm. His noblest qualities, it sometimes seemed, had enmeshed him in prejudice. When confronted with opposition of principle, or even of taste, he would now and then prove so far from sympathetic that you might well have supposed him to have left out of consideration any view of the question but his own. His sense of isolation, if indeed he felt it, you might thus have supposed the normal penalty of conscientious intolerance.

There could be no greater error. Whoever can recall the elasticity of his step when he was almost seventy-five years old, must wonder at the contrast between this physical vitality and the stooping figure which, even in early middle life, had combined with his quietness of manner to produce, at first glance, an impression of bodily frailty. Something similar was true concerning the range, the activity, the alertness, the severity of his mind. Let the question be of life, or of art, or of conduct, — of politics, of literature or painting, of personal honor, — and you could trust him to tell you just what he thought about it. Very likely you might have thought otherwise, and have based your opinion on facts not apparently in his possession. You mentioned them at

your peril. In all likelihood, he knew them better than you; only, after due consideration, he had concluded them negligible.

Years ago, for example, certain railways were struggling for the possession of a right of way in the Far West. They came to blows, to actual fighting, the newspapers told us, in the depths of a still unpenetrated cañon. For a while there was little law, of God or man, running in those latitudes. To my youthful mind, however, the conflict recalled the splendor of Elizabethan adventure. Of this I said something in his presence. He brushed it quietly aside, condemning the greed and the lawlessness of brute force, which added the horrors of human baseness and barbarity to the native horror of a desert wilderness. Admitting this, I tried to defend my sentimental enthusiasm, aroused by the magnitude of the game and the stake, by the colossal vigor of the players, and by the stoutness of their pawns. He lost no grace of his courtesy; but there was a gleam of triumph in his quiet smile when he gently made me understand, by casual mention of facts and figures, that for one page of my reading about the matter he had read ten, and that for one detail which I remembered he remembered twenty.

He had learned to use his faculty of acquisition with remarkable swiftness and certainty. This least salient phase of his culture was perhaps its most extraordinary. A single example will illustrate it better than generalization. In 1891 a committee of which we both were members authorized me to select, during a short visit to London, a number of books, to be given as prizes to Harvard students. At different times, for a good many days, the matter engaged my punctilious attention. The books, finally chosen, were sent to America. Lists of them, left in my possession, reminded me from time to time of what they were. If any one could carry in mind what that invoice contained, I should have supposed it would have been I. Meanwhile, having

agreed with other members of the committee to entrust the purchase to me, he never saw either list or books until we assembled at Harvard, one autumn afternoon, to assign the prizes. The books were spread on a large table. For ten minutes or so, he looked them over; and I like to remember that he said something approving my choice. Then he sat down in some comfortable place from which he could not see the titles. The assignment of prizes began; one book allotted to this student, the next to that, and so on. By the time we had dealt with a half dozen, I could not have told you what was on the table, or what had never been there, — still less what had been assigned to whom, and what not. Norton, meanwhile, not only kept the whole fortuitous collection, of forty or fifty volumes, clearly and firmly in mind. From his distant chair, he reminded us with unfailing accuracy of just how we had disposed of every book already dealt with. To him, I dare say, the incident seemed commonplace, for it was only a casual example of how his mind worked. To me it was like some incredible feat of trained skill on the part of some famous player at chess or at cards.

It is hard thus to recount memories of him without seeming to imply that his distinction of mind and of manner, of nature, of habit and of taste, kept him separate from other men, whose lives touched his. To some slight degree, this may have been the case. Yet the difference involved less separation from others than you will generally find between college students and some worthy young instructor unknown beyond the catalogue, where you must turn to verify his existence. Norton had something like the simplicity of unconscious greatness. Combined with this was his impulsive friendliness to aspiration. I have touched already on one instance of this — his cordial welcome to the Harvard *Lampoon*, in its early days, when its effort to sustain good-humored satire was unabated, and its later taint of comic journalism

was still dormant. It may serve as an example of instances innumerable. He not only encouraged us; he was always willing that we should turn to him for counsel. Of the men who thus youthfully came within range of his influence, all who survive are now older than he was then. None of us, I think, has been very close to him in later life; yet none has ever forgotten him. So far as we have accomplished anything in literature or in art, — and even though our work may mostly have little endurance, we have tried to make it sweeten life and never vulgarize, — a constant element of our strength has sprung from the welcome he gave us when want of welcome might have meant starvation. He never pretended to approve us without reserve; but he understood that we were trying to be real. We can never fail in gratitude for our passing share in the greatness of his friendship.

For that way lay the power most wonderfully his, — not in creation, not in isolation of conscientious standard, not even in unswerving faithfulness to unrelinquished ideals. Apart as his spirit may sometimes have seemed to linger from the inexorable infirmities of earthly circumstance, fantastic or at best fastidious as the æsthetic purity of its aspiration may sometimes have made it appear, its unique force sprang from its faculty of communion. We have touched on lesser and incessant phases of this, shown in his relations with the students who sat under his teaching, or with little groups who knew the inspiration of his encouragement. Had it gone no further, the presence of him on earth would have been justified. And yet, in times to come, every trace of the matters on which we have been dwelling may fade from human memory without menace to the endurance of his fame. We have only to remember the tributes paid him far and wide when they bore him to his grave, a little while ago, in the eighty-first year of his age. Hardly a child in the English-speaking world but has thus been reminded how,

throughout his time, he was greatly and equally the friend of men themselves held great.

Inevitably this must sometimes have seemed to imply in him some shade rather of weakness than of strength. Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, and Rudyard Kipling have creative individuality, beyond peradventure, each in his peculiar way; so, in our own country, have Emerson, and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Howells. Godkin had it, and George William Curtis; Arthur Clough and Leslie Stephen. The names come at random; the list of his friends might lengthen long, and never unworthily. Throughout, it would remind us of their achievements, so various that we may well marvel how he could reconcile such excellent divergences in the happy communion of his friendship. Uncompromising though he were, we can begin to feel him nobly flexible in his generous recognition of aspiration. To the present through which he lived he was at once as severe and as open-hearted as to the past which he had taught himself so comprehensively to understand. In both alike he sought excellence; in both he gave it greeting sure to evoke loyal response, from the admirers of the dead, and from the hearts of the living. No man ever dwelt amid a nobler company. When we repeat their names, and utter his beside them, it is no marvel that theirs sound the more memorable; that his, sweet and pure though the note of it be, sounds in some manner secondary.

So let it stay, if you will; yet there is another side to all this. Of the past, such reflection must forever seem recurrently true. The human generations can never quite lose that piety which makes each believe itself of lesser stature than the fathers. But if we ponder, for never so short a while, on the fifty years of his maturity, we can hardly fail to perceive that throughout them he was unique, at least in England and America. To tell why, we may best turn, perhaps, to the analogy of music. Grant that others than he

struck the higher notes, instantly accosting the ear, vibrating clearest in memory. Liken his part, if you will, to that of one who should sustain pure notes or melodies, themselves almost wavering into thinness, with firm and vibrant undertones. Recognize that enduring spiritual harmonies demand the full strength of such undertones, to uphold the seemingly higher strains, dominant by reason of their distinctness rather than of their volume. Reverently admit that we need both players alike, neither sufficient alone. And then, turning back from the mist of metaphor, remember how many utterances, various in all things but nobility of aspiration, were sustained, all his life long, by the vibrant undertone of his friendship. Seek, and you shall not find a single one, among the seemingly greater about him, ignobly distorted by his companionship; seek, and you shall find almost all happily the stronger for it. If a life like his have not true greatness, of its own gracious kind, then there has never been any approach to greatness in our modern world. For it was given to him to sound, far and wide, the noblest undertones of our ancestral spirit throughout the culminating period of the nineteenth century.

Those three words — our ancestral spirit — bring us home to our New England, where he was born, and lived, and died in his father's house, itself embodying the simplicity and the dignity of the generation ancestral to him. The spirit would not be ours if it were ours alone. There are fibres of it filming from the primal glory of Greece, and from the imperial grandeur of Rome. Intermingled with them are fibres from the cloudy and fiery antiquity of the Hebrews, and from the divine humanity of Christian story. There is barbarian strength and candor in it, as well; and all the mystic aspiration of the Middle Ages, striving towards the unearthly realization of a Holy Roman Empire. Chivalry has part in it, and sainthood; Normans, too, have theirs, and Saxons, and Celts. The Renaissance has thrilled it with culture, wakened from

the sleep of a thousand years. The Reformation has stirred its depths, with tremendous faith that human sight may penetrate the veil which enshrouds divinity. Together these forces surged through-out the England of Queen Elizabeth.

And then our New England was planted, rude and solitary in its beginnings, a seed on the coasts of a continent unsubdued to the use of man. And it stayed rooted through generations aspiring towards righteousness with all the concentration of faithfully accepted Puritanism. Theocracy struggled and fell. The Revolution severed us from the Mother Country. Our Federal Republic was born, and grew, and strengthened. New England, still remote and narrow, persevered in righteous purpose; and from the seed of its persistent leaders there had come unperceived into being a race for a little while apart. Then, with the full nineteenth century, came the season of its efflorescence, and, if so must be, of its passing. Theology broke free from ancient shackles. For a season hope ran high that enfranchisement of the spirit should bring enduring enlightenment to all the future. Perhaps it shall: but not so swiftly as men dreamed in those buoyant days, nor yet in such guise as they fancied close at hand. The whole nineteenth century is history now, like the centuries numbered, and numberless, before it. To the world at large, the story of it stretches so vast that our New England, aspiring and fated, may soon fade forgotten. To us, the while, lingering in these parts, and to our children's children, the spirit of New England stays, and shall stay, ancestral — a noble sequel to the phases of the spirit from which its life was drawn, a noble forerunner, like each of them, for the still unrevealed spirit of the days to come. Hereabout the nineteenth century of New England has unique virtue. Even though the men who embodied it may never loom great in the full story of humanity, the loftier among them, bred through generations of aspiring leadership, attained a height

of distinction rare throughout human record. It was not only that in their final ripeness they had gentle distinction of bodily presence. More still, they were graced with the ineffable distinction of spiritual purity. That is what our ancestral spirit means to us of New England. From the heart of it came the vibrant certainty of Norton's marvelous undertone.

That certainty had root in the austere certitudes of Puritan theology, for him outworn. For him, indeed, they say that all theologies had come to seem so. Consecrated by common aspiration towards righteousness, all could afford inspiration, none could assure truth. Truth he found more nearly shadowed in the avowed creations of human imagination, and most of all in the supreme allegory

of Dante. Of his actual works, none seem more sure to endure than his teaching and his versions of the *Divine Comedy*. Because of these, perhaps, there gathers about the image of him now a fantasy so vivid that, taking leave of him, I cannot refrain from setting it down. If, by chance, his eyes should open to another world than this, there would come over his features a hesitant look of wonder. If some voice should then call his name, he would rise unflinching, ready to hear his sentence. And the words that he should hear could be none other than these: "Well done, good and faithful servant." And thereupon, with no downcast eye, he would gently bow his head, in courteous response to what Dante has called the courtesy of God.

PO' JO AND HIS NEIGHBORS

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

WIDE wastes of green or golden-brown, level as the sea and utterly bare of trees, the salt marshes lie silent and imperturbable beneath the fierce summer sun. Fringing the shores of every creek and river, girding the margin of every shallow sound, filling in the broad spaces between the narrow sandy coast-islands and the mainland behind, they cover thousands and thousands of acres — acres of real primeval wilderness that for more than two hundred years has defied the white man's civilization and will probably defy it to the end. Man builds no houses in the marsh. To him it is so much waste land and desert where neither axe nor plough can win him any profit; and so it is that here, in one of the oldest of the old thirteen states, you may travel for miles through lands where houses are to-day no more numerous than they were on that fateful August morning of 1492 when a certain daring

mariner sailed out of Palos on that great quest which was to add a new continent to the white man's world.

This, I think, is in large part the secret of the marsh-lands' charm — the fact that they have not changed as the dry lands have changed; that, in spite of the plantation houses along their edges, and the boats that ply their creeks and sounds, they are now, in all essentials, just as they have always been. In a very real sense, they are remnants of the ancient wilderness; and upon their level expanses the tyrannous hand of man rests far less heavily than upon the solid lands. At any season, of course, small boats may thread the innumerable narrow tideways that wind here and there with endless serpentine meanderings; but it is only at comparatively rare intervals, when the full-moon tides spread far and wide over the low-lying flats, that you may invade the broad bosom of the marsh itself. On

most days, if you attempt to land, you sink, at each step, up to your knees in the soft black soil of the marsh, and in a moment you turn and flounder back to the creek where you left the boat. Close by a clapper-rail cackles noisily, as though laughing at your discomfiture; and, as you straddle the bow of the drifting bateau, dangling your feet in the water to rid your shoes of the mud, you reflect that perhaps it is as well, after all, that the marshes are closed to mankind.

For the clapper — marsh-hen, we call him hereabouts — is an example and a most instructive one. When the big tides come and dozens of boats are poled over marsh-lands which previously had been three or four inches above high-water mark, the rails killed in a day are numbered, not in dozens, but in hundreds and thousands; and yet, with each returning spring, the green flats ring as loudly as ever with the laughter of the clapper, and, aside from the little fiddler-crabs and other small backboneless folk, his tribe still outnumbers all the other peoples of the marsh. And now becomes obvious his value as an example — an example of what a strictly observed “close season” will do toward preserving any bird. The rail’s close season is granted him, not by human law, but by Nature herself. During most of the year he is safe from man, since man can invade his home only on the comparatively rare days of abnormally high water. Thus he has a fair chance in the fight against his great foe, and, in consequence, despite occasional days of massacre, he still holds his own in the land. The fish-crow pilfers his eggs, and the marsh-hawk takes toll of his young; but from the arch-enemy of the wild creatures the inaccessibility of his home safeguards him save at certain seasons. And as it is with the clapper, so is it in greater or less degree with those other long-legged marsh-dwellers who are, to my mind, among the most interesting of all the feathered kindred — the herons.

The land where I live is a veritable

paradise of herons. To the inlander, the sight of a Great Blue Heron navigating the thin atmosphere high over field and woodland is an event to be remembered, perhaps an omen of approaching good or evil; but here in the land of the salt marshes, “Po’ Jo,” as the darkies call him, is an ever-present inhabitant. He is the largest and most impressive of all the marsh-inhabiting birds, and there is about him a certain admirable dignity which should have earned him a worthier, more stately name. In the early morning, when the dull crimson of the newly-risen sun is just merging into dazzling gold, he comes sweeping across the level plain of marsh, his wide wings moving with slow, measured beats, his slender neck bent into a snake-like fold, his long legs trailing behind him. He comes at no great speed — for he is never in a hurry; and a little awkwardly, with a craning of his sinuous neck, he alights on the muddy margin of the narrow, slow-flowing creek. There, it may be, he stands for an hour, never moving out of his tracks, yet taking heavy toll of the little finny companies that come swimming past his black toes. His head is drawn far back between his narrow shoulders, his long, spear-like beak rests lightly upon his lean breast, his small round eyes glitter sharply, keen and alert like the eyes of a hawk. Suddenly the snaky neck lengthens, the straight, strong beak shoots forward and downward, cleaving the muddy, marginal water like a javelin — and behold! there is a mullet the less in the world.

When the southern spring comes — stealthily and unobtrusively as is its wont in these latitudes, where winter is seldom really cold and the mockingbirds and white-throated sparrows sing sweetly even in February — the Great Blue wears of the solitary life which he leads during the greater part of the year. He finds him a mate, as melancholy and dignified as himself; and the nest which is presently built is not a lonely castle in the wilderness, but one of many similar

homes belonging to others of his kind.

Some days ago, I spent a half-hour in a village of Po' Jo's. Some twenty nests there were, perhaps, built in a scattered grove of giant pines rising high above the dense, half-tropical jungle on one of the sandy sea-islands of this island-fringed coast. The hoarse squawking and deep-throated croaking of the villagers guided us to the spot, and we found it an evil-smelling place but well worth visiting. Here and there, from one lofty tree to another, the big birds flapped with a noisy beating of their wide wings, protesting loudly as we wormed our way through the tangled lower growth. The nests were rather bulky affairs of sticks, none of them less than forty feet above the ground: and on each nest, or on the branches near-by, stood either two or three youthful Po' Jo's, about two-thirds grown but still unable to fly. They stood rigid and absolutely motionless, looking not at all like birds, their long necks stretching straight upward and their wings flattened tightly against their lean bodies. So silent were they that, but for the constant flapping and raucous squawking of the parent birds, we might have passed close to the village and never suspected the presence of a score of dwellings high up in the pines. It was, as I have said, an interesting community, and our visit would have been a longer one had we not presently become aware of the fact that we were intruding upon certain other visitors of a different and not altogether friendly race. The deadly cotton-mouth moccasin, the scourge of the jungly sea-island forests, makes many a hearty meal upon the fragments of fish and frogs littering the ground beneath a Po' Jo village; and when one of us narrowly escaped being bitten, and when I glanced casually downward to find two evil-looking reptiles within a yard of my foot, we thought it time to seek fresher and somewhat less perilous woods.

Whatever measure of handsomeness there is about the Great Blue Heron is

due to his imposing height and his undeniable dignity. Sometimes there is a certain grace about his movements; but in general he is rather an awkward fellow, too long of neck and leg, though marvelously skillful with his javelin of a beak, and blessed with a vast patience which the human fisherman must needs envy. In point of genuine beauty, he is far surpassed by some of his smaller kinsmen — by one especially which is, I think, in certain respects, the loveliest feathered creature that I have ever looked upon.

Time was when the marshes whose praises I sing knew the Snowy Heron as familiarly as to-day they know the Po' Jo. Armies whitened the mud-flats at low tide, multitudes nested and reared their young, year after year, on little bush-covered islets or "hammocks" scattered here and there on the face of the marsh. Men would have laughed you to scorn had you, in those halcyon days, foretold the imminent passing of the Snowy Heron — a bird so strong in numbers, so marvelously beautiful, and so harmless to mankind, that one could scarce imagine a cause which might lead to its extinction. Yet, in less than a quarter of a century, the Snowy Heron has all but joined the great company of vanished races — blotted out of existence because woman must wear upon her head feathers plucked from the bleeding back of a murdered parent-bird. It is an ugly tale, the massacre of the Snowy Heron — a tale that one does not like to repeat — the story of the almost complete annihilation of the most beautiful of North American water-birds. Even here, in this land of herons, where the Great Blue and the Little Blue, the Louisiana and the Green, the Night Herons and the bitterns still flourish as of old, the "Egret infinitely fair" — to translate somewhat loosely the Snowy's technical name — was, until very recently, considered almost, if not absolutely extinct.

A few weeks ago, on a calm, cloudless morning in May, I learned something

that no one else knew, and saw a sight that will linger long in my memory. For half-an-hour, as our launch sped swiftly down a certain broad marsh-bordered river, which for excellent reasons shall be nameless, we had watched with languid interest a small bush-grown hammock ahead of us, whence every now and then a few herons, some white, some dark, would rise a little way into the air and drift about for a while before settling down again. Our skipper had told us of this hammock, which was situated in the marsh about a hundred and fifty yards from the edge of the river, saying that he had often seen many "cranes" flying about above it; and we had decided to land and explore the place, though I never doubted that the "cranes" were merely Little Blue Herons, an abundant species. So, as we drew near, the launch swung in toward the green edge of the marsh and glided a little way up a narrow creek that brought us nearer to the hammock; and we, serene in the knowledge that our clothes were of the oldest, stepped out upon the soft "pluff mud."

Often, as we ploughed our way across the marsh, we sank almost to our knees; but being lean and long-legged and, for the time, not especially desirous of cleanliness, we pushed steadily though slowly forward until half the distance to the hammock had been covered. And then we saw the sight of which I spoke a moment ago. Up from the dense bushes clothing the island rose cloud after cloud of herons — some white and blue, some spotless white, some brown, some gray and black, some bluish-green. In hundreds, and as if by magic, they came up out of the green thickets, some of them perching on the tops of the bushes and examining us with outstretched necks, most of them rising twenty or thirty feet in the air and wheeling about in aimless intersecting circles. A wonderful sight it was, and one that I would have walked a dozen miles to see; for I knew that we had found something worth the finding.

The pure white birds that swept here and there among their darker kinsmen had black legs and yellow feet — the distinguishing marks of the supposedly vanished Snowy Heron!

It was a red-letter day, — the day on which we found this city of Snowies, — and yet I cannot stop now to describe its glories. Somewhat later we found another islet, miles distant from the first, where a still larger colony was established; and during the next two weeks I made several trips to the two hammocks and saw something of the home life of their inhabitants. On each islet five different species of herons were breeding, — the Snowy, Louisiana, Little Blue, Green, and Black-crowned Night Heron, — associating in perfect peace and harmony: while, in addition, hundreds of boat-tailed grackles or "jackdaws," many red-winged blackbirds, a few nonpareils, and at least one pair of Carolina doves, had built their nests among the sparkleberries, yuccas, and palmettos which held the rickety castles of the "cranes." The area of the larger hammock hardly exceeds four acres, while the smaller is scarcely two-thirds as large; yet on one hammock there must have been at least a thousand herons, and on the other between six hundred and seven hundred. The Snowies, needless to say, formed only a comparatively small proportion of the total population. To count them accurately was an utter impossibility. At each island, as we drew near, the birds rose in successive companies of hundreds, — all five species mingling together, — so rapidly that by the time we had counted forty or fifty Snowies among their number, we were obliged invariably to abandon the attempt in despair. Hence our estimate of the number of Snowies — one hundred to one hundred and fifty on the smaller hammock, two hundred on the larger — may be considerably wide of the mark. But, however that may be, there is little doubt that these two colonies are among the strongest in all North America, just as they are,

so far as I am aware, the only colonies of the Snowy Heron known to exist to-day on the Atlantic Coast.

It would be difficult indeed to imagine a spot more interesting to the student of birds than either of these two heronries during the latter part of May. It mattered little that the sun beat down upon one's head with terrific force, that the grass was full of wicked, long-spined cactus-plants, that the air was heavy with the stench which is an inevitable characteristic of every heron-city. One took no account of these things. The air above was full of herons, herons were perching on the tops of the bushes all around, some of them within twenty feet of where I stood, hundreds of nests were hidden in the thickets within easy reach from the ground; and, with all this to see, of what consequence were a sun that burned like fire and an odor not altogether suggestive of myrrh? The hours flew by like minutes; and whether we stood out in the open, in plain view of the birds, or concealed ourselves in the thickets containing the nests, there was always so much movement, so much animation, so much to see and to hear, that the effect was bewildering.

Of the five different species of herons inhabiting these two islets, the Snowies were, of course, by virtue of their rarity, most interesting. They were, however, much shyer than their more commonplace kinsmen. If we stood in the open, they approached within gunshot range comparatively seldom; and, in fact, on each of our visits, most of them decamped temporarily, some rising hundreds of feet into the air, and flying away out of sight, others congregating in the marsh a quarter of a mile distant, their spotless bodies shining like whitest marble in the sun. The noisy, short-legged Black-crowned Night Herons also were rather shy; but the graceful Louisianans and the familiar Little Greens or "Skeows" were wonderfully tame. On each islet these two species outnumbered all the rest; and probably they were the

owners of two-thirds of the hundreds of flimsily built homes in the thickets, from which, had we desired, we could have gathered bushels of eggs. The nests indeed seemed innumerable. Every clump of sparkleberry was full of them, and some were even placed amid the needle-pointed, sword-like blades of the yucca or Spanish bayonet. I counted ten within a radius of six feet, and thirty-five within a radius of twenty-five feet, ten of the latter lot, however, being grackle nests. Of the heron homes, some were empty, many held from one to five pale blue eggs, while most contained young birds in every stage of development, from helpless, flabby lumps covered sparsely with yellowish down, to weird fantastic creatures whose scant covering of feathers only partly concealed their greenish skins. We looked into the bright, twinkling eyes of hundreds of young herons, of five species and of every age and size, on our visits to these islands during the latter half of May, and I might discourse at length upon the varied manners and characteristics of the promising youth of the islands—the rising generation whose members, when spring comes round again, will become the parents of yet another generation. This, however, would be too lengthy a proceeding, and I must take leave of the nestling herons with the somewhat unkindly remark that never have I met with so fantastically hideous a crew, nor one so utterly ignorant of the cardinal laws of good breeding.

The constant clamor, the ceaseless activity of populous breeding strongholds such as these which I have attempted to describe, stand in sharp contrast with the imperturbable calm which broods over the trackless surrounding wastes; and in the marsh itself there is not, of course, so crowded a population as upon the bushy hammocks where the herons and grackles gather to build their nests. Now and again, as your boat slips down the creek with the falling tide, a long-necked Po' Jo rises and flaps heavily away. A

Green Heron flies swiftly over your head, shouting his queer falsetto call; and yonder, on an exposed mud-flat, half-a-dozen graceful Louisianas and three or four Little Blues, most of the latter wearing the white plumage of immaturity, are idling in the sun. Invisible clapper-rails cackle and laugh at one another, drowning momentarily the bubbling songs of scores of tiny marsh-wrens. High up in the blue, an eagle sweeps ceaselessly round and round, his wide wings motionless, his white head and tail shining like silver, his fierce far-sighted eyes fixed intently upon an osprey which, at a lesser altitude, circles above the calm

water, searching keenly for the prey of which, it may be, the eagle will presently rob him. These are some of the commoner marsh-land birds — some of the feathered kindred whose homes and hunting-grounds are the pathless, treeless wastes where the foot of the tyrant seldom treads and his hand is not yet all-powerful.¹

¹ The discovery of the two colonies of the Snowy Heron (*egretta candidissima*) mentioned in this article affords a ray of hope that this beautiful species may yet recover its lost ground. Before the next breeding season opens, steps will be taken to ensure the strict protection of these two colonies.

THE MEANING OF THE ELECTION

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

THE decision of every presidential election naturally arouses discussion and suggests reflection as to the future of the contending parties, both the victor and the vanquished. Opponents have many times predicted, after a great defeat, the dissolution of the Democratic party, and it was not unusual to hear the dissolution of the Republican party seriously discussed after the second election of Mr. Cleveland. But the Democratic party showed the capacity to survive the Civil War, and it is not likely to be dissolved by a fourth successive defeat while it still has a powerful organization in practically every state of the Union. Every country governed by representative institutions requires at least two parties, and there seems no reason to doubt that both the Republican and Democratic parties will continue to exist under their present names, even if they submit to changes in their creeds and membership.

More than seven years ago an article by the present writer was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title:

“The Future of Political Parties.” It was then pointed out that the future tendency of the parties was likely to be: in the case of the Republican party, along the lines of a resolute national policy, carrying forward, executing, and completing the grave tasks assumed when the United States acquired a footing in the Orient and became a factor in international diplomacy throughout the world; while the Democratic party was likely to drift into the attitude of the state socialist parties of continental Europe.

Although this analysis was made five years before Mr. Bryan made his celebrated utterance in New York in favor of government ownership of railroads, it was pointed out that along the lines of such measures as governmental ownership and old-age pensions would probably run the policies of the Democratic party in the future; but that in this drift towards state socialism, there might be eddies which would for a time turn the party back towards its old ideals. Such a side-current was the nomination of

Judge Parker in 1904. So far as the influences dominant for the moment in the Democratic organization were concerned, the nomination of Judge Parker meant a return to the sane and sober policies of the democracy of Tilden and Cleveland; but when the work of this organization was subjected to the test of the polls, it was found that with its purposes a great body of Democratic voters had no sympathy. Nothing is more eloquent of this than the way in which the vote cast for Mr. Bryan in radical states of the West shrank away when the same voters were asked to vote for Judge Parker and Ex-Senator Davis. Here are the comparative figures for a few states:

<i>State.</i>	<i>Bryan, 1900.</i>	<i>Parker, 1904.</i>
Iowa	209,265	149,141
Kansas	162,601	84,800
Michigan	211,134	134,151
Minnesota	112,901	55,187
Nebraska	113,513	51,876
Wisconsin	159,163	124,036

A shrinkage like this in the Democratic vote was not due to anything in the personality of Judge Parker except as he represented the elements of the old Democracy, temporarily in control, which were in favor of accepting the gold standard and were opposed to radicalism. It was due only in minor degree even to the great personal popularity of President Roosevelt with the masses, for his vote did not increase in any such proportion as the Democratic vote fell off. In Iowa the McKinley vote of 1900 was 307,808; the Roosevelt vote of 1904 was 307,907. In the other states named, Roosevelt gained over McKinley, but in nothing like the proportion in which Judge Parker lost. The followers of Mr. Bryan simply stayed away from the polls.

Turning to the conservative voters in the Eastern States, it appears that they have not been disposed under any circumstances to give a majority of their votes to Mr. Bryan and the ideas which he represents. New York in 1902 came within 9752 votes of electing a Democratic governor; in 1906 she elected the

entire Democratic state ticket except the governor. But when asked whether she desired the adoption on the national stage of the policies of Mr. Bryan, she answered "No," by the emphatic plurality in 1896 of 268,469; in 1900, by 143,606; and in 1908, by 203,000. This result was brought about in large part by the votes of men formerly Democrats, but opposed to Bryanism as a political creed.

Thus, in the test of four elections since Mr. Bryan first captured the Democratic organization, the conservative and radical elements have failed to act together. The defeat of Judge Parker was significant to the friends of Mr. Bryan that no conservative candidate could surpass their idol in popular favor; it was significant also of the fact that the Democratic party had become essentially a radical party, and that it must look to radical elements for its future support.

What may be the personal fortunes of Mr. Bryan, it is not the purpose of this article to inquire. He will probably seek to control future nominations, even though he does not take them for himself, — to become a Warwick if he cannot become a king. Undoubtedly, resentment and revolt within the Democratic ranks will follow his recent defeat; but men of property and conservative temperament have been so persistently driven from places of power in the party organization during the past twelve years that it is hardly possible that their type shall obtain complete control, except possibly in a few states of the Northeast. Even if such control could be obtained, it would probably prove to be temporary in its character, and only another eddy in the current which is sweeping the party toward radicalism.

In these directions, moreover, lies the future of the Democratic party as a virile, consistent, cohesive organization. The weakness of both parties at about the time of Mr. Cleveland's second election was that they had ceased to have definite aims. Mr. Cleveland was, upon many points, a better Republican than

his predecessor. He stood resolutely for sound finance where General Harrison faltered. Mr. Roosevelt has proved that he is nearly as good a Democrat upon many points as Mr. Bryan, and perhaps a better Democrat than the only opponent he has met at the polls — Judge Parker.

No political party can govern long unless it has some vital principle. The Democratic party of Jefferson and Madison had practically achieved its mission before the Civil War. That mission was the reduction to practical legislation of the Declaration of Independence. Equal justice before the law for all men; the severance of the bond between church and state; the abolition of imprisonment for debt; the gradual reduction and final annulment of restrictions upon white manhood suffrage, — these were the mission and the achievements of the Democratic party in the early days of the Republic. Equality of all men before the law had been the arduous mission of the English-speaking race in the Old World during the centuries which began with King John and ended with the Georges. But equality before the law does not in itself mean an equal share in making the law. A share for every man in the government of the state was the achievement of the Democratic party in America, and the Liberal party in England, during the nineteenth century. Along with these achievements in both countries went many measures of social reform.

High hopes were entertained in all civilized countries that equality before the law, and equality in making the law, would bring about the reign of justice and equality of opportunity in all branches of human endeavor. But with the enormous increase of wealth arising from machine production emerged a new problem, only vaguely apprehended during the early conflict for purely political rights. This is the problem of economic equality, — the right of every man to his full share in the increased national resources of the race. This problem has

not been solved by the achievement of political equality, but is likely to be the most fiercely contested political problem of the next generation. In so far as the Democratic party is able to present a solution of it which will bear the test of experience, and will increase the ratio of well-being dealt out to the average man, it is likely to find a mission and an opportunity.

On the other side, however, will always be arrayed the interests of those who have against those who have not. In their ranks will eventually be found men of achievement, of foresight, and of constructive power. From them, whatever their views of social questions, will come creative ideas for the development of the economic resources of the nation, for the extension of its political power and its economic opportunities in all quarters of the world. Up to the time of the intervention of the United States in Cuba these international problems had attracted little attention. The economic unrest which ultimately gave birth to the so-called "tariff reform" movement in Great Britain had already driven the British government to the extension of empire over India, Egypt, Australia, and many islands of the sea. The controlling motive behind these extensions of power was essentially economic, the necessity for markets for English goods, which should not be closed by discriminating taxes, or the open hostility of competing powers.

The first to enter on a great scale the field of manufacture, England was for a time not only ahead of her rivals, but almost without rivals; but, within the past generation, France, Germany, Belgium, and other countries have overtaken her in the field of production, and like her they have entered upon the struggle for control of the world's markets. The United States was late in appreciating the necessity for entering upon this contest. Her entrance came indeed almost as if by accident, with the sinking of a few ill-equipped Spanish ships in the

Bay of Manila on the first day of May, 1898. The country awoke, almost by magic, to the necessity of participation in international policies. Within two years Secretary Hay revealed the vital interest of this country in the markets of the Orient, by securing from the Powers the promise of an open door for the trade of all in Manchuria.

By an almost instant alignment, according to individual interest, temperament, or breadth of historic view, the country became divided into two schools — those who believed in the consolidation and extension of national influence, whatever the cost, and those who believed in casting aside such opportunities, in order to remain a self-centred and isolated nation. It was natural that the party in power at the time should accept the new responsibilities, while the party out of power should urge their rejection. This might have been true, even if the party in power at the time of Dewey's victory had been the Democratic party. In England the Liberal party, which is the representative there of opposition to imperialism, has seldom dared to shirk new responsibilities when they were imposed by events. It has indeed been responsible for the occupation of Egypt and many other measures of imperialism, just as the Democratic party in the United States became responsible for the purchase of Louisiana and the acquisition of Texas.

It has been the Republican party, however, which has had imposed upon it by events the duty of construction, of organization, and achievement in the field of domestic affairs, as well as in the extension of national influence in distant seas. In recent years the wavering and lack of visible aim, which marked to a considerable extent the administrations of Presidents Arthur and Harrison, has given place to a fever of constructive energy such as has rarely been equaled in the history of political parties. To go no further back than the inauguration of President McKinley in 1897, the Repub-

lican party has not only added to the sphere of influence of the nation the 8,000,000 people of the Philippines and the 2,000,000 people of Cuba and Porto Rico, but it has acquired an important strip of territory on the Darien Isthmus, and is undertaking, in the building of the Panama Canal, one of the most important engineering achievements of modern times. Through the enlightened foresight of Secretary Root, closer relations have been established with Latin America; the United States has coöperated with Mexico in establishing the gold standard, and in maintaining peace in Central America; it has taken charge of the finances of San Domingo; and it was represented at the conference of Algeciras for determining the future of Morocco.

At home the Republican party has not only carried out the measures of President Roosevelt for reducing capital to the rank of a servant rather than a master, — a work which the other party might have undertaken, — but it has established the gold standard, has reorganized the army, has added scores of fighting ships to the navy, has modified in favor of labor the doctrine of common employment, has saved thousands of infant and adult lives by meat inspection and the pure-food law, and has planned to save the forests and to regulate immigration. It is significant also that its newly elected chief magistrate has been chosen for a career of achievement. He owns no allegiance to the theory of the professional politician — that the art of politics is to “pander to public opinion” only so far as will keep the organization together and enable the party to hold the offices. Judge Taft, in the Philippines, had a civil government to construct almost from the foundations. That work he did with a rapidity and skill unrivaled probably in history except by the constructive labors of Augustus and the first Napoleon.

It is not surprising that the party which has achieved so much has drawn into its

ranks most of the men of constructive ideas and important business relations. It was to this element that Judge Taft owed many votes in the Northeast in the late election. Business men as a body, independent of previous political affiliations, felt that if the country was to persevere in a policy of agricultural and manufacturing prosperity and railway extension, it must be under the administration of a party having coherence, cohesiveness, and capacity to achieve results. Mr. Bryan was handicapped by the character of his following, as well as by his own personality. Comparatively few men of large constructive ability and related to important business enterprises were among his supporters. His own record had driven such men from the party, and the reiteration of his policies reacted upon the conditions of the campaign by keeping them out.

Among Mr. Bryan's supporters in 1908 were undoubtedly men of culture and standing who had opposed him in 1896, but who desired to rehabilitate the organization with which they had been associated through life, or which had become endeared to them in the days when the principles of Tilden and Cleveland seemed to point the way to constructive policies. But analyses of these converts or returning prodigals would show that in most cases they were professional men or men desirous of obtaining political preferment, and were not men of business. It was no secret that many of them were ready, even while voting for him, to view with equanimity the third defeat of Mr. Bryan, in the hope that their ideas might have weight in the subsequent reorganization of the party. For them, as for the masses of the Democratic party, however, the true road for coherent aims and a constructive policy in the future, is along the lines of social reform and state intervention in industry. To some men of character and culture these measures will undoubtedly appeal. It is highly desirable that such men should be found in both parties, and should

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temper with their counsels the radicalism of the doctrinaire and the conscious demagogue; but if these men expect to restore the party to its old ideals, they are likely to be disappointed, for the reason that those ideals have been achieved so far as they were desirable, and the party, without adopting the new policy of state socialism, would be only a party of negation.

Indeed, a party of negation the Democratic party seems likely to prove during most of the lives of men now of mature years. It is not to be expected that the Republican party will have an uninterrupted lease of power. Perhaps in one of the eddies back to conservatism, combined with the natural tendency of a democracy occasionally to change its rulers, with or without cause, a victory for the Democratic party might even be possible at the next general election; but in the long run, so far as human foresight can foresee, the coming generation is likely to witness the almost uninterrupted ascendancy of the Republican party, because it has a definite policy of construction and achievement, while the Democratic party is floundering through many counter-currents toward the position of the state-socialist parties of Europe. When it has firmly reached this position, and the conservative element has been substantially eliminated, then the Democratic party may prove again a dangerous competitor for the control of the federal government.

But time is likely to be required for the consummation of this process. It may be doubted if Mr. Bryan himself is suited by temperament and training for leadership in such policies. In spite of his subsequent declaration for government ownership of railways, there is force in the criticism made by the *New York Journal* in 1901, that "Mr. Bryan, able and patriotic as he is, is not really modern. He lives in the past. He has never been able fully to adapt himself to the economic and social revolution that has changed the face of the world."

In indicating that the Democratic party is likely to find its natural and most profitable course in adopting the policies of state socialism, it is not intended to intimate that these policies will be of a violent character, or outside the range of legitimate political discussion. There is enough to be achieved, if socialistic theories are well founded, in such fields as old-age pensions and insurance, government operation of public utilities, restrictions upon corporations, the adoption of the income tax, the redistribution of other taxes, and government ownership and operation of the railways, before any such questions can arise as those of distributing private property or carrying out the tenets of abstract socialism.

In conclusion, I think I can do no better than to reiterate the conclusions of seven years ago, which I believe have been illuminated and confirmed by recent events:

"The democratic idea, therefore, must

seek a new manifestation, if the party would survive as a healthy rival of the party of expansion. That democracy has fulfilled its mission in the direction of purely political reforms is the reason for its hesitations, divisions, and defeats on two continents within the last few years. When it has formulated a new and comprehensive programme, — logical and virile from the point of view of a large class of thinkers, — it may be in a position to measure swords again, with courage and enthusiasm, with the party which supports a constructive national policy at home, and a resolute foreign policy abroad. For the moment, the latter party will profit by the divisions and hesitations in the ranks of its opponents, and will receive as recruits from their ranks those who are impatient of any party without a constructive policy, and those who tremble at the signs of the coming of the new order."

THE CENT SCHOOL

BY LUCY HUSTON STURDEVANT

EUNICE SWAIN, the old woman who kept it, lived alone in a little old house, in which men and women of her blood had lived ever since one of them had built it with long labor and patience and sober pride in its paneling, and mahogany, and cunningly curved brick fireplaces. It had been a fine house then, and a big one; now it was like a little shrunken gentlewoman, who keeps her refinement of speech, and her gentle ways, though frowning fortune denies her daintiness of dress and living. It sheltered adequately its present owner; some day she would die, and be buried, and the old house would be torn down, or made over to suit the fancy of some one who could not bear with its limitations. Eunice Swain remembered when it was full and running

over with happy children, her brothers and sisters, dressed in Quaker gray, and speaking the speech of the Friends. Those eager boys and girls were all gone now, along the sea-path, into the world, and whether their journeying had ended in an ocean grave, or a sheltered chimney-corner, at least they had never come back to her again. She too came of generations of seafaring folk; she too had the hunger of the sea in her blood, that will not let people sleep in their beds for thinking of distant skies and strange, untrodden shores; but fate, which holds temperament in an iron hand, had kept her fast to the island, and she had never seen farther into the world than one might see from the tower of the South Church, or the scuttle of her own old house. When

the leaves were off the trees one could see quite a bit of sea from there, and maybe a sail, which might as well as not be bound for the other side of the world, as in the old heroic days of wind and weather and whales.

A Cent School is so called because the children who come to it bring each one a cent, clutched tightly in a little hand, or knotted in the corner of a handkerchief, a daily offering. If the cent is forgotten, or lost on the way, the child goes home for another, that is all, and has a scolding for carelessness into the bargain. The littlest children go to it — used to go, rather, for indeed this should all be in the past tense rather than the present, the Cent School being a thing of the past and, as one might say, a great-aunt of the present kindergarten, an old woman from the country, who is rather plain in her ways. Eunice Swain would have thought a kindergarten foolishness. Her children did not come to school to be amused, but to work. She put them on benches in her big kitchen, because it was warm there, and sat in the dining-room door, and taught them, or chastised them, as the spirit bade her. She taught the three R's, and manners, and truth-telling, and above all, humility, impressing on these infants, daily, that they belonged to a generation, not of vipers exactly, but of weaklings.

"Thee will never be what thy grandfather was, Zenas Macy," cried Eunice Swain to a freckled atom with sea-blue eyes. "He owned his ship, and made seven voyages round the world. And what is thee!"

The atom wriggled uneasily on his bench. What indeed!

"Mary 'Liza Hussey, say nine times. Thee can't! Say seven times. Thee can't! Thy great-aunt, 'Liza Mary, was at the head of the arithmetic class when I went to school."

Mary 'Liza looked at her teacher unabashed, having heard at home that she was a queer old woman. She would have liked to be impertinent but dared not, for

fear of consequences, immediate and tangible consequences, that smarted. So she held her tongue and was presently given a sum that had to do with so many barrels of sperm oil on one wharf, and so many on another, to be added together correctly in the space of five minutes. And again she longed to speak her scorn, for any child knew that there were no longer barrels of sperm oil on any wharf, but was afraid and did her sum, or did it not — deponent saith not further.

Eunice Swain had a good many children at her school, because it was cheap, and disposed safely of little children who could not go anywhere else. They came in long straggling procession at half-past eight every morning, up the street, and round the corner to the kitchen door (being forbidden to come any other way, except on snowy or rainy days, when they could come in by the front door, because it was nearer), and were sent along a highway of newspapers to their appointed place. The hall was lined with shelved closets, full of china, into which the children peered fearfully, as they went by. Some of them had heard their parents say that Eunice Swain was selling her old things to Off Islanders to get money enough to live on, and they told the others and discussed it in whispers at recess time; but none of them believed it. They did not see how any one who got all those pennies every morning could need any more money. She used to put them on a table by her side, and the children counted them with sly glances; sometimes there were as many as twenty-five, or twenty-six. If she needed more money than that she must be mean — just mean.

There were other closets in the house of the Cent School: one very deep one in the big chimney, where rusks were kept, rusks being massive buns of a sweet and clinging disposition, like the ideal woman. Some people said they were "filling," but the sobbing little boys and girls who were led to the closet and soothed and fed found no fault with them, save that she never gave them all they wanted, because

she was mean, and kept them to eat herself. She must have missed every morsel of food out of her meagre living, but she gave nevertheless, with an open-handed generosity; it was a family trait, that had never had much honor in its own country even in the old, rich days. The Meeting frowned on lavishness. Those clear-eyed, Spirit-seeking Quakers loved money, and came out of visions of God in his Glory to drive hard bargains with the widow and the orphan; all quite simply and sincerely, believing that they were serving God. They predicted destitution for Captain Swain's children, to the third and fourth generation. If they were let to look down out of heaven, they must have been satisfied with their prophetic gift, seeing the straits of Eunice Swain. She had no rest from care all day, brushing straws of gain together to make her a wisp of livelihood, counting her pennies with an anxious eye, taking down and showing and selling Nankin and Canton and Lowestoft, cup by cup, and plate by plate, ripping and cleaning and piecing old gray gowns, that, being cobbled and worn, made her look like Rumpelstiltskin's wife. Little she cared, defiant, valorous old woman that she was, though mothers of children, looking from the window, said, "Look at Eunice Swain! Is n't she a sight? I don't know as I ought to send the children to an old witch like that."

The children of the Cent School outgrew it in a year or two, generally, and went elsewhere, and other little children came in their places, and straggled up the narrow street, and fidgeted on the old benches, and comported themselves in all ways as their predecessors had done. They were perennially young, but Eunice Swain was older, and smaller, and more bent than ever. With a handkerchief tied around her head because of draughts, she sat in the doorway, with her table and her pennies and a stinging switch, and taught them forcibly, and held them with a strong hand, for she was the remnant of a mighty race. It is not on record that any of the children ever loved her,

save one, maybe, but they felt her strength, and bent before that, rather than before a switch held in a shaking old hand, which could not alarm such tough little sea-urchins as they.

Some of the children she had taught were men and women by now, and looked back upon her rule, through a softening mist of years, not unkindly. Zenas the atom, for example, was a right personable young fellow, a carpenter by trade, in spite of his family traditions. Sometimes he brought a bundle of shingles up under his arm, and patched Eunice Swain's old roof for her. She would watch him, standing half out of the scuttle, with an old spy-glass in her hand.

"Take care thee does n't fall, Zenas. It's a steep slope."

"I won't fall, Miss Eunice. I've got the rope fast to your big chimney. See! I've taken mine out. It cost something, but Mary 'Liza was afraid it mought fall, and they're big ugly things anyway; see? I'm doing real well; I could afford it."

"Thee does n't follow the sea, Zenas."

Zenas hammered vigorously. "I made a couple v'yages on the Abel W., and I been to Boston on the William P., but I give it up. Carpenterin' 's better business, see, with these Off Islanders buyin' houses and throwin' out porches or bath-rooms, or whatever. I like it, see, and I'm doin' real well. Sight anything in the Sound, Miss Eunice?"

Eunice Swain had the spy-glass fixed on the distant streak of sea. "One of those big schooners they build down in Maine — beating south'ards. A six-master, I make her. Has thee ever seen one near by, Zenas? That would be a fine sight."

"Give me a hold of the glass," said Zenas, forgetting that he was a carpenter by trade. "Beatin' south'ards, so she be."

He looked long and earnestly, shut the glass together with a sigh, and handed it back.

"Yes, I've seen 'em to Boston. 'T is a pretty sight — a pretty sight — the ves-

sels in a big town." Zenas looked at his hammer distastefully. "I'm goin' scallopin' some this winter," he said suddenly and quite violently, as if some one had said he should not. "See! How's school gettin' on, Miss Eunice?"

"Not quite as many as there used to be when thee was small, Zenas."

"No," said Zenas, still violently, "there ain't. There ain't as many children in this town as there used to be. People don't have 'em the way they use to, see! Nor they ain't the same kind of children when they do have 'em. If I had a boy like these boys I see round the streets here, I'd kill him." Zenas stopped and blushed, being a New Englander, and a newly married man. He ripped off several shingles and threw them to the yard below. "I'll pick 'em up for you before I go; good kindling," he said gruffly. "If you should ever feel like selling that glass, Miss Eunice, I'd give you as much for it as any one would. It's a handy thing to have in the house — a good glass."

"I was thinking I'd try to keep the glass, Zenas," said Eunice Swain, quite gently, "but if I cannot — I'll remember that thee wants it — thank thee. Will thee shut the scuttle and make it fast to the steps when thee finishes, Zenas?"

"Sure," said Zenas, beginning to hammer furiously.

Eunice Swain crept down the heavy, clumsy steps into the attic. The added light from the open scuttle made the chalk writings on the beams stand out clearly: "Sailed, Ship Fortune; Sighted, Brig Dinah; Lost, with all hands, the Mary; Never heard from, Schooner Good Will," each with its accompanying date; chronicles that still last, though the hands that wrote them are forgotten dust, and the good ships rot beneath the deep sea. She read them over, slowly, leaning forward, then crept on down two more flights to the little south chamber, where she slept.

Zenas the younger was born some six months after this conversation, a puling

infant. Four fleet years made him into a square-headed, square-shouldered little boy, freckled and impudent, through the laws of heredity and by no fault of his own. No questioning pangs of humility troubled his heart; more even than most children was he convinced of the supreme unwisdom of those who had given him being, and who for that most insufficient reason claimed the right to mould his life according to their foolish wills. That he should sit in a Cent School on a sunshiny September day seemed to him no part of the Infinite Purposes, and he had lagged and loitered on the way until it was long past the hour when school begins; yet when at last he sat on the end of a bench, swinging his square legs, he was the first child there. In his hand he held an apple, that his mother had given him to appease him, with an accompanying whisper: "Never mind! I guess she'll let you go home, when she sees how 't is, but your pa says you got to go."

He had despised her for wanting to appease him, but he had taken the apple, nevertheless, and now sat, eating it, with large, resentful bites, as if it had been his father.

"When school takes in, thee must n't eat apples, Zenas," said Eunice Swain kindly.

Zenas nodded, not because he agreed with her, but because speech was abhorrent to him when he was eating.

"Thee's never been to school before?"

Zenas nodded again.

"The other little children are very late. Thee must never be late to school, Zenas."

Zenas had finished his apple. He spoke — slowly: "They ain't comin'. They ain't nobody comin' but me."

Eunice Swain did not answer him. She sat very still, looking at the empty benches, without seeming to see them.

"I guess I'll go home," said Zenas distinctly.

Eunice Swain's black eyes snapped; she tightened the handkerchief on her

head, as a knight might look to the clasp
of his helmet before the battle.

“If thee is the only one, Zenas, then
I shall have more time to give thee,
which will be good for thee. Stand up,
Zenas!”

Something in Zenas’s square head told
him to stand up.

“Does thee see this letter? This is the
letter A. Say A, Zenas.”

And Zenas, standing respectfully,
said, “A.”

WE WILL KEEP OUR DREAMS

BY JAMES B. KENYON

Our dreams — nay, soul, we will not let them go;
What though the braggart world scoff and deny,
And pygmies in the market strive and cry,
As emmet-like they hurry to and fro?
The bright hours lessen, and the shadows grow,
But we will seek the silence, thou and I,
Content, while fame and treasure pass us by,
To rove through quiet coverts that we know.

Yea, we will hearken to the wordless speech
Of opening buds beneath the vernal showers;
To us the morn its dewy lore shall teach,
The evening whisper o’er its sleeping flowers;
And secrets the stars utter, each to each,
Shall breathe of Peace ’mid her immortal bowers.

THE YEAR IN GERMANY

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

DURING the preparation of this article an event has happened which consigns a large part of my notes to the waste-paper basket. The Kaiser's interview in a London newspaper, printed in the final week of October, has attracted so much attention in the world, and has been received with such intense disapproval in Germany itself, as to make it wholly impossible to ignore it here. Although I am writing at a moment when the country is still tense with excitement over the event, it calls up in such a striking manner the personality of the Kaiser and his relations to his people, that it must perforce be treated here at the outset.

For the benefit of readers who may not have the facts at hand, it must be stated that the event was, briefly, as follows: The Kaiser had conversed with several Englishmen on the relations between England and Germany, narrating his own repeated efforts to gain the good will of the English people, and manifesting a certain aggrieved tone at having been misunderstood. He had, during the South-African war, drawn up a plan of campaign against the Boers, had caused his general staff to revise this, and had sent it to his grandmother, Queen Victoria. Moreover, about that time Russia and France made proposals to Germany for a joint intervention in behalf of the Boers, but Germany had rejected those overtures, and he had forthwith cabled this fact to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward. The Kaiser went on to explain under what difficulties he pursued this friendly policy, since the great majority of his people, and particularly all the lower classes, were hostile to England.

One of these Englishmen, believing the publication of these remarks would improve the relations between his country

and Germany, wrote out in the form of an interview what had thus been said to himself and others, sent the matter to the Kaiser, and asked for permission to print it. The Kaiser sent the manuscript to Prince Bülow, with the request that he read it carefully and inform him whether it was suitable for publication; but the Chancellor, not suspecting that the matter was an interview with his Imperial master, passed it on to his subordinates for examination. One of these read it and gave it his approval; and Bülow, without having even looked at it, sent it back to the Kaiser with a favorable answer. Thus an interview was given to the world, with the full approval of the Kaiser and his government, which contained statements calculated gravely to embarrass Germany in her relations with a number of foreign powers, which has increased the distrust of England, and which has aggravated to an unusual degree the uncomfortable feeling of the German people in their relations with the monarch.

For several days after its publication no one knew that it had been submitted to the Chancellor; and the newspapers of all shades of political opinion at once began discussing it under the assumption that the Kaiser had again acted upon his own initiative, ignoring his constitutional advisers in publishing a most important political document. Criticising the interview under this assumption, even the most loyal Conservative newspapers condemned it with expressions of deepest sorrow and humiliation. They felt that the Kaiser had dealt a blow to the Empire's foreign interests which must do permanent harm; they saw that it would intensify the foreign distrust of German policy, aggravate her political isolation, and render it more difficult for her to

maintain satisfactory relations with her neighbors.

It would be difficult to make the reader understand how deeply this interview has wounded the national sensibilities of the German people, the relations between a European monarch and his people being of so much more delicate a nature than that between us and our presidents. We have grown accustomed, indeed, to a rough-and-ready form of speech from our "highest place," as the German expression goes; yet we can ill appreciate what it means to the German people, with the danger of hostile machinations across their borders ever present in their minds, to have their already difficult position endangered through unpremeditated and indiscreet utterances from their ruler. I have lived long in Germany, and I recall many occasions when the Germans dissented from something said by the Kaiser, but none of those occasions can be compared with the present one. It is no exaggeration to say that the people have risen as one man to protest against this interview.

Nothing can better characterize the sharpness of popular dissent than to mention the step taken by the Conservative party. This organization, composed chiefly of the old Prussian aristocracy, the most monarchic section of the German people, considered the case to be so grave as to require a public declaration on its part. A document was accordingly published in all the newspapers, formally signed by these "pillars of throne and altar," pointing out that the words of the Kaiser had frequently brought German foreign policy into difficult situations, and expressing the "reverent wish" that he would exercise greater reserve in making such utterances, so that "the German people and Empire might be preserved from complications and dangers."

This frank disavowal of the monarch by his immediate political body-guard, which has no analogy in German history, was followed by another demonstration equally remarkable. When the Reichstag

assembled, several days after the interview was published, the Chancellor was showered with interpellations about measures for preventing the recurrence of such indiscretions on the part of the Kaiser. It was long the tradition of this body that the monarch must never be mentioned in the debates, but it had been growing more and more difficult in recent years to observe this good rule, inasmuch as the Kaiser interfered so frequently and with such disturbing results in foreign and home politics. It was a new thing in German politics, however, that the representatives of the people should pause for two days to scold their ruler. Those two days will long be remembered as a most critical event in the relations between people and sovereign.

The emphasis of the Reichstag's disavowal of the Kaiser left little to be desired, so far as mere words go. Speech followed speech, without one voice being raised in defense of the interview. From Socialist to Conservative there was an unbroken chorus of disapproval, — only pitched in different keys. Even the Chancellor, while dwelling upon such considerations as tended to alleviate the indiscretion of the interview, frankly disavowed its substance by admitting that it had done great harm. He went further, — he openly asserted that, unless the Kaiser exercised more reserve in his private conversations, neither he himself, nor any successor of his, could take the responsibility for the result. One speaker, an uncompromising monarchist, went so far as to say that the confidence of the people in the Kaiser had sunk to the zero point, — words which were received by the House with lively manifestations of approval. The foremost spokesman of the Conservatives described the interview as all the more serious for being the last link in a chain of similar occurrences which had for years caused "an accumulation of cares, of disapprobation, of indignation in circles whose fidelity to Kaiser and Empire had never been doubted."

Bülow had tendered his resignation to the Kaiser several days after the publication, as a means of protecting the monarch from the storm of criticism that had broken over his head. The latter, however, had declined to accept it, and the Chancellor had consented to remain in office. The resignation was apparently handed in, not primarily as an expression of disapproval of the published interview, but merely to assume publicly the responsibility for the blunders committed in handling the manuscript while it was in the Chancellor's hands.

The resignation and the decision of the Chancellor to remain in office took the form of a mere personal arrangement between him and the Kaiser. The representatives of the people had not been consulted, and they had not expressed their wish in the matter. In the debates, however, it was pointed out by Socialist speakers, with great force, that the only means to compel the monarch to observe his constitutional responsibility was to be found in the resignation of his chancellor. Radical speakers insisted that the lesson to be drawn from the incident is that the ministers of the crown must be made responsible to the Reichstag, and it appears that they intend to move the adoption of a law for that purpose.

The tangible results of this heated discussion of the Kaiser and his interview appear at present to be very small indeed, — a voluble current of strong words, but no corresponding action. Numerous speakers demanded substantial guaranties that there be no further personal interference in foreign politics on the part of the monarch; but the only guaranty given was the “firm conviction” won by the Chancellor “in these trying days” that his Majesty “would in future observe, even in his private conversations, that measure of self-restraint which is indispensable alike for a uniform policy and for the authority of the crown.”

In these debates it became evident, to a degree never known hitherto, that there

is a very wide chasm between the Emperor and his people. He does not understand his own people, he has completely lost touch with them, his courtiers only flatter him and prevent him from learning the truth, — such complaints formed the burden of these speeches in the Reichstag. And there was another serious note in them: the conviction uttered by various speakers that things cannot continue to go on as they have heretofore; that it is absolutely indispensable for the internal repose and the external security of the Empire, that the monarch keep himself more in the background; that there be a return to the Bismarckian dictum, “The monarch dare not show himself publicly except when clothed in ministerial authority.” Some hopeful spirits, indeed, have expressed the belief that the Kaiser will restrain himself in future. To expect, however, that a man about to celebrate his fiftieth birthday shall transform his character, is, indeed, a heavy draft upon the faith of the traditionally critical Germans; and it is not to be wondered at that very many of them are quite skeptical as to any improvement in the relations between Kaiser and people. They fear that the “personal régime” which has given the country so much unrest in the past will go on unabated; and many hearts of true monarchists even are filled with gloomy forebodings of future trouble for the Fatherland.

In the home politics of the year the matter of chief interest has been the working out of Prince Bülow's experiment of governing the country through a heterogeneous coalition of Conservatives, Anti-Semites, National Liberals, and Radicals. The Bloc, indeed, did not move forward without considerable friction, as each section frequently suspected that it was to be used to carry out the policies of the other. Although many members of the Bloc thought its enemies justified in predicting that it would speedily break down, the combination did hold together during the past session. It did

more; it passed at least two good laws. It revised the Bourse Law in a manner fairly satisfactory to the financial community, so that swindling speculators will henceforth find it less easy to get the sanction of the courts for repudiating debts incurred in stock operations. Another law regulates for the first time on a national basis the right of assembly and association, which had hitherto been in the hands of the individual states. It is interesting to note that this is another important step in the centralizing tendency in Germany. Centralization denotes in this case, however, a more liberal development; the new law is much more in accord with popular rights than most of the state laws which it supersedes, especially than that of Prussia. The functions of the police — that inscrutable providence of the German people — have been sharply circumscribed in the matter of dissolving public meetings.

It is characteristic of the present anti-Polish policy of the government that the latter insisted upon including in this excellent measure an absolute prohibition of the use of foreign languages in all public meetings. The Radicals, however, refused to accept this reactionary provision, and for some weeks it looked as if the bill would fail altogether. But a compromise was finally agreed upon, according to which foreign languages may be used in public meetings during the next twenty years in districts where sixty per cent of the population has habitually used a foreign tongue; and, during election campaigns, such languages may be used generally in political meetings.

Still another law provided for increasing the size of battleships to be built, and for a more rapid displacement of old vessels with new ones, changes which will involve a total increase of nearly \$140,000,000 in the ordinary naval expenditures during the next ten years, to say nothing of the additional cost of building the ships and arming them.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Baron von Stengel, was about ready to lay cer-

tain revenue measures before the Reichstag when it assembled, but subsequent difficulties frustrated his plans, and he handed in his resignation. Dr. Sydow, hitherto at the head of the Imperial telegraphs and telephones, was thereupon appointed Secretary of the Treasury. The appointment was received by the country with some misgivings, as he had never been identified with financial measures. He is, however, a man of great energy and capacity for mastering difficult details, and his friends look to him for a thorough-going reform of the Imperial finances. As this reform is now the overshadowing material interest of the German people, considerable attention will be given later on in this article to his financial scheme, which has just been laid before the Reichstag.

In Prussia matters have not gone well for the Bloc. The measure foreshadowed in my last article for the forcible acquisition of Polish estates was duly laid before the Diet. The discussion of the bill brought out intense antagonisms, and the line of cleavage between the parties was not along Bloc lines. The Radicals joined with the "Centrum" in opposing the dispossession of the Poles. As finally passed, the bill gives the Government the right to acquire, under the law of eminent domain, a maximum of 174,000 acres in the provinces of Posen and West Prussia, and to borrow \$65,000,000 for this purpose and for further prosecuting settlement work. The final reading of the bill in the House of Lords stirred that usually somnolent body to a remarkable degree. The vote there showed how deeply, and on what uncommon lines, this radical measure had divided the minds of the people. While most of the titled lords of the land, including many intimate friends of the Kaiser, voted against dispossession, the university professors and mayors of liberal municipalities voted mostly for it.

In still another direction Prussian policy failed to satisfy liberal expectations. In January Prince Bülow, as Minister-President of Prussia, made a statement

about suffrage reform which deeply disappointed all friends of that movement. It was therefore expected, when the Diet elections approached in June, that the Prussian people would be awakened by a violent agitation in favor of more liberal election laws. But nothing of the kind happened. The Socialists, indeed, made this their chief issue, and they carried a half-dozen districts, thus securing for the first time a foothold in the Diet; and the Radicals, too, gave out manhood suffrage as their watchword, but pressed it so feebly as to awaken the suspicion that their demand was not seriously meant.

Nevertheless, the King's speech from the throne in October surprised the country by announcing that a reform of the election laws was a fundamental necessity and would be undertaken during the present session. This announcement affected the country-squire element like tapping on a hornet's nest. The Conservative party immediately gave it to be plainly understood that it would brook no tampering with the election laws, the stronghold of its power. According to their official organ, the Conservatives propose to "protect the monarchic principle against the monarch." Their newspapers are also printing threats from influential members of the party to cause the downfall of Bülow if he should persist in attempting to carry through election reform. How the government shall make this reform against the will of its intransigent supporters is one of its hard problems of the near future. The probability is that it will be frightened into further inactivity.

The business activity of the Empire for a twelvemonth has been in the shadow cast by the American financial panic. As soon as the seriousness of the breakdown at New York was understood here, German bankers, manufacturers, and merchants realized at once that it meant a sharp check to the high prosperity that they had been enjoying for several years; and their forebodings were speedily veri-

fied. The outward flow of the tide began forthwith, and apparently low-water mark has not yet been touched. Thus we have renewed evidence of the strong influence of the American economic movement over that of Germany, — an influence growing more visible from year to year.

For this reason, and for others, it is expedient to devote some paragraphs of this article to financial matters, — first to the economic movement of the year in its relations to the American panic, and then to the Imperial finances. Most English and French authorities, too ready to apply invidious treatment to German affairs, have for a year been drawing the most gloomy pictures of the business and financial position in Germany; and American opinion, always strongly influenced by the two countries just named, shared to some extent the unfavorable judgment formed at London and Paris. At one great international bank of New York the view was expressed in the midst of the panic that the German financial situation was more precarious than that of America.

Various phenomena were pointed to by English and French observers as grounds for their grave prognostications of German financial weather. Under the influence of the panic at New York, and the consequent American demand for gold, the Reichsbank was forced rapidly to advance its discount rate. Early in November it reached $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, the highest figure in its history; and throughout the final months of the year its note issues were of extraordinary volume. This was the direct result of the disturbance in New York, coming at a time when German business was making extraordinary demands for money and was supported by credit to a degree never known before. The President of the Reichsbank stated in the Reichstag in January that the volume of bills circulating in the Empire had undergone an increase of \$2,060,000,000 during the preceding five years. The pressure upon the great credit banks had

accordingly grown heavier from year to year. Owing to the depletion of the capital market it had become very difficult for manufacturing and other companies to float new issues of stocks or bonds; many of them had therefore been reduced to the necessity of raising money temporarily at the banks. These institutions, with their credit thus strained, had perforce to interpret the New York events as a warning signal to them to restrict credits. Several minor houses, which had unwisely tied up their resources in business ventures, were forced to suspend; and foreign critics thought that now, surely, the predicted German crash had come.

But the crash has not come, and it will not come. Foreigners who looked for a disaster evidently failed to take into their reckoning some important factors in the situation. In the first place, they assumed that, because the previous great period of prosperity which ended in 1900 was followed by sensational failures of banks and other companies, this more recent "boom" would lead to similar results. But they over-rated the business fatalities of the liquidation of 1900-1902, which amounted, in fact, to a very slight percentage of all German companies. Moreover, they failed to note that German business had been conducted on a much more solid basis in this latest period of activity than in that former one. A wild gamble in stocks continued right up to the turn of the tide in 1900; but in this more recent period the high-water mark in stock values was reached before the end of 1905, or nearly two years before the upward movement in industry and trade culminated. During those two years the speculating part of the community was predominantly on the "bear" side of the market, and there had been a steady scaling down of values in spite of rising dividends. Long before the panic broke out at New York, the aggregate shrinkage of values here had reached enormous proportions. The German exchanges were therefore in shipshape condition to weather the American storm

when it did break upon them; hence the further scaling down of home stocks since then has not been very serious, while most bonds are higher than in midsummer, 1907.

But those foreign critics fell into a still graver error, — they underestimated the capital strength of Germany and its rapid growth during recent years. According to the best estimates the wealth of the German people now amounts to \$50,000,000,000, and one writer of repute has just published the results of his inquiries showing a much higher figure. According to the recent estimate of M. d'Avenel, the national wealth of France is \$47,000,000,000; and according to a late estimate of the wealth of Great Britain, which is undoubtedly too low, Germany is only \$12,000,000,000 poorer than that rich country. Moreover, the German people are adding to their wealth about \$950,000,000 a year, an amount certainly far greater than the savings of the French, and very likely greater even than those of the English.

Yet Germany cuts a far smaller figure in the world of finance than France. The reasons are obvious. Speaking in the rough, it may be said that the French are lying back on their money-bags and collecting tribute from other countries, while the Germans are using for purposes of further production all the new capital they can create. The Germans are putting their profits back into their business every year and making it still more productive. Moreover, the rapid growth of German population as compared with the French must not be reckoned wholly as an asset. The Fatherland is, indeed, adding above 900,000 to its population every year, but this new army of children is a huge drain upon the wealth of the country for the first twenty years of their lives. The difference is this, — France invests in bonds; Germany in babies.

Germany's foreign capital interests, however, are by no means small. According to an official publication the German people own \$3,800,000,000 in

foreign securities, besides having \$2,400,000 invested in foreign undertakings of all kinds. Even in the midst of the recent period of dear money and heavy capital demands at home, the press had frequently to criticise the great banks for placing foreign securities upon the German market to the damage of home interests.

Still another ground for the exaggerated views held abroad as to Germany's financial weakness remains to be mentioned. The great prosperity of the Empire has for several years found expression in high prices for money, and the high discount rates attracted much French money to Germany. The amount of such lending, however, has apparently been grossly exaggerated by French writers. Thus, a French Socialist newspaper was recently quoted in this magazine as saying that France lends Germany every year 1,600,000,000 francs (\$320,000,000). On the contrary, the great bankers of Berlin, whose opinions should be authoritative in the matter, assure me that these lendings never exceed \$50,000,000 at any one time. Moreover, at the time of the American panic the amount held was certainly much lower than usual, inasmuch as French bankers — influenced partly by their growing apprehensions as to the soundness of business conditions here, partly by the assistance they were giving to London, and partly, it was believed, by political considerations — had been steadily drawing home their money for some months before that event.

The capacity of the Reichsbank to cope with the critical situation that confronted it a year ago was also manifestly miscalculated by foreign financial authorities. We Americans, in particular, should do well to note how successfully this great institution withstood the immense pressure of that time. Its metal stock, indeed, ran down almost to \$161,000,000 at the end of November, as compared with the year's maximum of \$234,000,000, registered on May 23; but after the first heavy demands of America had been

satisfied, gold began at once to flow back into the Reichsbank, attracted by its high discount rate. This year it has been steadily drawing gold from abroad and from home channels, so that its metal stock was on November 10 about \$85,000,000 greater than a year ago. By making a very free use of its note-issuing privilege a year ago it was able to meet the demands for money. At the end of December its circulation touched high-water mark, at the huge total of \$449,000,000. For the final week of the year it was expanded by more than \$75,000,000. Still more recently, at the end of September, the circulation was increased \$104,000,000 in one week, and that in a time of easy money conditions. With these figures before him, the American reader will not wonder at the statement that Germany has never had a money panic in the American sense.

The growth of Germany's economic power has been too substantial and on too vast a scale, it has been too directly the result of her own industry and scientific thoroughness, to give room for twitting her with being dependent upon foreign money markets. German development has not been financed by outsiders, least of all by the traditional enemies of the Fatherland.

A few figures may be given here to illustrate the massive character of that development. The imports of merchandise into Germany in 1907 amounted to \$2,080,000,000, having doubled since 1896; while exports, which amounted to \$1,630,000,000, have doubled since 1895. Comparing Germany and France during the past fifteen years, it is found that German imports gained 117 and exports 132 per cent, while French imports gained less than 43 and exports about 58 per cent. Germany's coal consumption has almost doubled in twelve years; it reached 208,000,000 tons in 1907. Her pig-iron production in that year was 13,045,000 tons, having almost doubled in ten years. The turnover in the business of the Reichsbank in 1907 registered the huge

aggregate of \$71,190,000,000; and it, too, almost doubled in ten years. Deposits held by the saving-banks of the Empire at the end of 1905 amounted to \$3,018,000,000. The gain during the previous five years — for the most part a period of sharp business depression — had been not less than \$744,000,000. The new listings of home securities on the German exchanges from 1897 to 1906 aggregated \$5,590,000,000; and of the \$3,260,000,000 foreign securities listed in that time it is estimated that somewhat more than \$1,000,000,000 was bought by Germans.

Returning once more to the American panic, one of its first effects here was to advance sharply the rates of foreign exchange. Even after the Reichsbank had raised its discount rate to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, the price of London bills continued to rise. This was the result of the American pull for gold, New York usually getting German gold by way of London. Even after the rate of exchange on London was considerably above the "gold point," — the price, namely, at which it becomes more profitable to send gold abroad than to pay with a bill of exchange, — the great Berlin bankers refused to export it, under the impression that their self-restraint would be gratefully remembered at the Reichsbank. The cry was forthwith raised at London that Germany no longer possessed a free gold market, a conclusion which did much toward intensifying the distrust abroad of the German financial position. The Reichsbank, however, which never imports or exports gold itself, but leaves such transactions to the great private banks, publicly disclaimed all responsibility for preventing the movement of gold.

The outward movement thereupon began, and during the month of November above \$28,000,000 was sent to England alone. For the last quarter of the year the total exports reached \$43,000,000, most of which found its way to New York. Yet Germany's contribution toward staying the American panic, curiously enough, is treated in most discussions of the sub-

ject as a slight matter in comparison with the aid extended by the Bank of France. That aid was given in a more spectacular way, in a single transaction negotiated through the Bank of England; while gold went from Berlin as the result of many different transactions, and the names of the banks concerned were never mentioned. Hence the \$16,000,000 from the Bank of France looked bigger, created a bigger sensation, than the \$40,000,000 from Germany.

As the atmosphere clears up, after the blowing over of the American storm, it is seen that Germany has come through it comparatively unscathed. Notwithstanding the fact that that disturbance came at a time when Germany's investible capital seemed well-nigh exhausted, the German market has this year surprised experienced financiers of Berlin by the facility with which it has absorbed new issues. Thus the listings of government and other bonds on the Berlin Exchange during the first eight months of 1908 reached the large aggregate of \$500,000,000. Almost the whole of this was subscribed and paid for by Germans. It is evident that the capital strength of the country has not been impaired by recent events.

At this moment the Empire is upon the eve of the most important financial event in its history. The Government has just laid before the Reichstag bills for raising annually \$120,000,000 of new revenue — probably the largest scheme of taxation ever undertaken by any nation in a time of peace. Notwithstanding the rapid economic development of Germany since the foundation of the Empire, the national finances have never been in a satisfactory position. Deficits have grown to such an extent of late years, and loans of such large volume have had to be raised to meet them, that the need of radical reform is now evident to everybody. The bad condition of the finances, furthermore, together with the impending fiscal legislation, has been one of the chief causes to create abroad that impression

of Germany's financial weakness to which reference has already been made. All Germans feel this to be so; accordingly one of the most frequent arguments put forth for financial reform is the political necessity to remove that impression, to make the world understand that Germany's armaments by land and water are, and will remain, amply backed up financially.

The financial policy of the government has certainly been the sorriest chapter in the history of the Empire. That policy amounts to an inglorious breakdown of that efficiency which foreigners have learned to admire in many other spheres of German life. The newly-born Empire set out upon its career with the French war indemnity of \$1,000,000,000 in its coffers; but this was exhausted by 1877. The fateful policy of covering deficits with borrowed money began in that year, and it has continued down to the current year. It will also go on for some years to come.

Since 1877 there has been only one year in which the national debt has not been increased. It now amounts, according to recent official statements, to \$1,013,000,000, or a little more than the French indemnity. The debt has been doubled since 1895. For the past eight years, government publications again admit, expenditures have exceeded receipts by \$471,000,000, or an average of \$53,000,000 a year. The national debt has already cost the country in interest and administrative expenses about \$380,000,000; and yet Germany could have kept out of debt altogether, as Prof. Schanz has recently shown, if the revenues had been increased by only about \$12,000,000 yearly.

That a country with so much intelligence, character, and efficiency as Germany undoubtedly has, should go on piling up its national debt like this in a time of profound peace, is certainly a most astonishing phenomenon; and some explanation of it seems called for. If we ask a bankrupt why he failed, we shall

most likely learn that his income was not big enough; if we ask his friends, they will probably tell us that he spent his money extravagantly. In the case of Germany both explanations would apply, — the Empire has never had adequate and steady sources of revenue; and its expenditures, niggardly enough in many ordinary items, have been lavish in the extreme with the army and navy.

Several causes might be alleged for the insufficiency of the revenues. The bulk of these is collected in the form of customs duties and internal taxes upon various commodities. All these are indirect taxes, subject to varying yields in revenue as the prosperity of the country changes. Moreover, the internal taxes upon spirituous and malt liquors and tobacco are far lower than in most of the other great nations. The individual states have stoutly asserted their right to all forms of direct taxation; and the Empire, which might long ago have been helped out of its financial perplexities by a national property or income tax, has had to cast about for other sources of revenue. If Bismarck's proposal, that the Empire nationalize the railways, had not been frustrated by the refusal of the South German states, the national treasury would now be in an enviable position, the net earnings of the various state-owned railways of the country having amounted in 1907 to \$164,000,000.

Looking at the other side of Germany's balance-sheet, it appears evident that her financial embarrassment is due, in the first instance, to the rapid growth in army and navy expenses. During the past five years, ending with 1908, the national expenditures have been increased by \$93,000,000, and the army and navy are responsible for not less than \$73,000,000 of this amount. No country in Europe has poured out money upon its military equipment so lavishly as Germany. Comparing her with France and Italy, we get the following result: from 1893 to 1906 Germany increased army appropriations by 23, and those for the navy by 260 per

cent, while France in the same time made increases of 10.7 and 25.5, and Italy 14 and 30.7 per cent, respectively. In the midst of her financial embarrassments, however, Germany has provided for a still further enlargement of naval expenses. The naval bill passed by the Reichstag in its last session was calculated by the government to increase the ordinary naval budget to \$95,000,000 by 1917, as compared with \$55,000,000 for 1907; and this estimate does not include the plans for building and arming new ships.

Under these circumstances a further big increase of the national debt is a certainty. The government, in its report accompanying the finance bills just laid before the Reichstag, says that the new loans and extraordinary appropriations in sight will add another \$238,000,000 to the national debt by 1913. Of this amount, \$124,000,000 is for carrying out the ship-building programme, in addition to the increase of ordinary expenditures upon the navy mentioned above.

The new taxation is therefore obviously due to military expansion. The government's report, however, ignores this fact and seeks an explanation for the new taxes in other directions—for increasing the salaries and pensions of government officials, for pensions for widows and orphans, for making up the arrearages of the individual states in their contributions toward the support of the general government, for the amortization of the public debt, for making up the losses to be incurred by reducing the sugar tax and abolishing the tax on railway tickets.

The question has been asked with some doubt in the foreign press, whether Germany is able to raise the new revenue required. In answering it, attention must be called to one point at which Germany has an advantage over other countries. It is that the Empire and the states, particularly the latter, draw large revenues from other sources than taxation. While the aggregate cost of the Imperial and state debts is now about \$180,000,000 a

year, the revenues from railways, forests, mines, and similar sources, amount to not less than \$240,000,000. Another point to be remembered is that the Empire has at its disposal certain sources of revenue which have been hitherto rather neglected, as compared with the practice of other countries. Thus Germany collects but 67 cents per head of its population on brandy and alcohol, while England collects \$2.77. The Imperial beer tax yields only 20 cents per head, that of England \$1.16; the German tobacco taxes only 32 cents, while the English customs tax produces \$1.65 per head. England collects about \$93,000,000 from the estates of deceased persons; but the German Empire only touched this source of revenue two years ago with a tax on collateral heirs, which yields only a small sum.

On the other hand, it must be pointed out that taxes of other kinds are very high in Germany. The Secretary of the Treasury recently said in a magazine article that state and local income taxes in many Prussian towns and country districts were equivalent to from 12 to 15 per cent of incomes, not to mention other local, state, and Imperial taxes. The former Minister-President of Bavaria recently said that the richest tax-payers in many cities of that kingdom are paying, in all forms of taxation, from 15 to 16 per cent of their incomes. From trustworthy statistical studies it seems probable that many wage-earners, too, are paying out from 8 to 10 per cent of their earnings in taxes. From these facts it is evident that the new taxes will bear with great weight upon the people.

The government's financial scheme provides for raising this revenue in the following manner: from brandy and alcohol \$24,000,000, from beer the same amount, from tobacco \$18,000,000, from wines \$5,000,000, from death-duties \$22,000,000, from electricity and gas \$12,000,000, from placards, posters, and newspaper advertisements \$8,000,000, and the remainder by assessments upon the states.

It is proposed that the government monopolize the wholesale trade in brandy and alcohol, buying the product of the distilleries, refining, and selling it to retailers. This is a radical proposal, inasmuch as there are no industrial monopolies owned by the State in Germany. The estate tax contains one feature hardly less radical. It provides that in the settlement of the intestate estates of deceased persons the State shall become the next of inheritance after the nearer relatives. These latter are defined as being children, parents, grandparents, and brothers and sisters and their descendants. Where such relatives do not exist, the estate lapses to the State. Two years ago the Reichstag passed a law taxing the inheritances of collateral heirs, but the present bill taxes each estate as a whole, before any division is undertaken. Estates worth less than 20,000 marks (\$4760) are exempt from the tax. Beginning with estates of that value as the nether limit, the tax is one-half of 1 per cent, and it reaches the maximum of 3 per cent with those worth \$238,000. Persons able to do military duty, but who have been excused from it, will pay for this exemption with an additional 1½ per cent tax on any legacies or inheritances falling to them.

Although the death duties just quoted are extremely moderate (the English rates range from 1 to 15 per cent), intense opposition to this bill has been manifested by the landed aristocracy. The Conservatives, the political party of the aristocracy, have declared these death duties to be a shock to their feeling of the unity of the family. Although the bill makes a large concession to their objection by permitting the estate tax upon landed property to be paid in twenty-year installments, it appears probable that the Conservatives will reject the measure. Their publicists are advocating, in lieu of the death-duties, a tax upon the dividends of joint-stock companies; but this proposition encounters the difficulty that the Prussian government is itself just now about to pass a law of that kind.

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Other features of the government's scheme have met with sharp opposition. The proposed taxes on electricity and gas, including the incandescent lamps used in burning them, meet with the strongest objections on the part of the industries concerned. The newspapers of all shades of political attachment are naturally united in opposing the tax upon advertisements.

That the German government should propose taxes like the two last mentioned is striking evidence of the embarrassing situation in which the Treasury finds itself. A tax upon electricity is a blow at one of the most vital moving forces of Germany's economic development. It will almost certainly be rejected by the Reichstag. In view of the conflicting interests of classes and parties, of industries and sections, it seems highly probable that others of these taxes will be rejected or much modified. Then substitutes must be found somewhere. But where? — that is the embarrassing question.

From all this it will be evident that Germany is learning that its ambitious, expansive *Welt-politik* is a heavy burden to carry. Many voices have already been demanding that expenses be reduced; yet nobody but the Socialists has suggested that the Empire might curb its naval plans and manage to exist with its present fleet. It was a wholesome sign, however, to hear all parties in the Reichstag protest against the Kaiser's remarkable view that the fleet might be needed for operations in the Pacific Ocean. It can only be hoped that all these tax-bills will lead the German people to examine anew the general political considerations which induced their statesmen to adopt the maxim that the future of the Fatherland lies upon the water. Many Germans, indeed, reject that maxim; but the Germans are politically meek. Also, they disperse their power through numerous petty parties, each, as a rule, representing some narrow special interest. On large, foreign questions it is in the main true that they submit to what the authorities in their wisdom think best to do.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND CORPORATE REFORM

BY ROBERT R. REED

THE so-called corporate evils are the great problem of to-day. We know how great this problem is, how great the evils are, but few realize how far-reaching in effect may be the solution that is now pressing upon us. The corporation has become popularly, if not properly, the embodiment of modern industrial wickedness. To reform it every kind of panacea has been offered, running from the destruction of the corporation itself to the destruction of American individualism and democracy by a form of recognized corporate socialism. The destruction of the corporation is not, however, making much progress; it is not a real danger, nor a real possibility. The destruction of individual freedom and opportunity, of the fundamental principles of American life and government, is both threatened and imminent. How threatened may be read in the reports of any industrial monopoly; how imminent may be seen in the widespread demand for government recognition and regulation of these monopolies. Great as are the corporate evils themselves, they are not so great, nor so imminent, as the spirit of opportunism, of disguised socialism, leading the political leaders of to-day and demanding the abandonment forever of the simple independence of the individual; to increase his industrial dependence and make it political and permanent. This result is to be accomplished and socialism established, if at all, not directly, as a wise and voluntary measure, but indirectly, through the subversive nature of a corporation and as a last escape from the irresponsible oligarchy of corporate wealth. The corporation has subverted law and honesty between individuals; it can and will, if unrestrained, subvert the basic

ideal of American government, the happiness and welfare of unborn generations of American people.

To recognize and license the far-flung corporate monopolies that rule the business of the country, and to increase and centralize the powers of government to regulate them, means the beginning of the end of those sound principles of government which are our special heritage as a people, the principles on which the American colonies were founded, their independence as states established, and their union as a nation made possible and permanent; the principles by which we became and have remained a great and free people. These principles are not merely popular government; they rest below, and rise above, the political right of suffrage. They were, and are, solely and simply the liberty and equality of the individual. In our own experience as a people, and in the words of Rousseau in his *Contrat Social*, they are the practical ideal of progress: "liberty, because individual dependence is so much force taken from the body of the state; equality, because liberty cannot exist without it."

Under the title "Democracy," in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, it is said: "The principles of democracy are forcibly and clearly stated in the American Declaration of Independence, in the words of Thomas Jefferson, who has been called 'the apostle of democracy': 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their

just powers from the consent of the governed.' . . . The distinctive features of the modern democracy are the widest personal freedom, by which man has the liberty and responsibility of shaping his own career; equality before the law; and political power in the form of universal suffrage exercised through the representative system."

The theory of Rousseau, the ideal of Jefferson, is the practical necessity of today. It has proved and established itself in America, without much aid from theory and ideal. It was recognized by Edmund Burke that, in their rapid strides toward prosperity and commercial success, "the colonies owe little or nothing to any care of ours, that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to protection. . . . I pardon something to the spirit of liberty." By this neglect, by the very fact that they had been enabled to throw off the inherited dependence on government, the colonies realized, as no other people ever had or could, the full power and glory of the individual. A new ideal was applied, an ideal not of rule, but of freedom, and a new power was found in that ideal, a power greater than any government had ever known, greater than any government can ever know. They recognized that, in the words of Winthrop, the first colonial governor of Massachusetts, the civil liberty of the individual is "the proper end and object of authority. Whatever crosseth this is not authority, but a distemper thereof."

The Revolution was a successful effort to secure that liberty against government. The next and crowning effort was to secure that liberty by government, a design accomplished in the federal union, which, as expressed by Washington in his Farewell Address, "is a main Pillar in the edifice of your real Independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; your place abroad; of your safety; of that very

Liberty which you so highly prize." This design has been developed and perfected in the federal Constitution, in the remarkable document by which the union and the force of all stand pledged to guarantee the liberty of each, by which the federal government, itself a government of delegated and limited powers, is vested with the supreme function of protecting the inalienable rights of the individual against the reserved sovereignty of the states. This function rests primarily with the federal courts. Its initial purpose was extended and completed, with almost superhuman excellence, by the words of the Fourteenth Amendment, adopted in the passion and turmoil of the reconstruction period: "nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The principle of democracy exists today perfected as a supreme written law by the preservation of the states themselves and by the federal guarantee of the rights of life, liberty, and property, and of a republican form of government within the states. It exists in the separation and distribution of the powers of government; in the reservation to the states, as self-governing sovereignties, of general legislative power; in the effective distribution of that power where it can do the least harm to the individual, where it can have the greatest opportunity for good in meeting the needs, and least opportunity for harm in testing the theories, of widely differing communities. It exists preëminently in the happy fact that it is secured beyond the power of an impulse to destroy it, beyond the power of opportunism, of government of the day, by the day and for the day, to impair the foundations of a constitutional democracy. The greatest powers of the nation are not legislative or executive, but judicial, the power of the supreme law interpreted and enforced by the federal courts, to declare void, to prevent and restrain, the legislative or executive

acts that seek to violate its provisions.

Such is and has been the design of our federal union to secure the liberty of the individual; a design so perfect in its conception, so happy in its effects, and so permanent in its nature that we cannot but acclaim it as an act of Providence, an inspiration and a result beyond the conception of the great minds that have wrought it. Its practical benefits have been manifold and widespread. To what shall we attribute them? To the ever blundering but necessary government, or to the spirit and fact of liberty that has been secured against the powers of government to destroy it? Our greatness to-day is the greatness of a people who have been made great by the practical enjoyment of democracy, by the greatness of the liberty, of the incentive, and of the energy of the individual.

Our Revolution, according to Gladstone, "was a vindication of liberties inherited and possessed." Our history is a vindication of the value of those liberties possessed and enjoyed. These liberties it is, of course, our duty and desire to maintain. We must first understand them. We must keep clearly before our minds the principle of individual rights, of freedom from unnecessary government, of free and equal opportunity and equal right. We must not confuse this idea with the idea of popular political power, with the natural desire at times to increase that power to reform abuses, with the misleading ideal of to-day that the greater the government the greater are the people whose votes control it. The "rule of the majority" justifies itself as a principle of revolution. As a principle of government, it is merely the right of the majority to act within established limits, to control the machinery of a government that is or should be, as ours is, a government of limited powers designed to secure, and not to diminish, the freedom and equality of the individual.

Popular rule, the rule of the majority, is a necessary incident; not, as we

are too apt to suppose, the whole gospel and synonym of democracy. Democracy is the practical, valuable, and essential thing; and each problem must be met and solved within its limitations. We must not be deceived. We must not be led by degrees of corporate subversion into a kind of government or state of society where the individual ceases to be its dominant factor; where he ceases to enjoy the fullest freedom and opportunity compatible with the equal freedom and opportunity of all; where his "inalienable rights" are in fact destroyed, and in a sense exchanged for the empty bauble of equal suffrage in a top-heavy socialistic experiment. Mr. Justice Brewer is quoted in a very recent speech as follows: "There are certain individual rights, — the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, — and they are rights which belong to every individual in this broad land. There is no crowned head in this country who can say 'I am the State.' The only thing we have to fear is that majorities will get together and, for business, commercial, or industrial reasons, will crush off the independence of the individual. Nothing appeals to me more strongly as calling for the combined action of all true Americans than to preserve these inalienable rights."

The "rights" of democracy are "inalienable," because they are inherent in man as man; their enjoyment may be disturbed, but the title, the right, is inalienable. Civil liberty is the right retained by each man as a member of society, the liberty that each can enjoy without infringing upon the liberty of others, and includes the right to the protection of that liberty by the force of all, — a right not possessed in the natural state, — and an equal right in the civil benefits of law and common effort flowing from his assent to the social contract. A government is democratic in form when the political right of suffrage protects the civil right of liberty. It is democratic in substance if the individual is protected in the enjoyment of the fullest liberty

compatible with the equal liberty and equal protection of all. It ceases to be democratic in substance or in fact when a despot, an oligarchy, or a majority, takes from the individual a substantial portion of his civil liberty, when they force him against his will to part with his independence, with his right to labor for himself alone, to aspire to and realize his own ideals and ambitions of life, character, and power. *That right is not alienable. It is not in any event surrendered voluntarily by all. Its surrender is not inherent in the social contract; it cannot be assumed.*

Consequently, society at large, whether acting by a despot, an oligarchy, or a majority, can never acquire the right, though it may exercise the power, to establish any degree of paternalism, socialism, or communism, as such, within a state. The blessings of the earth are intended for all, the ownership of land should, it may be argued, be in common, but the abilities and efforts of one cannot be justly given to another without his consent. The just incentive of toil, the sacred title of production, the blessed virtue of charity, are the property of individual effort, the keystone of progress, character, and happiness. Democracy is the one principle inherent in and essential to every just government. "That people is best governed that is least governed," is its active principle. It is as much opposed to the unrestrained rule of the majority to socialism, to bureaucratic paternalism, to the unnecessary increase of governmental powers, to the impairment of individual freedom and opportunity, as it is to despotism, the unrestrained rule of one over all.

What is the danger to-day? We have been led to believe in the responsibility of government for the creation and distribution of wealth. We have enjoyed great prosperity; and now, generally speaking, we see its great accumulated wealth in the hands of a few whose methods we have investigated and found dishonest, yet who are in the main unpunished and unpunishable by existing laws. The

demagogue is the popular answer. The demand of the hour is for more law, and more power, to punish and destroy. The demagogue's conception of government is of the absolute power to punish and destroy. Fortunately there is too much strength in our institutions, and too much conservatism in our people, to permit this popular feeling to overturn directly and immediately all the principles and safeguards of democracy. But the tone and the tendency are destructive. They seek to increase the bureaucratic powers of government and to centralize those powers where they can be used most effectively and destructively; to make popular power supreme, individual rights subordinate; to destroy the corporate monopoly of to-day; to destroy the safeguards, and in time the rights, of the individual. Democracy's limitations on government protect only the essential rights. The forces of real reform that beat mistakenly against them will in time find the line of least resistance. They will remedy the abuses without destroying the safeguards of society. It is the problem of doing this that now and always confronts us. Those who contribute to its solution will be remembered and revered as statesmen. Those who oppose it with temporary success will not be entirely forgotten.

The increase of federal power, the centralization of government, above all, the regulation and supervision by government of corporate monopoly, the popular preaching of the day, is radically opposed to the principle of democracy. Is there no other way to reform existing evils? The first step in any reform is to understand the evil, and our first step to-day should be to understand the corporation. We can no longer leave the exclusive knowledge of its evils to the much abused corporation lawyer, the exclusive use of this knowledge to the corrupt influences that too often employ him. One further suggestion, I think, is pertinent. Before increasing the powers of government, before departing forever from the principle of individual freedom from govern-

ment, a due regard for that principle and a due regard for reason and precedent suggest the inquiry whether, by any chance, the evils to be reformed are caused, in whole or in part, by a prior departure from that principle, by some unwise or unnecessary act of government, impairing the freedom, the supremacy, or the equality of the individual. The answer to this inquiry is immediate.

What is a corporation, that it so seriously threatens the welfare of the individual? It is first, last, and all the time, an act of government; it is a privilege and a license to one or more persons, or to an aggregate of wealth controlled by one or more persons, known or unknown, to be for certain purposes and in certain respects a separate person, a "legal fiction," and as such to be and do things that the individual cannot be and do. It is an advantage to the incorporated individual, a disadvantage to the unincorporated individual; a resulting situation whose only perfect equality lies in incorporating each individual in each relation of life.

This fact was plainly recognized when, in their inception, corporations were created only for public or quasi-public purposes, with innumerable safeguards to protect the state and the people against the abuse of the powers granted for the public good. Their development from this early stage was very gradual. Their power for good was recognized, but their power for evil was not at first overlooked. Corporations for private purposes and for profit were chartered by special laws, but with great precaution and ample restrictions against abuse. With legislative corruption and carelessness, these special laws became in time blanket charters, special privileges capable of great abuse. The proper demand for reform and for equality resulted in general corporation laws containing at first many safeguards and limitations. The difficulty has been that the legislative and public minds have never fully grasped the real dangers and possibilities of the corporation. The mistaken demand of

general business interests, and in many cases the corrupt influence of special interests, have finally in very recent years made these general laws practically a blanket power of incorporation, an authority to any one to make a "legal entity" of any kind, a law for himself and for those who deal with him. The modern corporation is essentially a modern act of government, a modern extension of a power of government, proper in its inception, but so unwisely deprived of its initial safeguards that it has become in effect a charter of corruptive lawlessness, a license, so to speak, of irresponsible business methods, of wildcat promotion, of fraud on coöwners and creditors, of public corruption, of monopoly, and of subversion of established principles of law and equity.

Individual capacity for wrong is something we must always contend with and restrain, but the blanket powers of the modern corporation give to that capacity a scope and facility of fraud, of immoral profit and unpunished crime, that could not exist between individuals, that need not exist if intelligent limitations and safeguards existed to prevent the abuse of corporate powers. It has created one evil and one danger, that is perhaps peculiar to the facility it affords to secret combination, to the efficiency and corrupt profit it bestows on irresponsible and secret control of wealth. This is the evil and danger of monopoly, of far-reaching aggregations of capital, greater in wealth and power than the "dummy" states that create them. These monopolies control a large part of the business of the country; they place a whole people under a tribute that is neither just nor voluntary. They move with secrecy and corruption through all the channels of trade and government. They influence and in a measure control government, and give sense as well as humor to "Mr. Dooley's" suggestion that our federal government should be incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, so that it may have power to deal with them. They

threaten a day when, but for an escape to socialism, the vote of the share and of wealth shall be dominant, the vote of the man and of principle subservient; when the control of wealth and of government shall be entrenched by corporate entities and fictions in one man,—the possible heritage of an imbecile son of an unscrupulous father.

This is an outline, not in all respects of existing conditions, but of the existing possibilities of existing laws; of the extent to which the power of government has been extended in the creation of irresponsible corporations, in creating and making possible the many evils that have resulted from such corporations.

These evil possibilities have in large part been realized. Every lawyer knows that the temptations and immoralities of corporate promotion and management are frequent, that so-called corporate efficiency is often attained at the expense of business integrity. Men, little and big, who would not think of taking a dishonest dollar directly, take them indirectly with a soothed conscience through the medium of a corporation. The control of a corporation gives to the man who controls it the power to deal with himself as an individual and fix his own profit; it enables him in innumerable ways to benefit himself at the expense of minority stockholders and creditors. With all the details and all the fictions of corporate management under his control, he can violate with impunity ordinary principles of honesty, can commit with impunity what in any other form would be crimes. This favors irresponsible promotion. The enthusiasm of Smith in a new enterprise becomes a corporation, half of whose stock is issued to him for a possibility costing nothing, and corruptly divided with Jones because he is a friend of Robinson, who has the money and the gullibility to buy the remaining stock at par. This money is spent in salary and experiments. The venture fails. Robinson loses, and the creditors are defrauded by a false appearance of wealth.

Again, Jones has a small business worth \$4000 a year. It becomes "Jones & Co." The directors—his stenographer and office-boy—vote him a salary of \$5000. A few years later he pays up his back salary, and in a very little over the four-months bankruptcy period the creditors are informed that the business is unsuccessful and the company insolvent.

A and B form a mining company, issue, say, \$100,000 "preferred stock" to themselves for an option, and sell \$10,000,000 common stock at attractive prices, to pay for the property and its development. They provide in the charter that the "preferred stock" shall elect all or a majority of the directors, creating what in any other form would be a legal trust. The business is successful, but its profits are absorbed by A and B in exorbitant salaries, graft contracts, etc. They may be called to account where the theft can be proved, but they cannot, on existing legal precedents, be dislodged from control.

The corporate charter, the home-made law, cannot be destroyed or the corporation dissolved, until our courts of equity are bold enough to break through the corporate fiction, recognize the trust created by it, and destroy or reform as they would do in any other case. These are a few of the every-day evils that are overshadowed in the public mind by the wholesale frauds of the great corporations.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society, owned by the holders of policies worth \$400,000,000, who are its legal members, was, and for all intents and purposes is supposed to be to-day, controlled by a \$100,000 stock ownership with exclusive voting power. The holders of this stock diverted millions of the trust funds committed to their care, and there was no legal precedent for canceling the violated trust.

The New York City Railway Company, a small existing corporation, was acquired by men in control of the Met-

ropolitan Street Railroad. The lines of the latter company were leased to the New York City Railway Company at a rental equal to 7 per cent on the Metropolitan stock, an amount in excess of its earning power. The stock of both companies was then transferred to the Metropolitan Securities Company, which received the rental as stockholder of the Metropolitan and creditor of the New York City Railway Company, and would receive any possible excess as stockholder of the latter company, which, practically insolvent in its inception, operates the road for the real benefit of its self-created creditor, the Securities Company. It incurs all the liabilities of operation, and at the proper time lays down on its general liabilities, including several millions in just claims of passengers injured, and the widows and orphans of those killed, in the operation of the road for the real benefit of the Securities Company, which was able to take more than all the earnings and to avoid the liabilities.

Another notorious instance is the company formed in 1899 to effect the "trust" declared illegal by the courts in 1892. In this corporation, or system of corporations, perhaps more than in any other, the ingenuity of man has striven successfully to defeat the ends of public policy and private justice, and to commit crimes in morals without responsibility in law; all through an ingenious chain of corporate entities, "legal fictions," acting in different states in secret and different ways, for the common end of monopoly, industrial oppression, and immoral profit.

It is impossible to enumerate the frequent public wrongs committed with the aid and under the shield of corporate ingenuity. Public franchises obtained by fraud are represented by corporate stock conveniently distributed between the corrupted and corrupter of the public trust. The bonds are issued for construction, underwritten at 80, the cost of construction, and sold to the public at par. The bonds and stock at par, in the hands of innocent holders, become

a recognized property right, to uphold exorbitant rates and defend inadequate service. It is a striking fact that this franchise itself is an act of government; too frequently granted for nothing, without due limitations and without preserving the right of individuals to the equal use, at equal cost, of the public highways: without defending the public against the iniquitous rebate. Large corporations and small are periodically reorganized and bled by every conceivable form of "high finance," the men in control fixing their own price for the use of their time, credit, and names. The corporation, the greatest apparent means for the wide distribution of industrial profits, and the wide control of industrial management, is actually, through stock-market manipulation and "high finance," the greatest actual means for the accumulation of these profits and the vesting of this control in the hands of a relatively few individuals.

No one who has read the recent magazine story of the "Vanderbilt Millions" can avoid the conclusion that the full and fair reward of the financial genius who consolidated the many connecting links of the New York Central Railroad, the millions that resulted from the increased value and earning power of the road, was unfairly increased and multiplied ten times over by the fraudulent stock-jobbery, watered capital, and legislative corruption that have made his name, like several others, a by-word for immoral financial success. It is easy to blame these men for what they have done, what many others would have done if they could, playing the game as they found it; easy also to clamor for prison cells to punish acts which the public mind had not conceived or stamped as criminal when they were done. It is much harder and much more to the point to study the evils themselves, to understand them first, and then to remedy or punish them by intelligent statutory enactments.

The evils that have existed, and still exist, are manifold. They are not, how-

ever, the universal rule of corporate management. Corporate powers may be, and are in many instances, honestly and conscientiously used. The point is that they may be, and often are, dishonestly used with legal impunity; that the corporation as it exists to-day is a charter of irresponsibility, that it enables the insiders to bid successful defiance to courts, minority stockholders, creditors, and the general public; that government, too much government, the unrestrained delegation of the powers of government, have made these evils possible, and that it is time to know these things, and to act with knowledge in their correction. Using this knowledge, we must see that the first step in their correction lies, not in inventing new activities of government to regulate the abuse of powers that should never have been granted, but rather in revoking, curtailing, and limiting those powers, and in preventing their further grant.

We have come to think that corporation laws cannot be too liberal, that the corporation as such is one of the "inalienable rights." We must return to the original conception of a corporation, as a special privilege that must be carefully limited and made subservient to the common good. If, and so far as, it proves disastrous to society, to the individual, its existence or its powers, the corporate powers of the persons controlling it, can and should be destroyed. The true remedy lies in remedial and penal laws; laws that are self-operating, limiting the formation and powers of corporations and their officers and majority stockholders; laws of corporate management enforceable in the courts at the suit of the government or of individuals; laws that clearly define and adequately punish and remedy the wrongs incident to corporate relations. The remedy is less government, and not more government; restriction, and not extension, of its abused powers.

But how are these remedies to be applied? By which government, state or federal? By state laws, of course; and the need of them is great and immediate.

But what can Texas and Massachusetts say to the "octopus" of New Jersey that rules the oil industry of the country? They have the legal power to keep it out of their territory, but they are practically powerless to protect their citizens from its national monopoly. The question has become, and is now, unavoidably national, largely because it is universal, but largely also because tariff laws shut in our markets and interstate free trade opens them, making the country an industrial world by itself, the natural prey of the "tariff-fed monopolies." The tariff incidentally is an act of government. The evil is also national and federal, because of the comity that tends to admit the corporation of one state to do business in another, and because of the rights of such corporations as "persons" under the federal Constitution. It is distinctly appropriate to federal remedy, because it is an evil that one state inflicts upon another, an evil also of interstate commerce in its truest sense, and within the power of Congress to deal with it. Congress, if it has this power, is not a party to the state "contract" of incorporation; that "contract" cannot be pleaded to limit the power of Congress, as it might be in some cases to limit the power of a state. The problem must be met in some part by federal legislation. The essential thing is that this legislation be in harmony with the constitutional principle of delegated federal powers, and that it also be in harmony with the larger inherent principle of democracy itself; that it be, if anything, a limitation rather than an extension of the powers of government over the individual. Can this be?

What we want as a people are safe and sane corporation laws, each in his own state; and we want to protect our own states against the licensed corporate wrongs of a sister state as well as against a similar possible license by the federal government. If we can do this, our sister states can work out their own salvation, and neither our mistakes nor theirs alone will threaten the entire nation. If any

state wishes to bestow a blanket power to create irresponsible corporations within its own borders, it is a local question that must be met and answered with a view to local conditions. The more settled states should not wish it. If they do not wish it for themselves, it is the height of impudence and bad faith for them to license such enterprises, as some of them do, expressly to do business in other states. Within her own borders the powers of a state should not be improperly restricted by federal legislation; she also in a sense is an individual in the sisterhood of states, and has a right and a mission to work out her own salvation. She should not, however, exercise her powers to injure the individuals or public policy of other states. To prevent this, to prevent the irresponsible corporate monopoly arising from it, a federal law is both necessary and proper.

This does not necessarily mean either a federal license or federal regulation for interstate corporations; it does not mean an extension of federal government, although it may mean an exercise of the restrictive power of the federal Congress. Federal government is not necessary if the federal power can be used to attack directly and logically the real evil, the abused power of one state to license an irresponsible corporation to do business in other states. The simplest course is sometimes so simple and so direct that, in our confusion or timidity in an important matter, we try to walk around it. *The remedial federal law should be a simple and effective attack on the actual abuse; it should be, so far as possible, self-operating: an effective prohibitory law, stating in detail the conditions of incorporation, management, and governing laws, necessary to enable a corporation to depart from the state of its birth to engage in interstate commerce, prescribing adequate penalties and making void and unenforceable by a corporation any contract made in violation of its provisions.*

Such a law would be partly self-operating and completely enforceable in

the courts; it would do away with the necessity of a federal license or federal commissions, with their endless increase and centralization of power, expense, patronage, and corruption. Without violating state sovereignty, it would be a limitation on the power of the states to injure one another; it would not be an increase of the powers of the federal government. Radical in precedent, it would be correct in principle — in some respects analogous to the ten per cent tax imposed in 1866 on state banknotes, to reform the national evil then arising from reckless state legislation. Instead of extending the federal power as a bureaucratic invader of the rights of the individual, it would extend it as a shield to defend these rights; it would be less government, and not more government.

The practical effect of such a law, properly and constitutionally framed, would necessarily be immediate and tremendous. It would cause, without directly compelling, the immediate amendment of its non-resident corporation statutes by every "corporation state;" the radical reform, if not reincorporation, of every interstate corporation. It would become a national standard for all corporation laws. It would make men who to-day seem greater than their surroundings, who "live in the higher world of railroads and finance," recognize the real source of the power they have abused, the fact that the people who have given can also take away, that the "interstate commerce" clause of the Constitution is a reserved power of the whole people, greater than an interstate monopoly created by one state. Above all, if we can meet these evils in state and nation by limiting rather than extending the powers and bureaucratic activities of government, by legislative and judicial rather than executive remedies, by preserving rather than by impairing the rights and safeguards of the individual, we shall have made a step backward from the dangers that confront us, a long step forward in the path of permanent reform and "triumphant democracy."

RECENT LITERATURE ON THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

BY WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

THE appearance of the New Variorum edition of *Richard III*¹ has been awaited by students of Shakespeare with much interest and perhaps some anxiety. For it had been announced that this play had been entrusted by Dr. Furness to his son, Mr. H. H. Furness, Jr., who had already revised one of the earlier volumes of the edition, but of whose capacity as an independent editor scholars had had little opportunity of judging. The volume now in our hands, then, is important as indicating what we are to expect of the man whom the veteran Shakespearean has trained to assist him in the completion of his great task. That a colleague should have to be provided at all is a matter for regret; but when we consider that it is well over a quarter of a century since the first volume appeared, and that there are still more than twenty to come, we must be thankful that the later volumes are to fall into such satisfactory hands.

For the promise of this first volume is indeed satisfactory. We find here not only, as we expect, the same plan and the same method which have proved so helpful and adequate in the past, but, so far as we can judge, the same laborious conscientiousness, shirking no toil which can make for completeness, the same skill in selection and condensation, the same unremitting zeal for accuracy. Differences, of course, there are. In the notes, the contributions by the editor himself are more succinct, more impersonal, than those of his father have been in the more recent volumes; and one misses the flashes of humor that have often afforded

relief when the fatuity of earlier commentators put the reader most in need of it. The Preface, too, is less provocative than we have found those of some recent volumes, and, if less entertaining, it attends to business perhaps somewhat more strictly. The handling of the question of text, peculiarly difficult in this play, shows to some small extent a lack of experience, and implies a view of textual criticism that is not entirely sound; but the plan of the edition, with its exhaustive record of all authoritative readings, makes this of little or no importance. Taking the volume as a whole, we are delighted to be able to offer congratulations to all concerned: to Dr. Furness on a colleague so well-chosen and so well-trained; to the new editor on a highly auspicious beginning; and to the public on the prospect of a more rapid completion of an indispensable undertaking.

Of all Shakespeare's works, *Hamlet* continues to be the most provocative of comment and controversy. Three books on this tragedy are now before me; but two of these are not really new. *The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery*² is a translation of lectures first delivered in Berlin by Karl Werder in 1859-60, and published in 1875. *A Review of Hamlet*³ is merely a reprint of Miles's essay, originally issued in 1870. Both were notable criticisms in their day, and Werder's theory has remained one of the stock interpretations. But both are extremely diffuse; and there

² *The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery*. Translated from the German of Karl Werder. By ELIZABETH WILDER, with Introduction by W. J. Rolfe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1907.

³ *A Review of Hamlet*. By GEORGE HENRY MILES. New edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

¹ *The Tragedy of Richard the Third*, in A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by H. H. FURNESS, JR. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1908.

are few purposes that could not be adequately served by such a summary as one finds in the second volume of Dr. Furness's new variorum *Hamlet*.

The main point of Werder's position is that Hamlet's difficulties are purely external: because his aim was not mere revenge, by killing the king, but divine justice, which was only to be accomplished by bringing the murderer to open confession. It has often been remarked in reply that if Shakespeare meant Hamlet's quest to be this larger justice, and not blood for blood, it is strange that he should have left the distinction so obscure. Werder's own statements of this view are often wildly paradoxical. "Because Hamlet *ought to do what no one can do, and what he must still desire to do* — that is the tragic destiny to which the poet has assigned him." But he does not explain on what theory of moral responsibility a man *ought* to achieve the impossible. This contradiction vitiates the whole of Werder's view of the tragic action. Nevertheless, his lectures have had a wholesome influence on the course of *Hamlet* criticism, for they have sent students back to the text to test the grounds for such theories as those of Goethe and Coleridge, who find the whole ground for delay in defects in the character of the hero.

From the mass of florid rhetoric in Miles's book, exalting Shakespeare and Hamlet with a complete absence of critical judgment, one point emerges: the view that the attack of the pirates upon Hamlet's ship was prearranged by him. This notion has been dealt with by some modern critics with more gentleness than it deserves. It was not Shakespeare's practice to leave obscure the happenings in his plays. Whatever subtleties he may have elaborated in the characters, he was enough of the practical playwright to make clear to the whole audience all he wished them to know of the external activities in a drama. He certainly did not make clear to his audience, as he easily might have done, that Hamlet plotted

his own capture; it is therefore only justice to him to infer that he did not wish to indicate it. The republication of this essay, then, would seem to have been unnecessary; and it lacks even the partial justification which the translation of Werder finds in the calm and reasonable summing up of the state of the case which Dr. Rolfe has written as an introduction to the lectures of the German scholar.

A very different style and treatment meet us in Professor C. M. Lewis's volume.¹ Here we have no hazy metaphysics, no overwrought rhetoric piling up fanatical superlatives, no diffuseness, no exaggeration. The book is little more than half the size of Werder's or Miles's, yet it contains many times the matter. Nor is its condensation obtained at the cost of clearness. Few Shakespearean discussions are so lucid, leave so little doubt as to what the critic really means. Part of this superiority is due to Professor Lewis's command of a restrained style, part to the kind of criticism which he employs. The book is an essay in the historical method, an attempt to explain the mystery of *Hamlet* by showing how the tragedy came to its present form. *Hamlet* defies consistent interpretation, he concludes, because it is not a consistent creation, but a growth which retains many bewildering features that would have found no place in the final result had Shakespeare been cutting out of whole cloth instead of making over an old garment. With this general belief he traces the successive forms of the story, beginning with Belleforest, reconstructing the hypothetical lost *Hamlet*, now usually ascribed to Kyd, and using these with the German *Hamlet* and the three Shakespearean versions to ascertain what elements in the play as we know it are merely inherited, what are made over, and what invented by Shakespeare.

¹ *The Genesis of Hamlet*. By CHARLTON M. LEWIS, Emily Sanford Professor of English Literature in Yale University. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

The time was ripe for such a contribution as this. The work of Boas on Kyd, and of Thorndike on the tragedy of revenge, had suggested and made familiar to Shakespeare students the general point of view from which Professor Lewis elaborates his investigation; and whatever conclusions criticism may in the future reach, it may be safely affirmed that the factors here discussed can never again be wisely ignored. It is indeed conceivable that a finished play might contain even as great a mass of merely inherited episode as it is here shown to be probable that Shakespeare received from his predecessors, and yet that the dramatist might revolutionize the type of hero and the whole tone of the tragedy and leave none of these survivals unassimilated. But the feat would be well-nigh miraculous, and in the face of the difficulties which the play undeniably presents, it seems unlikely that it was here accomplished.

The discussion in the future, then, is likely to be concerned with the extent of these unassimilated survivals. It is natural that Professor Lewis should go far in his estimate of it; further, I am inclined to think, than most scholars will care to follow. One may accept his general attitude, and yet refuse to regard Hamlet's immediate adoption of the pretense of madness as irreconcilable with his character in the finished play, or to regard Shakespeare's treatment of Ophelia as merely a half-hearted working over of a part of the earlier play which he was hopeless of making convincing or really relevant. It would take more space than is here available to discuss profitably these and other tempting problems; but the suggestion of a difference of opinion should not obscure our belief that Professor Lewis has, in this rich and suggestive little volume, made an acute and solid contribution to one of the great problems of literature, a contribution that can be enjoyed by the ordinary educated reader as well as by the specialist.

But let us hope that the unsuspecting

reader will not fall into the hands of the author of "a brief for the defendant" in the case of *The Critics versus Shakspeare*.¹ This author, presumably a lawyer, is an idolatrous admirer of Shakespeare, who, besides his favorite author, has read a considerable number of commentaries. He has not, however, gained any idea of their relative authority, or of the advance of scholarship which has in many cases made the opinions of earlier critics, however estimable in their day, worthless as evidence now. He has finally stumbled upon Professor Wendell's *William Shakspeare* and Professor Thorndike's dissertation on the *Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspeare*, and lashes himself into fury over what he supposes to be the assaults of these writers upon the object of his worship. The crimes which he attacks are in fact just such historical studies as have prepared the way for Professor Lewis's book on *Hamlet*, and it is hardly necessary here to explain the value of such investigation. Professor Wendell's phrase, "economy of invention," expresses admirably a fact about Shakespeare that is recognized to-day by all competent scholars, and it is a pity that Mr. Smith should work himself up to the point of publication before he reflects that it is no insult to Shakespeare to try to understand his methods of work.

The trouble seems to be caused by Mr. Smith's inability to read accurately, and so to quote fairly, the critics he opposes. When he says that Wendell and Thorndike state that Shakespeare's "comedies are *but* adaptations from Greene or Boccaccio," that "*Cymbeline* is *but* an imitation of *Philaster*," he is guilty of misrepresentation; and the method is by the insertion of the "but" which I have italicized, and which, we are willing to believe, he was unconscious of inserting. Till a critic gets beyond slips like this, he can hardly hope to command attention.

¹ *The Critics versus Shakspeare: A Brief for the Defendant*. By FRANCIS A. SMITH. New York: The Knickerbocker Press. 1907.

On a very different scale from these treatments of special points is the massive work of Professor Schelling.¹ Through his own publications on the Elizabethan lyric, on Gascoigne, Jonson, and others, and through the work of his students at the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Schelling had already earned an enviable reputation as an authority on this period, and the two volumes now before us are the crowning result of many years of absorption in the richest portion of English literature. The book purports to be an exhaustive history of the English drama from the accession of Elizabeth in 1558 to the closing of the theatres in 1642, with introductory chapters on the mediæval drama; and it is completed with a bibliographical essay, a list of plays, and an admirable index. These appendices, apart from the value of the text, make the book something for which all students of the drama will be grateful.

It is hard to overestimate the labor involved in such a work as this. The first-hand study of some eight hundred plays is but a part of the task; for the mass of criticism and controversy on these dramas is now beyond the power of man to measure. Of the thoroughness with which Professor Schelling has read the documents themselves, one has only to turn to his book itself to be convinced; this was a possibility, and it has been fulfilled with honesty and keen judgment. An exhaustive reading of the comment is neither possible nor profitable; on the whole, Professor Schelling has covered with success the part of it which is important. Here and there he seems to have failed to get the whole bearing of a critic's argument; here and there opinions will differ as to his choice of sides, as when he follows Fleay and Penniman rather than Small and Malory, in the discussion of the war of the theatres, or when he

stumbles upon inferior authorities in such a case as that of George Buchanan, thereby missing the political significance of the plays of the great Scottish humanist. Further, one remarks at times an unfortunate lack of explicitness in the footnotes. It is frequently not possible to infer whether the book mentioned in the note is cited as source or corroboration, or as a reference to an opinion contrary to that expressed in the text. This vagueness does injustice sometimes to Professor Schelling, sometimes to the author cited; though it is clear, from the generosity in acknowledgment shown throughout, that such a fault as the second is the last thing Professor Schelling would consciously commit.

Turning from these details to the body of the treatise, we are interested first of all in the novel method. Professor Schelling has sought "to relate not only those facts concerning the drama of this period which are usually comprehended under the term history, but likewise to determine the development of species among dramatic compositions within the period; to ascertain, as nearly as possible, the character of each play considered, and refer it to its type; to establish its relations to what had preceded and to what was to follow; and definitely to learn when a given dramatic species appeared, how long it continued, and when it was superseded by other forms."

If it is asked what the present volumes accomplish that is not already done, say, in Professor A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature*, the answer is here. Ward, like other previous historians of the period, follows a chronological and biographical method. The study of separate dramatic species receives only slight incidental attention from him, and has elsewhere been pursued only in one or two detached volumes such as Professor Schelling's own volume on the Chronicle Play, and more recently in Professor Thorndike's masterly treatment of Tragedy. Now Professor Schelling has at-

¹ *Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642*. By FELIX E. SCHELLING, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. 2 vols. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1908.

tempted the mapping out of the whole field of Elizabethan dramatic production according to this method, and the result is interesting in the extreme. About the value of the method there can, I think, be no question. Only by such recognition and classifying of types can the essential nature and historical explanation of many a drama be made to stand out. It was really by the previous study of the tragedy of revenge that Professor Lewis's contribution to the interpretation of *Hamlet* was made possible. Again, the influence of foreign literatures, as well as of contemporaries at home, is much more easily and more accurately perceived by this than by the biographical method. It is the characteristic weapon of the comparative study of literature, and comparative study is the method of the immediate future.

But the difficulties and the dangers of this study by types are undeniably great. Such terms as "species" call to mind biological classifications which raise expectations doomed to disappointment. For in the field of literature neither logical nor biological precision in classification can be achieved, since hybrids are almost the rule and pure specimens the exception. The value of the result is not to be found in any final pigeon-holing of all literary products; but in supplying a terminology for the various elements found in combination in most, in thus furthering intelligible analyses, in bringing out unsuspected relations, in suggesting new points of view, in defining types to which existing specimens are approximations. Not only the same author, but the same book, must necessarily appear again and again in different connections. *As You Like It*, for example, might be found under such various discussions as those on romantic comedy, pastoral drama, and Robin Hood plays; and each classification would be justified. The loss involved in such scattering need not be denied, but it should be remembered that a loss equally great is involved in the older biographical method, when

the history, say of pastoral drama, must be searched for through a score of chapters on different authors. It is manifest, too, that no universal agreement as to this classification by types can be expected. There will always be difference of opinion about which of several characteristics in a given work is predominant, and, in the logical sense, "specific." The discussion of such questions only sharpens critical perception, and agreement is comparatively unimportant. The recognition and definition of the elements is the valuable thing, and that will become clearer and clearer. He is the best critic, said old Puttenham, who can discern most differences.

This general discussion of method has seemed necessary in order to bring out the fact that a difference of opinion about the wisdom of this or that bit of classification does not imply that, if another division is preferred by the critic, the one adopted by the author is valueless. Thus it must be confessed that a first reading of Professor Schelling's Table of Contents is bewildering. We have twenty chapters with different titles, sixteen of which seem to indicate independent species without subordination. It seems as if, even at the risk of apparent pedantry, a more obvious scheme of division and subdivision would have been preferable for the sake of clearness. Again, many would have preferred a broader recognition of the distinction between comedy and tragedy, which tends to be obscured in such chapters as those on the "New Romantic Drama." Subject-matter is often not to be ignored in classification according to species; but criteria drawn from formal differences are to be preferred when they are available.

In such a division as "Historical Drama on Foreign Themes" it would seem as if a somewhat superficial difference in subject-matter had been magnified out of proportion in being made a specific characteristic. As the study of the Elizabethan drama proceeds, such questions will doubtless be threshed out,

and it is easy to say that if Professor Schelling had waited longer, further special studies would have supplied material that would have benefited his work. But much is gained, even for such further studies, by this bold attempt to map out the entire field along new lines. The very vagueness and lack of definition which appear here and there are of value in drawing the attention of scholars to those parts of the field which especially invite research.

Meanwhile, it must be admitted that the work as we have it abundantly justifies itself. The originality of Professor Schelling's volumes is not exhausted when we have discussed the novelty of its plan. The critical treatment of the individual plays as works of art is perhaps as distinguished a feature as the contributions to the scientific investigation of literary history and theory; it is conducted with sanity, acuteness, and much enthusiastic appreciation, and it is expressed in a style which often rises to beauty and which, throughout, resists with wonderful vitality the tendency to become jaded that so easily appears in literary histories on a large scale. The work as a whole is assuredly one to bring credit to American scholarship both at home and abroad.

The "new Swinburne" whom his publishers announce as revealed in his latest volume of criticism, is not easily discovered by any one familiar with the veteran poet's previous utterances upon the Elizabethan drama. In the nine essays on Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Marston, Middleton, Rowley, Heywood, Chapman, and Tourneur, which he has gathered into a volume under the title of *The Age of Shakespeare*,¹ we find little more than a continuation of the streams of turgid eloquence which he poured forth in his earlier monographs on Shakespeare, Jonson, and Chapman. The virtues and the vices are those to which

we have become accustomed in what we call Swinburne's critical writings, more to distinguish them from his creative work than because they are in any ordinary sense critical. For his temper is too ebullient for the processes of patient discernment and impartial balancing with which criticism is supposed to be concerned; his mood is commonly too violently partisan.

The method which he here as elsewhere employs is simple enough. The Elizabethan dramatists seem to be conceived by him as a school divided into classes. The head boy in almost all subjects is admitted to be Shakespeare; and the bulk of the book consists of an attempt to create a series of classes in which the subjects of the several essays may in turn occupy the seat next to the head boy. Thus, Shakespeare excepted, Marlowe is first in the sublime, Webster in pure tragedy, and so forth. When a dramatist cannot be placed second, he is still rated in terms that recall the schoolroom. Tom Dekker is really a boy of much talent, if only he would take himself and his work seriously. John Marston can write as great things as any one, if only he would not spoil them the next moment.

This conception of criticism as a perpetual ranking in order of merit accounts for two of the most obtrusive elements of Mr. Swinburne's style — the constant striving after unique superlatives, and the surplusage of adjectives. It is these characteristics that make his prose, sprinkled though it is with brilliant and wonderful things, so shrill and high-pitched as to tire the ear, and so noisy that it is often hard to hear what he is saying. But one cannot at once describe and illustrate his way of writing better than he himself has unconsciously done in the following passage on Marston:—

"A vehement and resolute desire to give weight to every line and emphasis to every phrase has too often misled him into such brakes and jungles of crabbed and convulsive bombast, of stiff and tor-

¹ *The Age of Shakespeare*. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1908.

tuous exuberance, that the reader in struggling through some of the scenes and speeches feels as though he were compelled to push his way through a cactus hedge: the hot and heavy blossoms of rhetoric blaze and glare out of a thickset fence of jagged barbarisms and exotic monstrosities of metaphor. The straining and sputtering declamation of narrative and outcry scarcely succeeds in expressing through a dozen quaint and far-fetched words or phrases what two or three of the simplest would easily and amply have sufficed to convey. But when the poet is content to deliver his message like a man of the world, we discover with mingled satisfaction, astonishment, and irritation that he can write when he pleases in a style of the purest and noblest simplicity."

Of the content of these critiques it is hard to give any summary account. Their value lies chiefly in a number of *obiter dicta*, often very keen and very illuminating; but these, while they might

be extracted, could not be condensed. It is interesting to note his detection of hitherto unnoted influences of several of the dramatists on Milton; to compare his earlier praise of Byron's "sincerity and strength" with his condemnation of him now in such phrases as "blatant and flatulent ineptitude," or "a quack less impudent but not less transparent than the less inspired and more inflated ventriloquist of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*;" to read his recantation of what he now regards as the heresy that Marlowe lacks humor. These things sometimes interest and sometimes amuse, but they seldom convince, and they usually jar.

It is not a pleasant thing to see a man whom we would fain reverence for his achievement, still continuing to display in his old age the rancor and contempt that have so long disfigured his prose, still unable to differ without insult, or to talk of an opponent or a fallen idol without what he himself, with characteristic taste, calls "emetic emotions."

THE IMAGE-MAKER

BY JOHN B. TABB

"Thou shalt no graven image make;"
And yet, O Sculptor, for the sake
Of such an effigy as I —
The superscription like the face
Disfigured now, and hard to trace —
Didst Thou thyself consent to die.

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THE RETROSPECT

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE

As we saunter through the picture galleries of Memory, when the morning is past and the afternoon beginning to draw in, we note this curious fact — that the records of our strenuous and passionate middle years, so recently and vividly painted in, are already blurred and spotted, the light cold and pale upon them, while those of childhood and early youth, that once had no more significance than a whitewashed wall, so take the glow of the setting sun that every point comes out, line and color as fresh as on the day that produced them, with a sort of divine limelight glorifying all. The now educated eye, allowing for the limelight, sees in these early works of the master-artist, Life, a beauty of spontaneity and sincerity that the untrained cannot appreciate. The sobered imagination, like a cultured palate, tastes the delicate values of sound and simple fare, the fine poetry of unsophisticated nature, ignorant of its own romance. And the spirit that has wandered so far and wide, like Noah's dove in search of the yet invisible tree, comes back to this quiet chamber of the mind, its ark of origin, with the instinct of the tired wayfarer for his old if humble home; here it rests in the visions of its dear Past, beautiful because it is past, and past so long, — the vanished hand, the *ain cown-tree*, the old-time ways that are no more; and the big canvases that once were the treasures of the collection hide their diminished charms.

Did that dove of history, or fable, as the case may be, care a straw for invisible trees when he ate his supper and tucked his head under his wing that night? He was, I suppose, a mere bird of flesh and blood, and therefore I feel sure he did not. And we, although we may yet be flung forth to find a new world blissful enough

to make us forget this little boat upon the waters which is now the only one we know, are at present in the position of that weary little fowl when, after its futile wanderings, it roosted happily with its companions in fortune and misfortune, feeling that never before had the ark been so grateful a resting-place.

For the evening of our laborious day — say sixty o'clock, when the end of the hard fight is in view, but almost none of the rewards we aimed for — is far from being the dreary time that I shudderingly anticipated when I was young. I used to look upon those who then appeared so aged, and marvel at the fortitude which could carry gray hair and rounding back so calmly. Was it possible that they were not secretly writhing in mortification under the indignities put upon the pride of the flesh — that they were not continually thinking where they would be in a short ten years, or fifteen at the most, equivalent to “no time” as a portion of life? Or was it that the faculties of persons of sixty were already so impaired that they did not realize their case? The mystery was to find the whole body of them more or less serene in the contemplation of their common calamity, the bright and sensitive equally with the dull-witted and thick-skinned. Since I am now sixty myself, the mystery is cleared up.

In the first place, given health and fair play, one is not old at sixty. Certainly not. I cannot say how it is with men, but with normal women, the wives and mothers, when the heavier pressure of civilization which their lighter strength supports, often with so much difficulty through the middle years, is eased at about fifty, and body and mind have rest together for perhaps the first time, a

second youth of physical strength and mental vigor is apt to come as a delightful surprise. We find ourselves, ten years after that, in many respects younger than our married daughters, so seriously absorbed in the stern struggle from which we have emerged; more buoyant, more pleasure-loving, more alive to the charm of life and the beauty of the world, far more simple in our tastes and free and easy in our opinions, and, oh, infinitely less hard to satisfy.

Another thing. Having been, in the words of John Stuart Mill (I prefer to let a man say it), "confined by custom to one physical function as their means of living and their source of influence," women have had to adjust themselves to that circumstance, or, rather, they have been molded by their environment, like everything else. All through the years of youth the interest of their lives has been to be interesting to men, and their wiles and their vanities are the very last things men should blame them for. We have all heard the saying that women should die at forty, and well we women know the tragical meaning of the words. One need not be a waning beauty to know it, although it is she who drinks the cup of bitterness to the dregs. Well, at fifty that cup has passed from us. You don't expect to be made love to, and you are even sensible of having escaped much worry on that account; still more satisfactory is the knowledge that you are no longer suspected of making love yourself. Your relations with your men friends become delightful. Now they are true comrades, as they should have been all along, and as some day they will be all along, when things are equalized a little more; now the best of both sides comes out, no longer afraid to show itself, and if the habit of flirtation (decorous flirtation, of course) does unconsciously persist a little, that is only as it should be. Your woman's dignity is untouched, while the cockles of your woman's heart are undeniably warmed within you. It was by no virtue that you could call your own that you

were attractive to men in your youth and prime, but if you attract them now you may be justly proud of yourself. Thanks be to the enlightened spirit of these days, there are many dear men of Max O'Rell's persuasion, who give you honestly that sweetest compliment that a woman can receive, in letting you know, at sixty, that you are not too old to charm.

As for that rapidly approaching mortal end, quite as much dreaded by the believer in future bliss as by the doubting Thomases whom he so greatly pities (as witness his equal eagerness to postpone it as long as possible), it is really a curious fact, but still a fact, that our nerve does not fail us as we draw near and nearer to it. On the contrary, we take our doom more philosophically every day. I once knew a poor charwoman who had a most desperate struggle to keep a large family housed and fed, and she said that church teaching was all very well, but that for her part what she hankered for was peace, — not Heaven, with its fresh occupations, but a good, square sleep. Conversely, there is "Punch's" story of the little boy upbraided by his pastor, pictured as catching him at it, for fishing on the Day of Rest. "What do I want with rest?" the Sabbath-breaker growled. Naturally, it was the last thing he wanted at his time of life.

Even at forty, when one is still young (but not with the youth of sixty), one has paroxysms of longing for one's "chance over again." I believe that ninety-nine out of a hundred at that age would pledge their title-deeds to a future life for another turn at this, although they may discreetly, as they can safely, deny it; but later on, when one has crawled out of the dust of the arena, and looks down, calm-eyed, upon the fight still going on, one says to one's self, "What a bother it has all been!" and, feeling the sweetness of relief from the toil and moil, "I would not care to have to go through it again." No, not even when one can assure one's self, as I can, that, taking all things into account, one has been a lucky woman.

As I said before, I cannot answer for the feelings of men.

The crude elements of death are certainly horrible to contemplate. That one's precious body can become the thing we know it will become, that we must leave this warm home-world (which, by the way, we have so ungratefully grumbled at while in it, and whose beauty and comfort we have not hesitated to help to spoil) to be mere dust of dust in the cold bowels of the earth, out of sight and out of mind, — who, old or young, can think of it without a shiver? But then, we don't think of it; or, if we do, we hasten to remember that when the time comes we shall know nothing about it. According to my experience, and I have twice passed through the bitterness of death, in the sense that all the conscious process of dying was complete, it is when you know, or believe, that your last hour has come that you feel least concerned with your personal fate. All I thought of, in my unextinguished self-conceit, was how my poor family would manage to get along without me.

As for post-mortem existence, with its awesome contingencies, well, that is rather delicate ground for a person who wishes to be sincere to venture on. Still, the matter is so important to my subject that I cannot pass it over. And to speak candidly, as I must, or hold my tongue, I can only say that I find no evidence anywhere of words weighed and deeds considered as having to be accounted for at the tremendous Assize foretold; and I ask any fair-minded reader, who looks about him with an unprejudiced eye, whether he does not agree with me. Let words and deeds be good or bad, let the doers and utterers be of the strictest sect of the Pharisees or the reverse, it is obviously the same with all, the gospel of fear has no real meaning for them, and it is the tangible present in which they wholly live.

The most rabidly pious women will come out of church with no thought but to keep the rain from their best hats and

frocks, dear, human creatures, our blood-sisters, after all! And the clergy, their teachers, — we see them foaming at the mouth at the mention of a Roman Catholic, or wholly given up to their fantastical ritualistic play-toys. Surely if any class amongst us can be said to fiddle (in more senses than one) while Rome is burning, it is what we may term the official fire-brigade, too case-hardened in professionalism to subordinate the engine to the flames.

I do not wish to be rude to anybody, and certainly not to a body of devoted men amongst whom I number many valued friends; I only say they are made of the same stuff as the rest of us, and I mean that for a compliment, although I know they will not take it so. It may be a first-class churchman who turns divine service into primarily a musical or dramatic performance, beguiled by the epithets "stately" and "correct;" but the unpretentious worshiper who goes to it purely for communion with God, and seeks in vain a moment's peace for a quiet prayer, even at the Holy Sacrament, is the religious one of the two.

Similarly, between the preacher passionately vilifying the Scarlet Lady and the easy-going worldlying whose simple creed is to live and let live, we who are not governed by the traditions of a sacerdotal caste have no difficulty in determining which is the better Christian. We are all tarred with the same brush, and the parsons are just as good and bad as we are, creatures of circumstances every one. And they may profess till they are black in the face, they are no more afraid of a great and terrible Day of Judgment than the happy shop-boy cycling through the country of a summer Sunday instead of going to church (one of their pet sinners); for if they were, they would show it.

Believers or unbelievers, we take no step with the direct object of avoiding the road to eternal perdition; similarly, we make no conscious effort to keep our feet pointing for the gates of Heaven, doing our good works, as per the multitudinous

paper labels on our backs, out of the natural goodness of our hearts, which were not born to sin as the sparks fly upward. The fact is patent to every observant eye that, virtually, it really does not matter much to anybody whether the great Dream of Humanity materializes or not. He thinks it does, of course; necessarily, after all these ages of thinking it, it is an hereditary instinct in him to do so. Man's cherished belief is that happiness is what he seeks, wrote R. L. Stevenson to Gosse, "and he can tell himself this fairy-tale of an eternal tea-party and enjoy the notion that he is both himself and something else, and that his friends will yet meet him all ironed out and emasculate, and still be lovable." Whereas "Happinesses are but his wayside campings; his soul is in the journey; he was born for the struggle, and only tastes his life in effort and on the condition that he is opposed. How, then, is such a creature, so fiery, so pugnacious, so made up of discontent and aspirations, and such noble and uneasy passions, how can he be rewarded but by rest?"

Who knows? And, judging from appearances, which are all we have to judge by, who cares? At any rate, the beckonings of a future life take nothing from the value of the one we yet possess, with youth and all that youth means gone out of it. "O Paradise! O Paradise! Who doth not crave for rest?" I have watched the ecstatic faces of the singers of that hymn, and with difficulty repressed a smile at the funny thought of how they would look if they were suddenly to find themselves in danger of having their implied prayer answered. "'Tis weary waiting here;" they don't mean a word of it. If they do, they should be ashamed to own it. The loafer that will not work and the coward that will not fight are the persons who find 't is weary waiting here, and when they do now and again muster a bit of courage and commit suicide, it is certainly not with any view to consequences. Well, well! Having done our blundering best according to our lights, we can surely leave the Hereafter to take

care of itself; or, rather, we can leave it to the Power that created the Universe, and us to be so infinitesimal a fraction of it. Nor do we need to feel either wicked or unhappy in this condition of things. Because we do not subscribe blindfold to ecclesiastical formulæ, we are not without the consolations of religion in our old age. Far from it.

And so we sit and rest ourselves, after all the frantic wear and tear; and more and more, instead of less, it is borne in upon us that life is sweet, and this dear world our hearts' delight, with all its imperfections. It is young still, as we once were, seeing no further than its nose, or at any rate not far enough to get proportions and perspectives right; but we can believe now that it will be wiser some day, and looking back upon its old wars and childish controversies, say, not only, "What a bother it has all been!" but, "What a stupid waste!" Inasmuch as we see it earnestly struggling to wider and higher light, the God in man winning something over the brute at every step, we love it for what it will be as much as for what it is. We love it, first and last, with the love that "lives in the faults of the beloved, and draws its breath in one unbroken round of forgiveness," the only love we understand.

Let me repeat once more. As life, this life which is our only life at present, wanes, the interest of life does not necessarily wane with it, despite traditional theories to the contrary. Given fair play, as I said before, the materials of enjoyment are as rich at sixty as at sixteen or twenty-six; in some ways, richer.

The "fullness of experience" — what wealth that is! Now that we have time to think of things, now that we can sleep o' nights (while other women are agonizing with broken hearts or ailing infants), and thereby gain the strength and sanity of body and mind that were once well-nigh taxed out of them; now that we can give ourselves unreservedly to a fine book, a holiday outing, those simple but uplifting joys which literally re-create jaded spirit

and flesh; now that we are up on the cushions, as it were, above the sawdust and smother, we can see life steadily and see it whole. And it is not all vanity, as in our distracted youth we so frequently supposed.

In our distracted youth we were looking forward all the time, and, speaking personally, I may say that hopes of more or less antiquity, some for myself proper, and more for myself in the selves of my progeny, flourish as vigorously as ever they did; but the sweet pastime of the rejuvenated grandmother is to look back, to rest and survey the historic Past. Was it such a hard road, after all? With the mellow light upon it, its roughnesses are its charm. "The rugged and bitter business where his heart lies;" Stevenson's description of the mundane life of man is good enough. It was rugged and bitter to us, without a doubt, but our hearts were in it, as they are in it now; it was *living*, the struggle for which we were born. That we took our gruel standing, however unsteadily, and not lying down, fighting on and through, and not giving in, — is not that its own reward when the battle is over? "Peace at the last" to victor and vanquished, who are neither one nor the other, or equally misnamed.

Never mind how little we have done to brag about, we have done it. And how proud (modestly proud) we feel! The young folks who now own the world, and have the smallest possible opinion of our present value to it, if they only knew with

what complacent superiority we listen to their cocksure wisdom and smile over their heads! Let them go their way, poor dears. They will, anyhow, taking no advice from us (and the best thing for them too), and seek the company that suits them; what suits us is to get hold of our own contemporaries and compare notes with them, particularly some old, old friend, whom perhaps we have not seen for thirty years or more. "Do you remember" this, that, and the other? We can yarn over our old times by the hour, by the week, with the sense of being transported to fairy-land. The far Past is our fairy-land now. For all the sordid details have melted into the harmonious whole, as the stones of rough hillsides into the rose and blue of distant ranges at sunset; or, if we recall them, it is like looking at weeds and rubbish when they have been jeweled with hoar-frost.

For this reason, that the alchemy of loving memory does tend to make dross glitter to the likeness of gold, our traveler's tales are perhaps justly sniffed at by such of our descendants as may chance to overhear them. Let it be understood, then, that this spiritual marconigram is addressed to the men and women, especially the women, of my own day and generation, who have the sympathetic receiver and the code. If *they* did not see upon the face of Truth some tinge of the color that possibly never was on sea or land, I do not think it would be the face of Truth to them at all.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AS TO WOMEN'S CLUBS

It cannot be denied that there exist people who believe that the masculine half of mankind has considerably the best of life. To be frank, I think so myself.

The question, which of women's alleged disadvantages has operated the most seriously against her, is one of individual opinion. For myself, living as I have done in a village of small size and few diversions, the thing I have resented most, hated most, has been, and is now, that it is not possible, that it never has been possible, for me to hie me with my menfolk to the village store, or to the shoemaker's shop, or to the railing of the old creek bridge, every evening of my life, and *talk*.

Not a very high ambition, say you. Well, perhaps not! Yet I fancy most women will know what I mean, and will understand that in my long quarrel with fate it has not been alone the pleasure and variety of this frequent matching of wits that I have deplored, but that, along with these, I have seemed to see slip by a wider view, a broader mind, and a mental stimulus both healthy and cheering.

Take these menfolk of mine! In the pauses of gossip and of yarns old and new, they have more or less thoroughly exploited, take it the year round, every event of importance that has occurred on the face of the earth during their entire lives; and echoes of the past and portents of the future have not been lacking. Here they have forged their beliefs, and here they have nerved themselves to action. No wonder I have envied them! Nothing like it ever came into the life of any woman since the world began.

It could n't, you know; there has not been time. Things at home had to be

looked after even if the menfolk did become — patriots and heroes. The babies, you see, had to be born, yes, and reared and fed; the food had to be prepared, the dishes washed, the clothes made and mended, the house looked after, and all the other odd jobs done that nobody wanted to do. This, you will admit, has taken time, lots of time, all the time of nineteen-twentieths of all the women who have ever lived, some one says. And, whilst I am the last to suggest that it has turned out so badly, either for the woman or for the race she has reared, I must yet insist that, as a rule, it *has been* DULL for the woman!

Of course she has had some diversions. Between breaths, as it were, and with the chance hanging over her that her bread or her babies would burn up in her absence, she has yet always been able to invent an excuse to slip over to her neighbor's kitchen, and gossip awhile. And a saving grace it has been to her. Moreover, in my opinion, it is out of these pleasant gossips in the kitchen that the Woman's Club has been evolved, and by a process as truly scientific as any celebrated by Mr. Darwin himself. For — do you not see — being one day unusually strong-minded, as well as in a rebellious mental state, it dawned upon the woman that she could take an hour off regularly, say once a week. Promptly she inspired her neighbor to think the same. At first she justified her new departure by devoting her precious hour to sewing for the heathen. Becoming bolder, and a trifle tired of the heathen, she looked around for more congenial employment and found it in considering ways and means for reforming the habits of her menfolk; in reading a book with others; in financing a church or a hospital; in studying Shakespeare or Browning; in giving aid or advice as to needed

reforms in state or city. And lo! the Woman's Club was born!

Now there is no doubt that she has been amazed at the discovery which she presently made, that the avowed object of the existence of the Woman's Club, whatever that object might be, bore small relation to the measure of its real value to her. For it is not through the flannel petticoats for the heathen, nor through the drunkards saved, nor through the cleaner streets, not even through her delight in her new mental development, that its great benefit to her has appeared. No! It has come in a subtler way. It has come through the meeting with others in an absolute equality; through escaping altogether the old familiar round; through that immaterial, ineffable something that comes of the appreciation of others; through the new things to think about; through the rough corners rubbed off; through the truer valuation that comes of wider knowledge. And, as a result, suddenly, unexpectedly, for the first time in history, the woman finds things beginning to be evened up; finds she can begin to look her menfolk, even her own menfolk, in the eye, with something of the equality that a dawning comprehension of her gifts, as well as of her graces, gives her.

Now, if the Woman's Club can do this one thing, this one most desirable thing, and for the women who need it the most, it is my contention that it does not matter how it goes about it; that no matter if it does make mistakes, no matter how much it overestimates its influence, nor how much too seriously it takes itself, in its inexperience; if the Woman's Club can do this one thing, I say, the least the world can do is to stand off and allow it to do its work in its own way and in its own time.

RECORDING A LIKENESS

A FRIEND of mine used to argue that when all the great inventions of the nineteenth century had been properly valued, that of Daguerre — photography —

would rank alongside of the steam-boiler (which made possible rapid transportation by land and by sea), the application of electricity, and the microscope. I would add to this list the discovery of anæsthetics, whose boon to suffering mankind in a single day would beggar the utmost largess of Czar or Kaiser in a lifetime. Modern health (may I not even say morals, too, so far as they depend on health?) is founded on the microscope; but the usefulness of the microscope itself has been quadrupled by photography, without which a large part of the microscopist's observations, experiments, and results could never be recorded. Photography makes possible, therefore, absolute accuracy in many fields which but yesterday were unexplored, and but a few years ago were undreamt of.

There is one province, however, in which precision, though much to be desired, has not yet been applied. That province is portraiture. Consider, first, painted portraits, and look through any series, of any period, or class of persons: you can never be sure whether their originals were large men or small. You can guess, of course, in exceptional cases, that X was a dwarf, or Y tall and slim; but you cannot tell the exact size of either.

Take Napoleon, for instance. From the portraits of him by Gros, Delaroche, and the rest, *where he is alone*, could you infer that his height was only five feet and a fraction of an inch? In ordinary engravings and half-tones from original canvases you can get no clue to the truth, and you could certainly never guess whether he was larger or smaller than his marshals, or how they stood among themselves. Gilbert Stuart's heads of the early Presidents of the United States leave you equally in the dark as to the relative proportions of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. The canvases are of the same size, and so are the heads that fill them; but in reality Washington and Jefferson could not have worn the same hat. So Queen Victoria, who was below the average woman's height, — in Eng-

land, indeed, she was rather diminutive, — appears in her state portraits as a sovereign of commanding stature. And yet, to convey a proper impression of size should be an essential in portraiture.

This being true, why cannot painters devise some conventional sign to reveal at a glance whether a given portrait is heroic, life-size, or smaller? Such a scheme could be adopted without in any way affecting the artistic requirements of the picture. Painters could easily agree on certain measurements as normal, and then indicate in each case whether they were painting above or below this standard. It certainly would offend our æsthetic sensitiveness much less to see marked inconspicuously in a lower corner of the canvas " $\frac{7}{8}$ " or " $1\frac{1}{16}$ " or some other scale, than it does now to have blazoned in letters of scare-head size the painter's name, residence, and date across the top or bottom of the work. Until some such simple device is adopted, portraits will continue to furnish very inadequate information concerning one of the most important of man's physical attributes.

That such an advance should not already have been made in photography and in other modern forms of pictorial reproduction, is all the more remarkable when we consider how readily these media lend themselves to precision. But, as things go, one head in a cabinet photograph may be as large as another, whether the sitter be Secretary Taft or Mayor McClellan. In other words, the wonderful potentiality for precision which the camera possesses is not availed of.

So, too, in wood-engraving (that art, the only one, which Americans had just brought to the highest state of perfection when "process" pictures came in to blight it) a great deal more information might be furnished by the employment of a few arbitrary, but simple, conventions. Thus the general complexion, whether blond or dark, as shown in a portrait to be engraved, might be rendered by a conventional difference of treatment. Mr. Cole can reveal to you by his mas-

terly use of the tool the very brushwork in the painting he copies; is it not time that a master like him should have discovered some means of indicating that Macaulay's hair was almost corn-yellow, that Tennyson's was very dark, that Bismarck was blond and Garibaldi auburn-tawny? If you look at the woodcuts of those celebrities, you find no clue to these vital physiological facts; you get, at most, only cranial structure and facial contours and expression. And yet in heraldry, the employment of a few conventional lines or stippling discloses at a glance the colors of an engraved coat-of-arms. Experimental psychology is constantly inventing new ways for measuring and registering the most complex human sensations, and for demonstrating the almost fatal relations between physical and psychical qualities. Cannot portraiture, in the forms I have briefly referred to, extend the scope of the testimony it brings, without in the least infringing upon the claims of art?

If it be objected that to follow the scheme here outlined, or any other, would bind painters and engravers by too many conventions, we need only reply that at bottom all imitative arts depend on a few generally accepted conventions. In painting, what are the devices for simulating distance or relief, if not conventional? Assuredly, it is not too much to expect that such significant facts as a man's size and complexion will not forever be ignored by whatever form of portraiture he may be represented. I hear my good friends the painters and photographers and engravers declare firmly, "Impossible!" but I have seen so many of yesterday's impossibilities become to-day's commonplaces, that I am foolishly enough to hazard the suggestion, and to hope that to-morrow may see it carried out.

ALGERNON'S WIFE

My heart has been touched by the pathetic confession of Cynthia's husband in the Contributors' Club for September. A

pang of sympathy rends me when I think of his primitive and wholesome standards of good-breeding and refinement as opposed to Cynthia's artificial little code of social correctness. But as I cannot pour this *confessio uxoris* into his private and personal ear (for the excellent reason that I do not know to whose head that ear is attached), I bring my woes to the same generous tribunal which heard his cry, hoping that my sad tale may touch a responsive chord in the breasts of other gross and earth-bound spirits like myself.

I am common, hopelessly and irretrievably common, in my tastes, habits, and associations, and I am married to a Perfectly Refined Man. It is a not unusual situation. It is one around which the novelist has often woven a pathetic story, touched here and there with real tragedy; but in fiction, you will notice, the reader is invariably expected to sympathize with the soul of shrinking sensitiveness, whereas in this fact of my husband's spiritual *mésalliance* it is the wife of common clay for whom your prayers are desired.

First let me hasten to assure expectant ears pricked for a tale of domestic infelicity, that Algernon and I are very happy together, though it is quite illogical that we should be. Algernon is an artist — Oh dear! there I am forgetting again that that word always makes him wince! No, he is *not* an artist, he is a painter, — though I can never see why he chooses to be called by a word that instantly creates the mental image of a turpentine man in dirty white overalls carrying a bucket of paint up a ladder. But that idea he considers a proof of my crude imagination. Algernon is of such refined gold that it would be "wasteful and ridiculous excess" to try to gild him with adjectives. It is for him to paint the lily, and add another hue unto the rainbow with his crazy impressionistic ideas of color, and it is for me to stand apart from the surrounding group of sensitive and soul-searching satellites, and lift my vulgar hands to Heaven, thanking God that I am not as

other men are. For I glory in my shame, even as the Pharisee gloried in his superiority.

Occasionally I go forth with Algernon into The World, — that little world of arts and letters which takes itself with such portentous seriousness, — but I always feel like a cow in a china-shop, and if I move or breathe I am afraid of breaking an ideal or tarnishing an illusion. In this little world of half-lights and subdued tones, the men are all rather small and colorless, and wear soft, pointed beards. Their voices are gentle, their speech is academic, and they talk about the petty poets, painters, and essayists of their acquaintance as if they were reincarnations of Homer, Velasquez, and Sainte-Beuve. These innocent creatures speak boldly of themselves as "we Bohemians," but they really live in Philistia Centre, and not one of them would dare to hold an opinion unshared by all. They are intellectual communists.

The women are even more feminine than the men. They, also, never raise their voices; they seldom raise their eyes. They sit at the feet of their high-priestess, Miss Lily White, in whose chaste drawing-room they delight to cluster, and they strive to imitate her intonations, to think her higher thoughts, to share her greater hopes. And these innocuous ladies fancy that on their virginal shoulders have fallen the cloaks of the women of the French salons!

Cynthia's husband will readily see that I am no more at home in this milieu than he would be. I always feel as Tannhäuser must have felt when he was surrounded by that Purity League in Elizabeth's Castle, and I long for the outlet to my feelings which he found in snatching up his little stringed instrument and breaking into a song so hearty and honest and elemental that his host and hostess and all their guests rushed from the room, leaving him alone with his own amazement.

Algernon grows restive under the combination of his *précieuses* friends and

(though I say it who should n't) of his also precious wife, and he generally perceives that it is for the greatest good of the greatest number that I should be withdrawn from these social gatherings. He sees my mouth twitching with amusement when I ought to look solemn, and my eyes filling with tears of pity for the little still-born joke that a tentative humorist has shyly produced. I hear soft murmurings of pity for Algernon rising to sympathetic lips before I am hurried from the room; but once outside the door I clutch my husband's arm and explode with coarse laughter, — and he is so much of a gentleman that he joins in a little for fear of hurting my feelings, but he says gently, "I think you are right, Sarah, my world is not your world, and it is better not to pretend that it is."

Now, though I am not "refined," I do like *people*, — just plain ordinary people, like those that Cynthia jeered at because their teeth and their hair grew in the common way. It has been my task to found a club, which has grown to such a stupendous size that the members have bought a house in which their meetings are held. The House of Commons is, for obvious reasons, the name of the club, and the only requirement for admission is that the members should *know that they are common*, and that in itself is sufficiently uncommon to limit the membership. We none of us pretend to be what we are not, or to like what we do not appreciate, or to understand things that are beyond us, and we all have a splendid time, glorying in our inferiority.

I feel that Cynthia's husband and some of his delightful friends should join this society now that they know of its existence, and of its one and only requirement. Perhaps in time Cynthia herself may become eligible for membership if the grossness of her husband's nature has strength enough to drag her down, which, according to Tennyson, invariably happens when one is mated to a clown. By the same token my dear Algernon's good manners may, in course of time, be so

corrupted by evil communications as to enable him to join us, and then, indeed, there will be joy over the one saint that repenteth.

The only *raison d'être* of this little song of myself which I have chirped so persistently is that I may extend an invitation to all those who see themselves as others see them, to join this Society of Self-Constituted Outcasts. After this egotistical confession it is hardly necessary to mention my official position in the club, — I am the Speaker of the House of Commons.

A SCHOOL OF POSTURING

" — AND melancholy self-deception! " Thus Stevenson somewhere characterizes the pleasant habit of keeping a journal. Disgruntled, almost middle-aged, the dictum sounds. Had the author of *Virginibus Puerisque* been lately reading over some journal of his youth — had he forgotten Pepys? Strange that he had not recalled the too-oft-quoted passage about the young woman in St. Dunstan's Church, who repelled Mr. Secretary with a pin; or how they "talked all the way *very pleasantly of the pride and ignorance of Mrs. Lowther*;" or how there was "nothing for dinner but a venison pasty, a leg of mutton and a few fowls." Surely here was no melancholy self-deception! but the candidest nature that ever "left a personal seduction behind, and retained after death the art of making friends."

Nor is it far otherwise with the graver Evelyn, or the author of *Evelina*, whose frank endearing diary has lately been given to the public. Who could relinquish these old diaries, Hogarthian progresses through the life of their times? Not the historian; not even the amateur antiquary, who only reads them culled and edited by other writers. It is only thus that I know the diary of Judge Sewall of Boston. He is quoted by Mrs. Earle in many a favorite chapter of her charming books about the customs of the olden

time. Readers may wonder what put it into the head of an elderly Puritan lawyer to keep a diary. It was not for our pleasure, we suppose, that he noted down how he sent a neighbor a "taste of his dinner;" or how he came to name his little daughter Sarah.

"I was struggling whether to call her *Mehitable* or *Sarah*; but when I saw *Sarah's* standing in the Scriptures: viz., *Peter*, *Galatians*, *Hebrews*, *Romans*, I resolved on that name."

Some survival of youthful feeling must have prompted him to record his pleasant uneventful years — to "count his life thus by lustres." He would spin out each sensation, and revive it at will, by thus recording it. Alas! better that he had forgotten the day when he read to his little daughter Betty that terrible sermon which "wounded" her!

"It ran in her mind and terrified her greatly. And staying at home, she read out of *Mr. Cotton Mather*, 'Why hath Satan filled thy heart?' which increased her fear."

There is a very different diary of Puritan days in Boston, kept by a school-girl who might have gone down the street arm in arm with *Sarah* or *Betty Sewall*. *Little Anna Green Winslow* had obvious reasons for keeping a diary! She must immortalize that pyramidal head-dress, the "yellow coat, and pompedore shoes," in which she no doubt looked far more charming than she says she did. Indeed, she does not say that she looked charming at all. She had not so much vanity. She merely describes the charming scenery of clothes amid which she moved; much as if her yellow coat had been a yellow sky, and the silver plume a mountain waterfall, which she had seen while out walking. *Little Anna!* would that thy book had come to the knowledge of *R. L. S.*!

"Dear Mamma," she writes at its close, "you don't know what a stir would be made in *Sudbury Street*, were I to make my appearance there in my red *Dominic* and black *Hatt!*"

A more industrious journal is that of *Abigail Foote*.

"Fixed gown for *Prude*" (thus runs an average entry), "mended mother's *Riding-hood* — spun short thread, carded tow, worked on cheese-basket; — hetcheled flax with *Hannah*, we did 51 pounds apiece — read a sermon by *Doddridge*, spooled a piece, made a broom of *Guinea wheat straw*, — set a *Red dye*."

And again she writes, —

"I carded two pounds of whole *Wool & felt Nationly*."

The most Puritanic of little girls' diaries was kept by *Mary Sumner*, who lived not in Boston, but in the South. Her book was divided into *Black Leaves*, where she recorded her misdemeanors, and *White Leaves*, where her meritorious actions were set down. Her *Black Leaf* contains such grave misconduct as this:

"I left *Sister Cynthia's frock* on the bed.

"Was not diligent in larning at school.

"Part of this day I did not improve my time well."

On her *White Leaf* we find that she

"Went to meeting and paid good attention.

"Went to the funeral in the afternoon.

"Was midlin' diligent;" and "endeavoured to behave myself decent."

I can write thus in praise of the diary-keeping habit, though it was but lately that I perused with considerable disgust a silly diary which I myself kept in the summer of the Spanish War. And yet I have not burned it; no, not when I found it speaking disrespectfully, even patronizingly, of those whom its author could never sufficiently honor. I value its portrait, though unattractive, of myself, as *Cromwell* required to be painted with all his warts. If such youthful diaries are schools of posturing, they are very ineffective schools. Our real character appears in them as plain as a pipe-stem. Not the limpid long sentences of *Pepys* himself more honestly portray their author than the affectations of my diary

betray my nature. Not only did I not burn that diary, but I continue the one on which I have been intermittently engaged ever since. I do suspect that there is but little difference between them, could they be viewed by a stranger.

"Changed not in kind, but in degree" (I will hope). But were it never so debasing a habit, there is that egotism in me which cannot be satisfied without keeping a journal. I put down, as a makeweight, the events of our family and village, with some comments generously thrown in; and note with an affected brevity the very occasional fact that I have sold some verses. But what I really keep a journal for (murder will out) is to record my own opinions. I delight to write down, under the caption "A busy day," exploits of housework; but in closing, include, with an affectation of carelessness, some philosophy which I use in my business. It is pleasant to reread old prophecies, hopes, ambitions, and judgments of men and books, and see how public opinion, and the event, turned some to ridicule, and fulfilled others, and laid a great many on the table.

Diaries are photographs, or what in our school-days we called "memory books." There is a diary in our town which I hope some day to see. It was kept by the only naval volunteer from this township in the Civil War. He served under Farragut, and was on the Hartford when she passed New Orleans. His diary covers that famous day. But where is it? His wife has searched her wonderfully-kept attics in vain. He too has searched, but in a half-hearted way; for he is reluctant about lending it. Another diary of the Civil War is somewhere in the house of friends of mine. It was kept by the father of my old friend Emma W. — that veteran who used to sing his children to sleep with the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." But they lost him many summers ago; and his Diary has long been mislaid. It is really the best diary of which I know; for it has enabled more than one invalid comrade to secure his

sorely needed pension. Does it look out, from some dusty corner of the garret, upon one veteran in particular? does it see him rest that ruined limb, which never ceases to ache a little longer each evening, on the way home from the mill? There are but six veterans left in town now, and only one who came back from the Wilderness.

Alas! my friend Emma is wedded and gone; or she would let me into that garret, and we would search and find that diary; and we would read together to the entry following Fair Oaks, where General Grant shook hands with our home hero.

FIREWORKS AND FAME

AFTER dozing over the cheerful platitudes of Macaulay and his literary kinsmen, it is with a gasp of relief that we turn to some of the inspired absurdities of the younger generation. The ethical code of the aforesaid generation may or may not be an improvement on that of past decades, but its exponents have at least the merit of keeping themselves and their readers awake. Indeed, if any one characteristic may be called *the* distinguishing element in modern social criticism, it is this spirit of alertness on the part of the critics, — a tendency to stand squarely on their own feet, rather than to drop themselves against the eminently respectable and comfortable shoulder of conventionality — and there go to sleep. It is true that the discovery of their own powers of locomotion has surprised a few into fantastic gambols and occasional tumbles, alarming perhaps to the occupants of wheel-chairs, but welcome to the healthy citizens as signs of growth, to be greeted, not deplored.

And yet, after we have chuckled over the precocity of our contemporaries, we begin to be haunted by the doubt as to whether the originality of their style has root in a corresponding originality of thought. A few there are, perhaps, — Ibsen, Nietzsche, Gorky, — whose indi-

viduality we may not question, although one or two more drastic critics have murmured that Ibsen smacks of Shakespeare. But then, so does humanity. The great body of later novelists, essayists, dramatists, however, particularly those of English origin, have borrowed wholesale from the treasure-vaults of earlier thinkers, and their enlivening influence would seem to be due to the dazzling raiment in which they clothe a theory, rather than to the newness of the theory itself. The political economy of Bernard Shaw, for instance, is more or less of a hash,—composed chiefly of the ingredients Karl Marx, Proudhon, Brissot,—but, served up with the true Shavian pepper and sauce, it becomes a dish to tempt the epicure in search of variety.

But the man who succeeded in really bringing home to me the truth of this generalization about old wine in new bottles, was that master of paradox, Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton is a most genially caustic and entertaining critic; the kaleidoscope of his mind amuses even while it irritates; the effect on our mental vision is illuminating if taxing. Had Mr. Chesterton written nothing but *Heretics*, that brilliant but jumbled display of sky-rockets, the decade would still owe him the gratitude due to any effective eye-opener.

And yet, Mr. Chesterton's methods are far more novel than are his ideas, though it is only after several readings that this fact becomes patent. Theories which we had received stolidly enough from the lips of Carlyle or of Arnold, come to us decked out in such fantastic garb by our more modern critic that we either bar their way, dubiously, or else receive them as visitants from another and better world than ours. As a matter of fact, it is this strangeness of garb, rather than any innate individuality which attracts attention. What other men have given us in sermon, Mr. Chesterton has reduced to epigram. That is all the difference.

His essay on "The Negative Spirit" will illustrate, as well as any, my mean-

ing. In brilliant metaphor, he has derided the passivity of our minds, the passivity which calls itself tolerance, progress, because it neither accepts nor rejects any one creed. Now, to Mr. Chesterton, progress without firm convictions is an impossibility. If we have no goal in sight, whither would we progress, he queries, and adds, —

"Nobody has any business to use the word 'progress,' unless he has a definite creed and a cast-iron code of morals. Nobody can be progressive without being doctrinal . . . for progress, by its very name, indicates a direction; and the moment we are in the least doubtful about the direction, we become in the same degree doubtful about the progress. Never, perhaps, since the beginning of the world has there been an age that had less right to use the word 'progress,' than we."

Whereupon we lay down the book, with an appreciation of the author's acuteness in solving so patly for us the troublesome question of progress. It is only later that the words begin to sound like a familiar echo, and we ask ourselves whether we have not heard all this before. Was it not Carlyle who thundered against the passivity, the non-chalance of our lives? Did not Cardinal Newman lament our indifference to decisions, and urge upon us the necessity of pledging ourselves to a definite conviction of some kind? And, unless my memory plays me false, it was Arnold, the apostle of the intellect, who cried unto us to awake, and search for the truth in all things.

Even the two elements in Mr. Chesterton's work which appeal to us as the most significant, his optimistic sense of romance, and his love for humanity at large, are really only developed phases of the romantic and fraternal instincts of Charles Dickens or of William Morris.

"We may love negroes because they are black, or German Socialists because they are pedantic," he cries, "but we have to love our neighbor because he is *there*."

An interesting statement, yet, after all, only a crystallization in epigram of the code preached by Dickens in the histories of *Oliver Twist*, *Little Dorrit*, or *David Copperfield*. Indeed, echoes from the world of Dickens are not infrequent in *Heretics*. "Omar and the Sacred Vine" is a veritable pæan in honor of social drinking — not the drinking of Khay-yám, indeed, but that of Norse Vikings, of Falstaff, of Mr. Pickwick, of all boon-fellows. The joy of fraternity, of a festival brimming with brotherhood and beer, is the motif of this essay, and a motif which has gladdened the hearts of all Dickens lovers for half a century and more.

As for Chesterton's romantic optimism, — the faith which finds all things ultimately good, which envelops the chimney-sweep in a halo of glory, and exults in the mysterious nobility of boot-blacks, — may we not hold both Dickens and Morris responsible for this philosophy: Dickens who opened the door of his sympathies and let us catch a glimpse through it of the lives of workmen, beggars, and prisoners; and Morris, who looked yet further, and prophesied their entrance into a common heritage of freedom and beauty?

A master of fireworks this critic undoubtedly is, and one to whom we owe a most royal welcome; and yet, in justice to the dreamers of preceding decades — now somewhat scornfully shelved — we must admit that Mr. Chesterton, in common with most of our critics, is deeply indebted to the early Victorians. His hand has lighted the fuse, but other men have supplied the powder for Mr. Chesterton's display.

THE VALUE OF TAKING THINGS SERIOUSLY

So much has been said and written in praise of that nebulous uncertainty, a sense of humor, that we are perpetually in danger of forgetting what serene comfort lies in the lack of it. A sense of hu-

mor is merely a compensation bestowed upon a temperament which would otherwise find itself unable to support the ills of which it is all too keenly aware; but to suppose that the serious temperament is as keenly aware of the ills without the alleviation which humor offers to the more fortunate few, is to create a confusion of issues. Rather, on consideration, one perceives that since to the serious mind all things are serious, that mind is not overwhelmed by the contrasts of life, which drive the more volatile spirit to drug its sensibilities with its sense of humor.

Take, for example, childhood — the period which all serious souls aver is the happiest of our lives. Are we happy then because we are possessed of a perception of the ridiculous which compensates us for fate's buffets in the form of bruises and bee-stings? Far from it! I have yet to see the small boy who considers his own bumped head a fit subject for mirth, or even for an ironic smile; nor, if his eye be closed by an irate and vindictive wasp, does he find the situation even potentially humorous. At that early and superlatively serious age even a fellow-sufferer is an added misery; it does not mitigate, but rather intensifies, Tommy's woes, to be told that Johnny Jones has been stung so badly that he cannot see out of either eye. "In kindness," he begs you, "if I must bear this, let me at least bear it without the attempted alleviations of your odious comparisons — let me have the comfort of being a splendid and solitary sufferer — let me, in short, take it seriously." And he takes it seriously, untrammelled by the noxious certainty that even a rudimentary sense of humor must have thrust upon him — the certainty that other boys have been worse stung, and yet have borne it.

And if the small and serious boy is more glorious in his affliction, certainly he is more radiant in his joys. Captain at last of the small town's smallest ball-team, does he find himself suddenly oppressed by the conviction that even the

sweets of such achievement cloy? — Not he! He swells visibly with pride as he enters the door that evening; with judicious inquiry, or even without it, the great news is presently brought forth — “The fellows elected me captain to-day.” Even the jeer of an unsympathetic elder brother does not show him that the situation has an element of humor; nor do efforts to point out to him that had he been elected President of these United States he could hardly be prouder, depress him. He knows, lucky, serious youth, that the being President would not compare with this; and, O fortunate, he is probably right; since few climb to the presidential chair uncursed by a sense of humor.

Why does an Englishman seem able to enjoy himself to such an unlimited extent, and to such a green old age? Solely, I assert, by virtue of the gift of taking things seriously. Not himself, so please you, but things, — life, love, even hunting, and the responsibilities of a landed proprietor. They tell us that we Americans take our sports seriously — as a matter of fact, we do nothing of the sort. We take them strenuously, avidly; pursued by the demon of humor that tells us, grinning, that life is short, and that when we have done our little deeds and made our little records, some

one will follow us who will ride a stiffer course, or make a better landlord. “If then,” we meditate, “we are to do this at all, let us do it strenuously; for the night comes when our chance will be over, and nothing left us but an easy chair before the fire — and a sense of humor.”

Who is the man who marries and lives happily ever after, but he whom no ludicrous similarities hinder from repeating to Jane or Susan the vows and protestations which failed to win him Mary? Who is the man who lives a lonely bachelor because of one woman in the long ago, but he who will quote you with a twinkle in his eye, the adage that men have died, and worms have eaten them — but not for love? To take success seriously, and so struggle for it; to take failure seriously, and so avoid it; to take aches and pains seriously, and so achieve sympathy and the doctor; to take living seriously, and so make the most of it, and dying so seriously as to defer it to the last possible moment, and then, when that last moment comes, to die — not frivolously, with apologies for being a long time about it, but in the glorious confidence of having earned a serious and everlasting reward; it is this, and not an over-valued, overworked sense of humor, that brings energy, achievement, — and peace.